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NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
November 29th, 1980

Pic: Lisa Haun.

Well, well, if it isn't old Devo. I thought we'd seen the last of you lot. What are you doing here, you old bastards? "Well we've got this single bubbling under, it's called 'Whip It'."

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	1
2	(5)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	3	2
3	(8)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	5	3
4	(2)	**I Could Be So Good For You**	Dennis Waterman (EMI)	3	2
5	(6)	**Fashion**	David Bowie (RCA)	4	5
6	(3)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	8	1
7	(13)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	4	7
8	(4)	**Special Brew**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	6	3
9	(7)	**Dog Eat Dog**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	4
9	(15)	**Starting Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	3	9
11	(—)	**Banana Republic**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	11
12	(11)	**Enola Gay**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	7	4
13	(—)	**Embarrassment**	Madness (Stiff)	1	13
14	(18)	**I'm Coming Out**	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	14
15	(23)	**To Cut A Long Story Short**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	2	15
16	(9)	**Same Old Scene**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	9
17	(10)	**What You're Proposing**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	2
18	(16)	**Ace Of Spades**	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	16
19	(19)	**Passion**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	17
20	(12)	**Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie**	UB40 (Graduate)	4	12
21	(20)	**I Like What You're Doing To Me**	Young & Co. (Excalibur)	2	20
22	(28)	**Do You Feel My Love?**	Eddie Grant (Ensign)	2	22
23	(29)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	2	23
24	(24)	**Suddenly**	Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard (Jet)	5	9
25	(17)	**When You Ask About Love**	Matchbox (Magnet)	8	3
26	(—)	**Don't Walk Away**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	28
27	(14)	**If You're Lookin' For A Way Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	9	6
28	(—)	**Hungry Heart**	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	28
29	(—)	**Falcon**	Rah Band (DJM)	2	26
30	(25)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply (Arista)	7	11

BUBBLING UNDER

Looking For Clues — Robert Palmer (Island).
Whip It — Devo (Virgin).
December Will Be Magic — Kate Bush (EMI).
Rabbit — Chas & Dave (Rockney).
The Night, The Wine & The Roses — Liquid Gold (Polo).
Sharing The Night Together — Dr Hook (Capitol).

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers
2	(2)	**The Wanderer**	Donna Summer
3	(5)	**Master Blaster (Jammin')**	Stevie Wonder
4	(3)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
5	(4)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand
6	(8)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer
7	(6)	**I'm Coming Out**	Diana Ross
8	(11)	**Starting Over**	John Lennon
9	(9)	**Dreaming**	Cliff Richard
10	(10)	**Lovely One**	The Jacksons
11	(12)	**You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
12	(14)	**Hit Me With Your Best Shot**	Pat Benatar
13	(13)	**Whip It**	Devo
14	(15)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond
15	(18)	**Hungry Heart**	Bruce Springsteen
16	(17)	**Never Be The Same**	Christopher Cross
17	(7)	**He's So Shy**	Pointer Sisters
18	(22)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
19	(16)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills
20	(19)	**Jesse**	Carly Simon
21	(21)	**Let Me Be Your Angel**	Stacey Lattisaw
22	(28)	**Every Woman In The World**	Air Supply
23	(24)	**Without Your Love**	Roger Daltrey
24	(25)	**I'm Happy That Love Has Found You**	Jimmy Hall
25	(27)	**Theme From The Dukes Of Hazzard**	Waylon Jennings
26	(—)	**De Do Do Do De Da Da Da**	The Police
27	(—)	**Tell It Like It Is**	Heart
28	(30)	**Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime**	The Korgis
29	(—)	**Deep Inside My Heart**	Randy Meisner
30	(—)	**This Time**	John Cougar

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
2	(2)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
3	(4)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder
4	(3)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
5	(5)	**The Game**	Queen
6	(7)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
7	(6)	**One Step Closer**	Doobie Brothers
8	(8)	**The Wanderer**	Donna Summer
9	(—)	**Eagles Live**	Eagles
10	(10)	**Triumph**	The Jacksons
11	(12)	**Faces**	Earth, Wind & Fire
12	(9)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
13	(15)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
14	(11)	**Alive**	Kenny Loggins
15	(18)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
16	(14)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
17	(18)	**Anne Murray's Greatest Hits**	Anne Murray
18	(13)	**Paris**	Supertramp
19	(17)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne
20	(23)	**Greatest Hits Vol Two**	Linda Ronstadt
21	(22)	**TP**	Teddy Pendergrass
22	(—)	**All Shook Up**	Cheap Trick
23	(19)	**Xanadu**	Original Soundtrack
24	(25)	**Freedom Of Choice**	Devo
25	(27)	**Greatest Hits**	The Doors
26	(28)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
27	(20)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson
28	(—)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
29	(21)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
30	(26)	**Honeysuckle Rose**	Original Soundtrack

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

Pic: Pennie Smith.

Well, well if it isn't old Steely Dan. I thought we'd seen the last of you lot. What are you doing here, you old bastards. "Well, we've got this album bubbling under, it's called 'Gaucho'.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(12)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	2	1
2	(2)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	7	2
3	(—)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	3
4	(3)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	Police (A&M)	10	1
5	(1)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	1
6	(15)	**Little Miss Dynamite/Brenda Lee**	Brenda Lee (Warwick)	2	6
7	(4)	**Not The 9 O'Clock News**	Various (BBC)	3	4
8	(—)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	1	8
9	(—)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon (Warner Bros/Geffen)	1	9
10	(8)	**Organisation**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4	3
11	(—)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	11
12	(13)	**Making Waves**	The Nolans (Epic)	3	12
13	(28)	**Radio Active**	Various (Ronco)	2	13
14	(7)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	2	7
15	(26)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	9	2
16	(—)	**Eagles Live**	Eagles (Asylum/WEA)	1	16
17	(9)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	18	5
18	(19)	**Country Legends**	Various (Ronco)	2	18
19	(16)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	5	4
20	(5)	**Gold**	The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	9	4
21	(27)	**The Strong Arm Of The Law**	Saxon (Carrere)	2	21
22	(21)	**The Love Album**	Various (K-Tel)	9	5
23	(6)	**Ace Of Spades**	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	5
24	(14)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie (RCA)	10	1
25	(10)	**Live In The Heart Of The City**	Whitesnake (United Artists)	3	9
26	(22)	**Very Best Of Elton John**	Elton John (K-Tel)	4	20
27	(22)	**QE2**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	20
28	(—)	**Masterworks**	Various (K-Tel)	1	28
29	(11)	**Just Supposin'**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	3
30	(—)	**Inspirations**	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Paris In The Spring — Public Image Ltd. (Virgin).
Cash Cows — Various (Virgin).
Luminous Basement — The Tourists (RCA).
One Trick Pony — Paul Simon (Warner Bros).
Sound Affects — The Jam (Polydor).
Gaucho — Steely Dan (MCA).

INDIES 33s

1. **Grotesque** — Fall (Rough Trade)
2. **Are You Glad To Be Mine In America?** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
3. **3 R 4** — Gilbert/Louis (4AD)
4. **Miniatures** — Various (Pipe)
5. **Chappaquiddick Bridge** — Poison Girls (Crass)
6. **In Toy Town** — Cravats (Small Wonder)
7. **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
8. **In A Flat Field** — Bauhaus (4AD)
9. **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
10. **Backstage Pass** — Various (Red Rhino)

INDIES 45s

1. **Animal Space** — Slits (Human)
2. **Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic?** — Pope Paul & The Romans (Glasgow Celtic)
3. **Man In The Glass** — Dangerous Girls (Human)
4. **Guilty/Dub** — Honey Bane (HB)
5. **Diet/It's Obvious** — Au Pairs (Human)
6. **Gathering Dust** — Modern English (4AD)
7. **Earth Dies Screaming 12"** — UB40 (Graduate)
8. **Adrenalin** — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
9. **She's In Love With Mystery** — Thomson Twins (Latent)
10. **Requiem 12"** — Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

REGGAE

1. **Heart Made of Stone** — Viceroys (Taxi)
2. **I Can't Give You My Love** — Gregory Isaacs (Shashamane)
3. **Someone Special** — Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
4. **Paradise** — Jean Adebambo (Santic)
5. **Saturday Night Jamboree** — Wayne Jarrett (Greensleeves)
6. **Special Kind Of Love** — Melina Carrone (New Age Development)
7. **Penitentiary** — Nigger Kojak (Nigger Kojak)
8. **Have You Been Making Out Okay?** — Al Campbell (JB)
9. **Jah Wrote Me A Letter** — Jnr Keating Grandmasters (Jah Thomas)
10. **I'm So Sorry** — Carroll Thompson (Santic)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

DISCO

1. **I Like What You're Doing To Me** — Young & Co (Excalibre)
2. **Dear Linnertz** — Azymuth (RCA)
3. **You And Me** — Spargo (Champagne)
4. **Rise And Shine** — Linx (Chrysalis)
5. **Do You Feel My Love?** — Eddie Grant (Ensign)
6. **Flying On The Wings Of Love** — Level 42 (Polydor)
7. **Tender Falls The Rain** — Randy Crawford (WEA)
8. **More Bounce To The Ounce** — Zap (WEA)
9. **Gangster Of The Groove** — Heatwave (Epic)
10. **Can You Feel The Funk?** — Jermaine Jackson (Polydor)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1

5 YEARS AGO

1. **Bohemian Rhapsody** — Queen (EMI)
2. **You Sexy Thing** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
3. **Money Honey** — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
4. **Love Hurts** — Jim Capaldi (Island)
5. **D.I.V.O.R.C.E.** — Billy Connolly (Polydor)
6. **All Around My Hat** — Steeleye Span (Chrysalis)
7. **Na Na Is The Saddest Word** — Stylistics (Avco)
8. **This Old Heart Of Mine** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
9. **Imagine** — John Lennon (Apple)
10. **Trail Of The Lonesome Pine** — Laurel & Hardy (United Artists)

Week ending December 2, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1. **I Hear You Knocking** — Dave Edmunds (MAM)
2. **Voodoo Chile** — Jimi Hendrix (Track)
3. **Cracklin' Rose** — Neil Diamond (UMI)
4. **Indian Reservation** — Don Fardon (Young Blood)
4. **Ride A White Swan** — T. Rex (Fly)
6. **I've Lost You** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7. **Home Loving Man** — Andy Williams (CBS)
8. **War** — Edwin Starr (Tamla Motown)
9. **When I'm Dead And Gone** — McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
10. **It's Only Make Believe** — Glen Campbell (Capitol)

Week ending December 3, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1. **The Carnival Is Over** — The Seekers (Columbia)
2. **1-2-3** — Len Barry (Brunswick)
3. **My Generation** — The Who (Brunswick)
4. **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
4. **Wind Me Up** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6. **A Lover's Concerto** — Toys (Stateside)
7. **The River** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
8. **Get Off My Cloud** — Rolling Stones (Decca)
9. **Yesterday Man** — Chris Andrews (Decca)
10. **Maria** — P.J. Proby (Liberty)

Week ending December 3, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

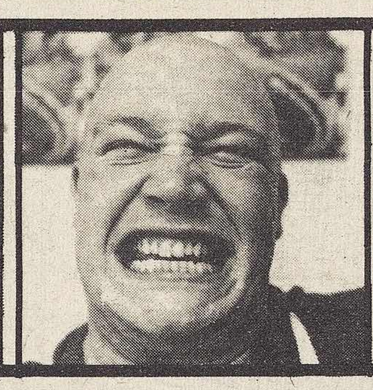
1. **It's Now Or Never** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2. **Save The Last Dance For Me** — Drifters (London)
3. **Strawberry Fair** — Anthony Newley (Decca)
4. **Goodness Gracious Me** — Peter Sellers/Sophia Loren (Parlophone)
5. **Rocking Goose** — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
6. **Man Of Mystery** — Shadows (Columbia)
7. **My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own** — Connie Francis (MGM)
8. **I Love You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9. **Dreamin'** — Johnny Burnette (London)
10. **As Long As He Needs Me** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)

Week ending December 2, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WE THINK YOU SHOULD BE TOLD

37
29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NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Clash triple album set due

PUNKING FOR NICARAGUA

THE CLASH'S new album, set for release by CBS on December 12, will be a triple set titled 'Sandanista!'. It consists of 36 new tracks, mostly recorded in New York, though finishing touches were applied in London. The three records are packed in a single sleeve, and the set — produced by Bill Price and the band themselves — retails for £5.99.

The title is a reference to the Nicaraguan freedom fighters who successfully toppled the dictatorial Somoza regime. "Hopefully", says Clash spokesperson Kosmo Vinyl, "it's a title that for once will prove to be of genuine use to somebody."

Seemingly, the Sandanista (named after their founder Sandino) have encountered innumerable problems since their takeover, and it's the intention of The Clash that the title of this album will make the public aware of what is happening. A track on the LP, 'Washington Bullets', supposedly explains the situation as it exists more explicitly.

"I suppose," commented Kosmo, "that there will be some people who will say that it's just typical of The Clash to jump on some bandwagon. Who cares about them? The album isn't out yet, but already people are becoming interested in the Sandanista, and that's the intention — to generate interest in what's happening in Nicaragua, and let people decide for themselves whether or not they support their aims."

Why a triple album?

"Why not? Everyone wonders why records don't sell as they used to — well, apart from companies putting out expensive records that nobody wants, there isn't anyone in the record industry who'll come out and admit that sales are down because prices are too high. People love to buy records, but if you just can't afford them . . ."

Now that the album is finally under their belts, The Clash are anxious to get back on the road as quickly as possible. Pre-Christmas dates are virtually out of the question, though there are whispers of a surprise London gig in mid-December. But it's understood that plans are being laid for an extensive British tour fairly early in 1981.

Simon Topping wonders what Ms Jones sees in his haircut. *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

Buzzcocks Part 2

THE BUZZCOCKS, currently on a seven-date tour of America's East Coast, have confirmed five mid-December shows in the North of England — and this represents Phase Two of their so-called 'Tour By Instalments'.

They visit Bolton Sports Centre (December 13), Derby Romeo & Juliet's (14), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (15), Leeds Polytechnic (16) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (17). They'll be promoting their new single 'What Do You Know'/'Running Free', issued by Liberty next week.

The Bolton gig, the only one previously announced, is brought forward from the original date of December 20 to fill the gap created by Magazine's decision to cancel all live appearances this year. The Buzzcocks go into the studio in January to record a new album, and Phase Three of their tour — expected to be considerably more extensive — will coincide with its release.

December ticket prices are £2.25 advance and £2.50 doors (Bolton and Derby); £2 advance and £2.50 doors (Leeds, on sale to the general public); and £2, £2.50 and £3 (Liverpool and Middlesbrough). They're available from all venue box-offices — and additionally from Ames Records and Derek Guest of Bolton and Harwich Leisure Centre (for the Bolton gig); and R. E. Cords and HMV of Derby, Select-A-Disc and Virgin of Nottingham, and R. E. Cords of Burton (for the Derby show).

■ **PYLON** — the highly-rated U.S. band who've recently guested with the likes of The B-52's, The Talking Heads and PiL in America — are set for their first UK tour, coinciding with the release of their debut album 'Gyrate' on Armageddon Records. And during their visit, they'll be appearing as special guests of The Buzzcocks at Bolton (December 13) and Derby (14).

Confirmed headlining gigs are at Manchester Polytechnic (December 3), Preston Warehouse (4), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (5), Coventry Warwick University (6), Canterbury Kent University (8), London Camden Dingwalls (9), Uxbridge Brunel University (10), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (12), Leeds Warehouse (15), Liverpool Brady's (17), Hull Wellington Club (18) and Huddersfield Cleopatra's (19) — with Nottingham band Medium Medium supporting at most venues. A major London date will be announced next week.

A Certain Grace-io

RUSSELL HARTY'S infamous sparring partner Grace Jones last week took time out of the ring to record a single with Factory funksters A Certain Ratio, to be released on Island.

Jamaican-born Grace is to sing the lead vocal on an ACR cover version of Talking Heads' 'Houses In Motion' and, if the partnership is successful, an album featuring Jones and the group is likely to result.

***NME's* Mick Duffy visited Strawberry Studios, Stockport, where A Certain Ratio, under the guidance of producer Martin Hannett, were busy laying down instrumental backing tracks for the proposed single.**

The band, who recently decided not to talk to the press any more, "because of all the hassle" (but couldn't tell us about it as it would be breaking their rules) were understandably reticent, though they did spare us one sentence apiece on the subject of the Jones project:

Pete: "The song was her choice, not ours, but the idea of us working together is OK."

Donald: "We're gonna do a Talkin' Heads track an' do it properly; it's just a gas, innit Simon?"

Simon: "I don't really want to say anything."

Right lads, thanks.

Grace herself was equally unforthcoming, having just left for New York. Tracked down in Manhattan by *NME* penman Ian Penman, she remained tight-lipped about her musical alliance with A Certain Ratio, but declared herself most impressed with their haircuts.

CRAMPDOWN!

THE CRAMPS fly into Britain to headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, December 14. It's the only gig they'll be playing here, and tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3.50. Promoters are Straight Music, who will announce the support bill next week. The show marks the UK debut of the band's new line-up, following the previously reported departure of guitarist Bryan Gregory.

■ **THE MO-DETTES** go back on the road next week, now that drummer June Miles-Kingston's broken foot has mended. The injury caused the postponement of the bulk of their tour dates, which had been lined up to promote their new album 'The Story So Far', but these are now being re-scheduled. First confirmed gigs are at Manchester Polytechnic (December 2), Coventry General Wolfe (3), Bradford Palm Cove (4), Nottingham University (5) and London Marquee (9 and 10).

DATA CONTROL

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THE SKOLARS

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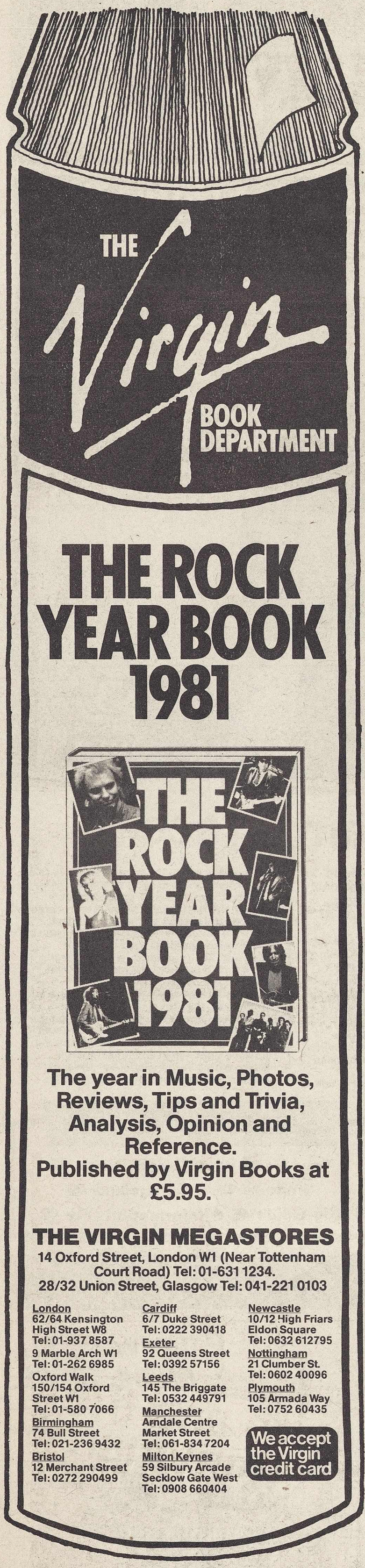

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PiLlow talk — L-R: John Lydon, Keith Levene, Jeanette Lee. *Pic: David Corio*

BRIXTON GRAFFITI

Paul Rambali returns to his former Saturday matinee seat in the one-and-nines at the Brixton Ace, to review the Saturday night audience for

BABYLON

BABYLON is probably the first British black ghetto feature to feature a British black ghetto. It opened three weeks ago in Russell Square (Bloomsbury), in Chelsea, and at the Ace cinema in the heart of the film's own territory. Seeing it there is the nearest you'll get to seeing *Blue Collar* in Detroit or *Across 110th Street* across 110th street, although slumming in London is not nearly so dangerous a pursuit.

The Ace, formerly the ABC and one of the few South London cinemas to have escaped conversion into three over-sized living rooms, used to regularly host the American blaxploitation flicks of the early '70s, of which *Across 110th Street,* for all its differences, comes closest to the brutal pessimism of *Babylon.*

The superdude slum gangster movie, however, was never nearly as popular as the other outlaws who appeared at the ABC to deal out instant justice and walk tall down lawless streets. Clint Eastwood and Bruce Lee were the undisputed cultural heroes around Atlantic Arcade and Coldharbour Lane. Audiences at the ABC cheered their every step and applauded the swift and violent retribution they were capable of inflicting on those who crossed them.

Audiences have done that at other cinemas too, but the predominantly black audiences at the ABC cheered because the lone stand that Eastwood and Lee made against their respective backdrops was the only kind they themselves could make. In those days, before the advent of a militant and assertive black consciousness in Britain, Clint Eastwood stood for a lot. He was rude and he was hard and when, single-handedly he destroyed the garrison and liberated that Mexican dustbin, the audience at the ABC was ready to carry him shoulder-high.

Naive and fantastic though it might have been, Eastwood and Lee at least symbolised some kind of hope. *Babylon,* a frank, realistic Play For Today, spells out only despair. Last Saturday night, a mixed audience at the Ace viewed it with mixed feelings.

Babylon presents a smouldering picture of black Brixton. Having grown up about two miles away, this viewer now knows how it feels to have an aspect of his life transformed and grim as it's supposed to be — ultimately glamorised by the big screen. Like an Italian American from Little Italy seeing *Mean Streets,* the black people of Brixton seeing *Babylon* with its haphazard and mystifying subtitles must feel either bemused, flattered or patronised . . . or perhaps just numb. One wonders, also, what the white people who live here will make of it . . .

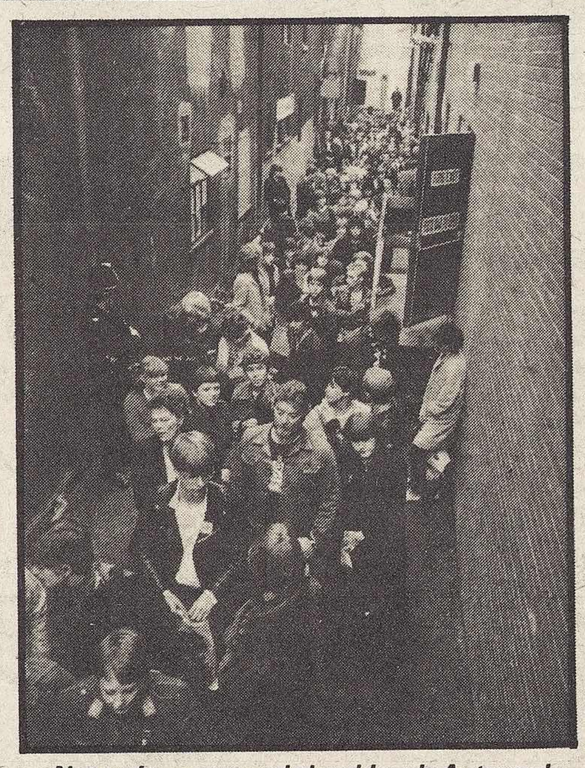
Beefy

Neither group responded unanimously to *Babylon's* archetypal story of a young Weekend Rasta called Blue (Brinsley Forde) who gradually becomes politicised by his experiences of the British culture clash. Both enjoyed the portrait of Brixton life, but Blue's eventual martyrdom at a sound system contest left a sour taste. The whites made a sheepish exit towards the tube station. The blacks left with their spirits apparently dashed.

Babylon brings something home to whites that blacks don't need to be reminded of (which is perhaps why not a few of them left during the course of the film). If it furthers their cause it also harms their hopes with an oppressive note of futility. While Blue's actions must have seemed heroic to the whites in the audience, they probably seemed mostly foolhardy to blacks who have learned to live militantly with what Blue was learning to fight.

The Brixton locals spared their cheers for Blue's friend Beefy (Trevor Laird), a burly, headstrong youth whose wild and brawny responses to their mutual tribulations seemed to strike a deeper chord. Beefy, in his anger, wanted to do (and sometimes did) what the audience in their rage might have been tempted to do. Like Eastwood, he wanted to deliver his own justice.

The film's most striking moment belongs to Beefy. His ire raised by the thrashing of their sound system, Beefy lashes out at Ronnie, who is white. "Don't talk black," he shouts at the helpless Ronnie. For a small, painful second in between Beefy's admonishment and Ronnie's bloodied nose, half the audience cheered in accord and the other half just wished they were somewhere else.



Not a gig — a record shop! Leeds Antpeople queue for Adam's autograph

YES, IT'S ANTMANIA!

AS ADAM & THE ANTS continue their nationwide tour — with both the single 'Dog Eat Dog' and the album 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' riding high in their respective charts — all the signs are that there's Antmania in the air.

The numbers turning up have been so far in excess of original estimates that some gigs have had to be transferred to bigger venues, or even cancelled altogether.

The show at Manchester Poly — capacity 800 — was pulled out, as were appearances at Tiffany's Shrewsbury and the Drill Hall Lincoln. While a new date has now been fixed for Manchester, at the Apollo on December 15, alternatives have not yet been found for Lincoln or Shrewsbury. A further London date has been finalised, however, at the Hammersmith Palais on 24 December.

Some impression of the sort of scenes it's hoped to avoid was given outside the Sheffield gig — where, it's said, disgruntled punters were attacking parked cars in protest — and at Hull where a fire was reported.

When the Ants arrived at the HMV shop in Leeds, for an autograph signing session, the store manager was taking no chances: he decreed that no more than one Antling would be allowed in at a time, resulting in a 1000-strong queue forming outside.

PiL's UKELELE ALBUM!?

By IAN PENMAN

AFTER AN ERRATIC trading term which has seen the departure of various board members, the PiL Corporation — Messrs J. R. Lydon, K. Levene and J. Lee — is preparing to introduce its latest project onto the market.

Although their prime growth long-term plan includes such concerns as a portable micro recording studio, freelance graphics service, and video films, January or February of next year should see the release of a new studio album.

Encountered at Virgin Records last week Mr Lydon first cleared up the minor controversy surrounding the recent PiL live LP. "It's a hell of a lot cheaper than the bootleg and much better quality — that's it," he commented, scorning any more philosophical interpretation.

Mr Levene went so far as to scorn the very "idea of making a record" as being "really boring". For him, the LP format is at the low end of an enormous range of products or devices being re-designed to be more efficient, economical and interesting.

Appropriately enough, with the new album the stress is very much on the studio. Saturated with old material, which they finally rejected, and not afraid to confess that their methodology was fuelled by a mutual laziness, Mr Levene and Mr Lydon discussed the new ("nothing was written beforehand") material.

"Minimalism," Mr Lydon commented pugnaciously, "everything just plays on dynamics. No tune is played, there is no melody going through any song. We just piled a load of instruments in the corner of the studio and thought what can we do with this?"

. . . in which our metallic anti-heroes discover the joys of autumn in the Orient amid an assortment of strange percussive noises.

A Mr Martin Atkins was "hired" to provide drums on some of the tracks, but the rest of the instruments (including ukelele, banjo and saxophone) were played by Mr Levene and Mr Lydon.

The resulting noises certainly do not lack melody or discipline however. Such tracks as 'Flowers Of Romance' (apparently nothing to do with the band of the same name), the stunning 'Four Enclosed Walls' (Eastern prayer wail, drums and wristwatch), 'Under The House' (nursery rhyme-like refrain — nursery rhymes are "jolly good" says John) and 'Banging The Door' (a song about not answering the door or telephone; PiL are doubtful about it, though it's hard to hear why) — all these endorsed the boardroom claims that the new stuff was not sounding at all like 'Metal Box'.

We can rebuild you

THE HUMAN LEAGUE have now drastically re-shaped their line-up, following the recent departure of Ian Marsh and Martin Ware. Remaining members Phil Oakey and Adrian Wright have brought in synthesiser player Ian Burden, plus two backing vocalists, Susan Suley and Joanne Catherall. The new-look band make their stage debut at York University on December 2, followed by previously announced concerts at Nottingham Rock City (3) and London Hammersmith Odeon (4).

They then go into the studios to complete a single called 'Boys And Girls', for release by Virgin in late January. Meanwhile, ex-League men Marsh and Ware have already laid down 13 tracks for their British Electric Foundation project, so a debut album can be expected early in 1981.

■ **BILL WYMAN** has been working on the soundtrack music for *Green Ice* — a film about emerald smuggling in South America, starring Ryan O'Neal and Omar Sharif, due for release next year. Also scheduled for early 1981 is a rock-horror movie starring Vincent Price and Donald Pleasance called *The Monster Club.*

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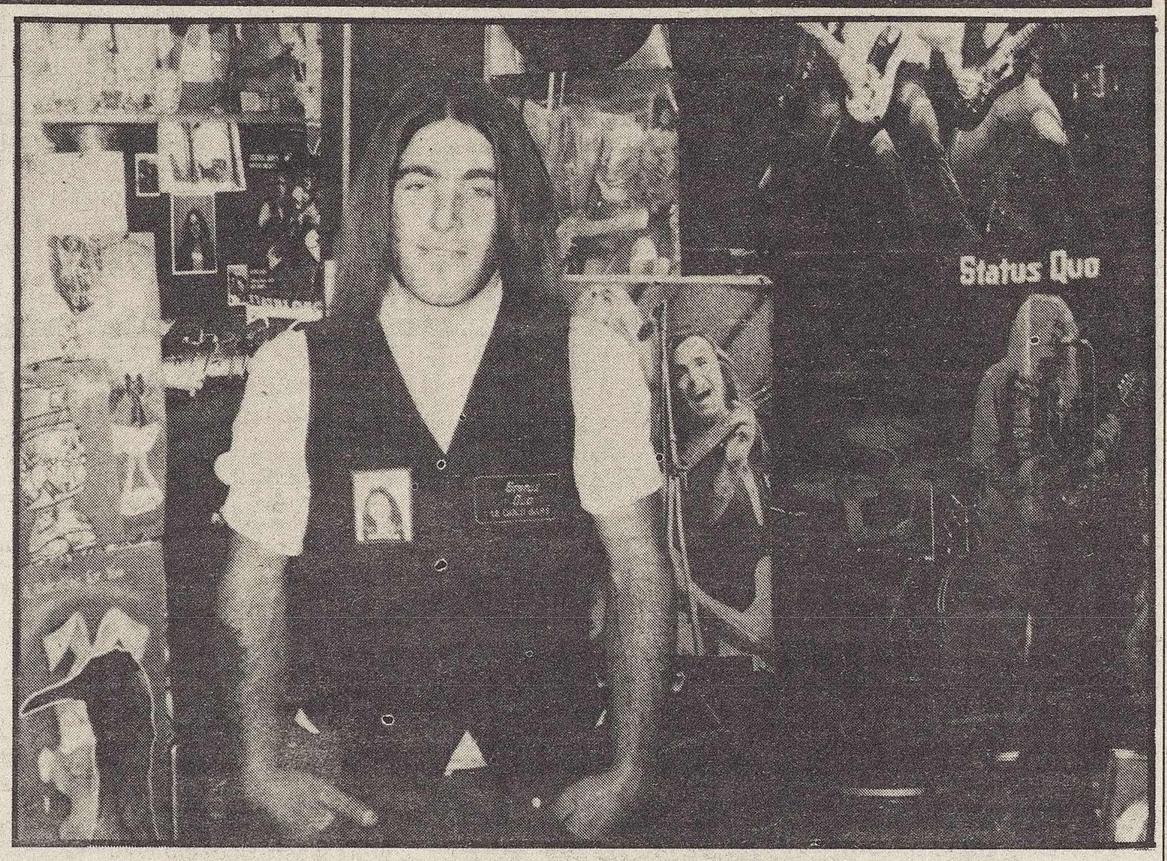
Right: Francis Glen Rossi in all his glory. Pic: Nando Valverde.



Meet Status Quo's No.1 fan. He's got all their records. He looks and dresses like Francis Rossi. He's even got the same name . . .

JUST CALL ME FRANCIS . . .

By BOB EDMANDS

IF YOU phone Glen Burton's home in Brighton and his father answers, don't ask for Francis Rossi as this makes Glen's Dad angry.

"He'll say he's never heard of him," explains Glen, "or else he'll say there's no one of that name living here."

But if Glen's Dad does say that, it would be misleading because Glen's real name is Francis Rossi. He changed it legally last September. It cost him about £20, but he thinks it's worth it.

Glen, or rather Francis, works for a TV repair firm, but his main concern in life is elsewhere. He's probably the world's greatest Status Quo fan. His bedroom wall is papered with Quo press cuttings, he's got every record they've ever made, he's been to 40 or 50 Quo concerts in the past 10 years, and now he's even got the same name as the group's leader. Well, not quite the same name.

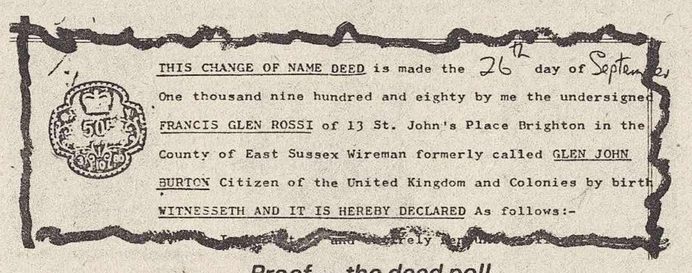
"I'm Francis Glen Rossi and he's Francis Michael Dominic Rossi," he explains. "I decided to keep the Glen part of my name. Some people call me Francis now, but others still call me Glen. I suppose it takes time for people to get used to the change."

As a regular at Brighton's heavy metal disco The Hungry Years, he'd always modelled his appearance on Rossi's. "I have the whole business," he says. "The hair, the waistcoat, the white shirt without the collar, even the earring.

"I liked him the best because he's one that stands out the most in the group. I'm not as tall as him or as slim, but people say I look like him."

Francis Glen Rossi is 26. He left school at 15 and worked as a TV aerial erector. He was out of work for six years, and has only had his latest job for four months. He says he likes Status Quo because he's had a lot of "bad stages" in his life and they cheer him up.

Francis — meet Francis!



THIS CHANGE OF NAME DEED is made the 26th day of September One thousand nine hundred and eighty by me the undersigned FRANCIS GLEN ROSSI of 13 St. John's Place Brighton in the County of East Sussex Wireman formerly called GLEN JOHN BURTON Citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies by birth WITNESSETH AND IT IS HEREBY DECLARED As follows:-

Proof — the deed poll

The inspiration for his name change came last Easter, when he tracked his idol down to Francis Michael Dominic's Surrey mansion.

"I knocked on the door and he looked out the window at me, and he's obviously a nice guy because he came to the door," says Francis Glen. Anyway, we talked for half an hour, he thanked me for coming, my girlfriend took a picture of us together, and he said if he'd had more time, he would have made us a cup of tea.

"Actually, he was wearing a grey pullover at the time, and it was quite lucky because my old school pullover was just like it, so I can wear that when I go down The Hungry Years."

Did Francis Glen think it was a bit weird to idolise another bloke in this way?

"Other people do the same thing," he replies.

But they don't change their name as well, do they?

"My mates thought I was going a bit far when I did it," Glen concedes. "At first people thought it was a bit mad, and I suppose you could say I am a bit obsessed."

You could say that. What does the original Francis Rossi think about it?

According to his number one fan, Quo's management company say the guitarist is "over the moon". But then, they would say that, wouldn't they?

Had Glen Burton changed his name because he really wanted to be the man in the group?

"Well," he says, after some thought, "I'd like to go on tour with them. Just in Britain. It wouldn't have to be abroad. I mean there ought to be some reward for going the whole way, don't you think?"

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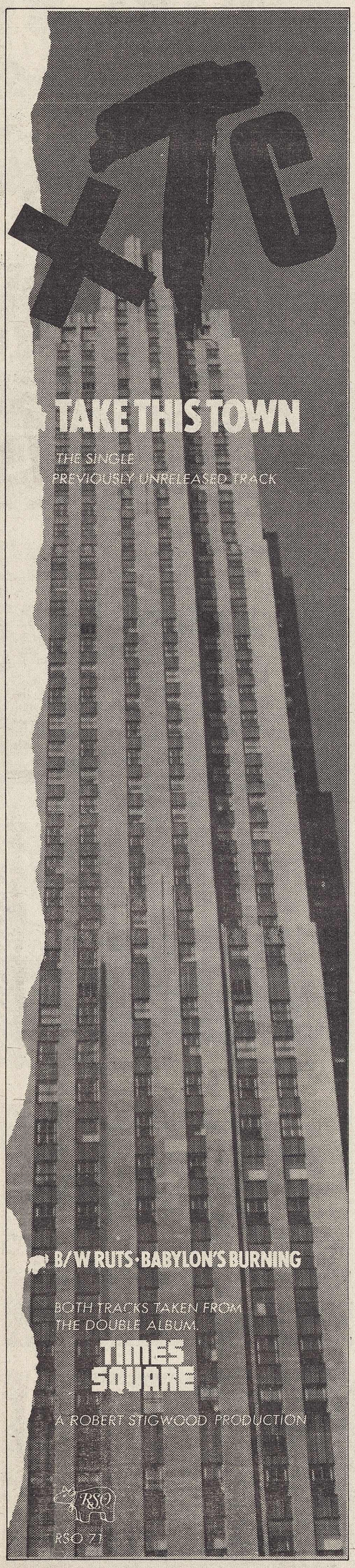

ALTERNATIVE PRINT
By CYNTHIA ROSE

THE ISSUE of CONCEPT ISSUES

A new wave of thinking about magazines and fanzines

YOU WON'T find it tackled in any elections but 'the concept' is one of today's Major Issues. Why? Because addressing 'the conceptual' itself takes up so much time on the part of our foremost contemporary thinkers and narcissists.

Most conceptual exercises are like marriage or your bank account: often you seem to be getting less back than you invest in the thing. But concepts — the *idea* of what something (sex, Martini, the music on side A of some album) can embody — are acts of faith. And as Juliet once said to her nurse, such news comes well in needy times.

Real life can provide mere knowledge but the conceptual packager seeks *transcendence!* Conceptual packages are illusions but they strive for autonomy, seeking to support their ideas and ideals against the 'real' world with the force of the individual.

Attitudes, albums, advertising, fashion: all have leant towards the conceptual of late and so of course has the print which houses and/or hurries such things along. Currently, more and more fanzines and mags are hustling together Concept Issues to address *the issue of the concept. Thrills* cast an eye over some with a view to seeing if they shared any common imperatives (or any *telling stains,* as they say on adverts and in the police).

ONE OF the first magazines to make it as a concept artefact was ***WET: The Magazine of Gourmet Bathing & Beyond,***

which began life four years ago as a newsletter on the jacuzzi and all that jazz, edited by a Venice, California shower curtain designer named Leonard Koren. At one point it assumed a huge and unwieldy coffee-table format, and ran cover pics of Sissy Spacek and Richard Gere — but somehow it stopped communing with the basic *concept* of 'Gourmet Bathing' (and 'Beyond').

Now it has bounced back, though — and with a conceptual issue devoted to the Hero: an idea freak's dream. The fashion team's heroes are Men in Skirts, the Mental Health editor's hero is John Kennedy Jnr (via a selection of poems from inside his head) — while Jello Biafra of The Dead Kennedys (recent mayoral candidate in San Francisco) talks of election issues in heroic terms. There's 'Cleanliness is Next to Impossible' (an article detailing Jesus' troubles taking a bath), The Dribble column's comments on the real TV Heroes (servants), Music Heroes (New Muso Robert Ashley who's written an opera-for-TV based on "smalltown life and the Tibetan Book of the Dead"), and even the offer of mail-order shrines.

WET is now truly back in the swim. Subscriptions are $27.00 for one year outside the US; back issues $5 each from 2301½ Main St, Santa Monica, Ca. 90405 USA.

At the other end of the size spectrum is *Thrills'* fave concept rave, the midget mag ***Public Illumination*** — approx 3" × 4" — which contines to crank out superb issues — so far covering Livestock, War Games, Habits ("How quickly the evil grip reduces ever-increasing numbers of promising futures into dead end roads"), The Truth (good value for money as it includes a picture of The Truth as well as handy Tests for the Truth). Highly recommended, obtainable from the Arts Council Bookshop and Compendium Bookshop, London.

Another US 'zine on which *Thrills* has kept its eye, ***SHORT NEWZ,*** has also gone conceptual, with a 'Deluxe British Issue', the third 'multi-pager' for this NY freesheet. Its coverage of "the scene" is somewhat sporadic (dependent on which joints the co-editors hit on their jaunt to the UK), but it's not limited to London ('British Beer', 'Liverpool'). ***SHORT NEWZ,*** PO Box 1028, Gracie Station, NYC 10028 USA (send some P&P).

THIS SIDE of the Great Pond, issue two of Dublin's ***Vox*** spells out a conceptual manifesto about its relationship to rock on the first page: "There are certain activities and opinions relating to music and performance which we feel by their nature come together under the unifying title 'vox'." In this ish, concept also extends to the neat, front-of-***Vogue***-ish layout, and those whose opinions are solicited include: The Revillos, Alternative Expression, Myster Men, Soul Survivors, Social-Eyes, U2, Virgin Prunes, Rock Against Sexism, and performance artists Andre Stitt and John Courson. There are also two excellent photolayouts; one on

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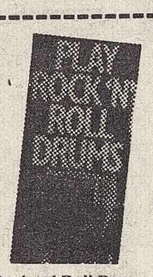

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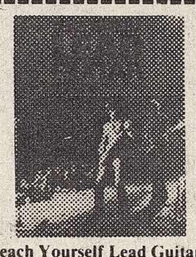

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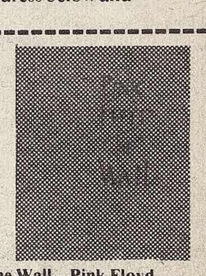

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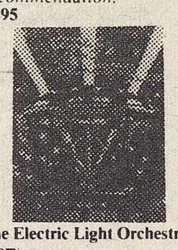

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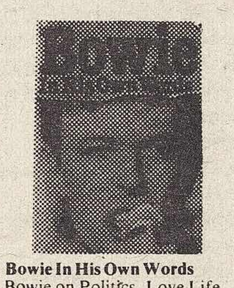

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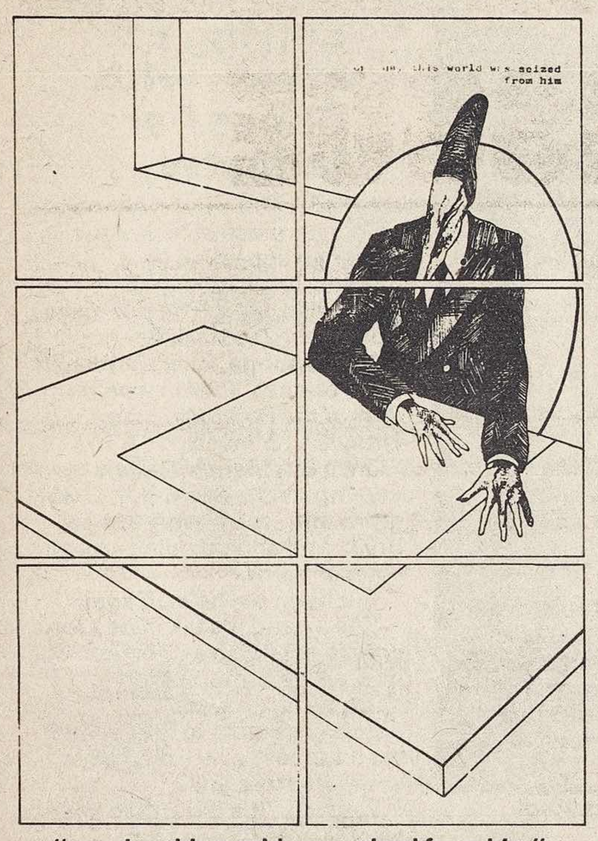


"one day this world was seized from him"

"and he was turned mad"

skins and one on rockabillys. Packed with info, and the two eds are now encouraging contributions. Price 40p plus P&P from Dave Clifford, 449a S.C.R. Rialto, Dublin 8, Eire.

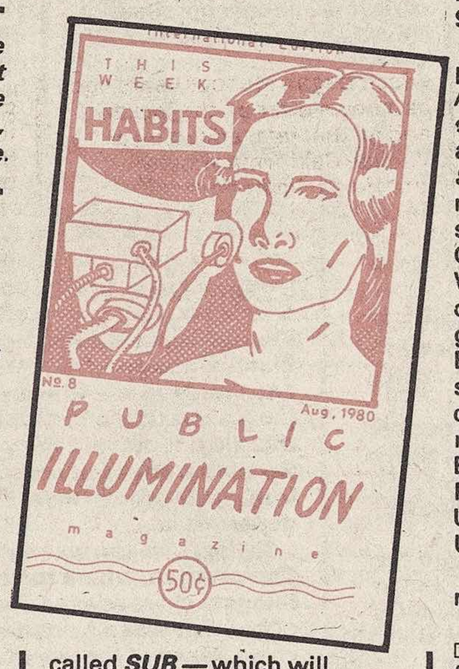
Graffiti is a concept in itself, but ***Toxic Grafity*** (subtitled 'A Reality of Horror') is the upcomimg Crass mag and the topic here is Mental Liberation. Our advance xerox indicates a high proportion of stuff-you-already-know ('Death Is Oblivion') to stuff-you-might-need-to-know. But there's plenty of juxtaposition, printed lyrics from The Poison Girls' LP and an interview with card-carryin' conceptualist Genesis P. Orridge. Mail order from Better Badges, 286 Portobello Rd, W10. Price 50p, add 15 P&P.

DELIBERATELY in a different league of gentlemen is ***Stories From the Angel of Death,*** the first of which is ***Madness.*** It's

Above: the fabulous 'The Madness', a gothic bargain at 30p — the first story from the Angel of Death. Right: after PiL, PIM — two-thirds actual size.

the work of St Martin's College of Art grad Mark Fairnington, whose two limited-run, similar exercises while at college achieved a somewhat legendary status. ***The Madness*** is a Tarot-like story told almost exclusively in line illustrations of a chillingly inventive, Steadmanesque quality; the story of the downfall of a ruthless capitalist into the hands of (you guessed it) The Madness. Truly a document of its times which will debut at the beginning of next month, ***Stories From the Angel of Death*** will be available from Better Badges for 30p plus 15p P&P.

Another concept soon to be realised is a mag/'zine series



called ***SUB*** — which will resurrect earlier pulp genres. The first scheduled ish will be ***SUB Detective,*** which carries a glossy cover and will showcase illustrators' work. Its editor Kathy Holme (currently updating *Alternative London* for the nth time) is keen to have quality editorial from contributors as long as they don't exceed 2,000 words and treat the detective genre "with respect". (Send any to her co-editor Al McDowell at 80 Berwick St, London W1).

TWO AWARDS in the conceptual print field: lightest in weight goes to ***Porte-Folio*** (Jacques Bosser's French *Magazine Pour Communiquer)* and Los Angeles' ***Talent:*** both large format newsprint mags which sell their page space to illustrators and photographers who wish to exert quality control over the advertising of their skills. ***Talent*** has clout (Helmut Newton covers) and has also frequently featured work from London-based pop artists such as Robert Mason, Russell Mills, Chloe Cheese and Bush Hollyhead. For subscription rates to this feast for the eye, write ***Talent,*** 3519 Dahlia Ave, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026 USA.

Heaviest conceptual publication so far is also American — in fact, it nearly qualifies by weight as a book — and it's called ***Schizo-Culture. S-C*** shows off plenty of big names in the rock cultural scheme (Burroughs, Philip Glass, John Cage, and Robert Wilson, whose 'performance operas' staged in Berlin were a great inspiration to David Bowie). All the writing is on schizophrenia (The Ramones contribute), its realities, and its relationship to 'culture'. Enquiries to: Semiotexte, 522 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027 USA.

The thinkers are obviously rallying so — watch this pace!!

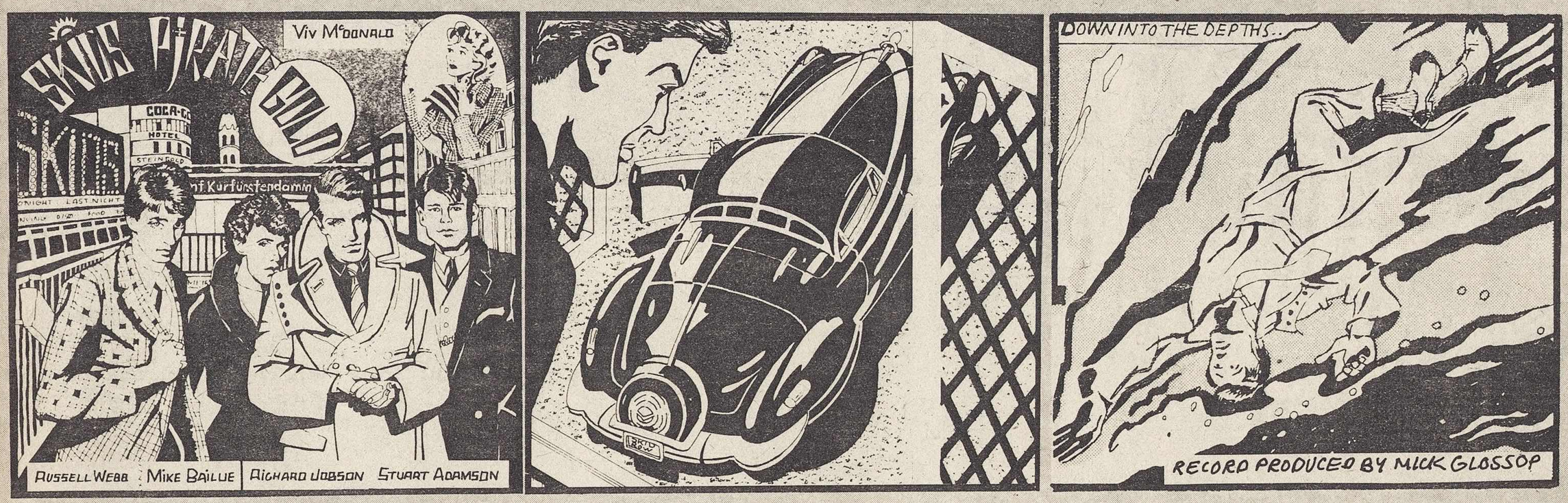
☐ Readers who wish to order American publications are advised that the cheapest and quickest means to send money is an International Money Order obtainable from your own bank.

HANGING ON WHAT...?

Could-you-look-a-sales-clerk in-the-eye-buying-this? Dept.

DEBBIE HARRY'S solo career as a mother (yes — MOTHER) has heretofore been kept carefully under wraps, but this new evidence of tender maternal feelings has just been leaked to *Thrills* via our Malaysian correspondent M. Mallett.

Sure, it's always been Frank 'The Freak' Infante and Nigel 'No-Neck' Harrison, but didya ever *ask* yourself about Deb's singular situation vis-a-vis unsightly underarm growths?? More to the point, does this indicate that Infante and Harrison have got the chop and the new Blondie line-up will relegate them to the status of BONGOS? Only this Kuala Lumpan pirate cassette cover can tell.



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TRANS-WEST COUNTRY EXPRESS . . .

By PAUL DU NOYER

"Cold for the time of year, comrade. . ." Shoes L-R: Les Bassett Davies, Huw Gower, Andy Leighton, John Schofield, Steve Lonnon. Pic: David Corio

"OUR music, basically, is a reflection of our haircuts. For us, the hair comes first and is the driving force. Our music can be seen on the one hand as an attempt to understand, to interpret hairstyling, and on the other an attempt to transcend or even DEFY hair. Our songs are as varied as our haircuts — you see, we are all very much individuals, and I think this is reflected very strongly in the music. For example, none of us understands each other . . ." Shoes For Industry — Press statement.

'LES' BASSETT DAVIES, singer, theoretician and mouthpiece of Shoes For Industry, sits in a Carnaby Street pub and calmly explains to anyone who'll listen that Space Invaders machines are alien life-forms who feed on a diet of coin metal, refugees from a dying planet, bent upon the creeping conquest of our own. Andy Boot (Leighton) and John Schofield, guitarist and drummer respectively, sip at their drinks and nod sagely in agreement.

My choice is clear. Do I make a run for it there and then, or do I press on and interview three men who are, beyond all doubt, quite clinically round the twist? Dutifully, I persevere.

"The trouble is," Bassett continues, "a lot of bands are either trying too hard to 'be' something, or not to be something — whereas we're just confused."

Well, er, maybe you could tell me a bit about yourselves.

"Yes. John Schofield: usual sort of background, kidnapped by the Comanches when he was four, went through the ritual of manoood at 12, decided — "

On second thoughts, perhaps I should take care of this bit. Shoes For Industry, you see, are the unclassifiable outfit whose LP debut 'Talk Like A Whelk' emerged recently on Bristol's Fried Egg label. With origins in the West Country's Crystal Theatre group, Shoes selected their name after rejecting a plethora of alternatives, like The Forbidden Pyjamas, Suck My Head, Forty Bouncing Belgians, The Magic Bastards and Blood-Soaked Brian And His Gay Gypoes. Somehow one feels they made a wise decision.

Bassett, Boot and Schofield aside, the line-up comprises Steve Lonnen on bass and newly recruited ex-Records guitarist Huw Gower who replaces the recently-departed Tim Norfolk ("deep hairstyling differences" were cited). A sixth member, a keyboards player, had to leave following complaints that "his brain smelled". The album, although no masterpiece of technique, is rather an appealing little mutant: bleak industrial vaudeville, Gang Of Four meet Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band. Basset's songs, such as 'War Of The Potatoes' *("Who won the War of the Potatoes?/I don't know")* and 'Invasion Of The French Boyfriends' *("I saw them coming on the Sealink . . .")* will gnaw and worry away at your brain, and end up doing you all sorts of harm.

But hang on, he's off again . . .

"As a band it's taken us a long time to establish a direction. But now we've firmly settled on north by north west."

John attempts to intervene: "In a sense it's very difficult to know what we are."

Bassett: "It's difficult to know what *you* are. Speak for yourself. In our part of the country it's not so much 'street credibility' as 'country lane credibility'; you just rub a bit of straw in your hair and there you go."

Letting off steam with Shoes For Industry

ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

The liberal backlash in the land of the midnight sun

By KRISTINA ADOLFSSON

TWO YEARS AGO, teenagers in Sweden were just like teenagers everywhere. They drank beer, smoked dope, popped pills, stayed out late and felt sick.

Since then, there has been a startling change. Cheered by the RFHL, a health organisation set up initially to campaign against abuses of barbiturates by housewives, Swedish youth has decided that reefers are no longer cool, alcohol is disgusting, and even cigarettes are socially undesirable. Non-toxic discos and clean living are in.

Smoking is forbidden in buses, on the underground, in all public places, and in many restaurants. Sweden nowadays is a paradise for asthmatics. All over the country young people can be seen wearing badges and T-shirts that proudly proclaim the wearer a member of 'The Non-Smoking Generation'.

It's just possible that Nina Hagen didn't know about all this when she lit up an 'adulterated cigarette' on stage in Stockholm last month after giving an interview expounding her wanton lifestyle and pro-drug attitude. The next day, the drug squad searched Hagen and her band, but found nothing. However this did not prevent the youth branch of Sweden's pro-temperance People's Party from calling for an investigation and deportation.

By then, Hagen was safely in Copenhagen, where the attitude to such things is more relaxed. But the aftermath of her visit was a hysterical debate in the press. Many of the usually sensible journalists bowed to the prevailing winds and several popular Swedish artists were dragged out of hiding to admit that, in fact, they hadn't smoked dope in years!

This new broadly-based temperance movement scored their first victory when the council of Gothenburg, who rent Sweden's largest concert hall the Scandinavium to tour promoters, decided that bands who were known users of drugs would not be allowed to play there. How they intend to establish which bands are known users is unclear. Does the ban also apply to roadies?

If control is tight, however, the 'Non-Smoking Generation' will be able to look forward to concerts galore by The Osmonds and Cliff Richard. If they're really lucky, they might even get to see Pat Boone.

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DANGEROUS

What's the matter with kids today?

TONY PARSONS looks at television

DON'T PUT YOUR PUNK ON THE LONDON TRAIN, MRS WORTHINGTON

Kelly woz nowhere . . .

I WOULD HAVE sworn I'd stumbled across a send-up.

"Elizabeth, you can buy me a new razor after this!"

I was only shaving my legs, Jim-Bob!"

Hysterical! The two tinies of ***The Waltons*** herd — itsy Elizabeth the anaemic carrot in pigtails and bitsy Jim-Bob the Surf City Mongolian — having a slanging match about Lil 'Lizabeth using Jim-Bob's cut-throat! I hadn't come across such a veritable gut-buster since Rowan Atkinson came out of nowhere in ***Canned Laughter.***

Except . . . this was not satire, this was the real thing and I'd lost all track of time. When I knew them they were ankle-biters with voices like new shoes. Suddenly they had six o'clock shadow and spoke in foghorn blasts.

The Waltons (BBC2) started out as protected wildlife but now they're definitely an endangered species. All the adults bar Pop Walton are pushing up the daisies or have pissed off. John Boy is nowhere to be seen; my guess is he's chosen Canada or Sweden rather than carve his niche in 'Nam.

Talking of Rowan Atkinson, how do you go from being so great to being so tepid in such a short time? ***Not The Nine O'Clock News*** (BBC2) is such a smug, smarmy calm set-piece, trotted out at leisure as if from the "team's" own little concrete bunker. Giggling while home burns. Like the '60s' pampered Oxbridge creeps of ***That Was The Week That Was*** (who also knew nothing about the working-class), ***NTNOCN*** pokes fun at politicians and those in power and never insults its precious audience. The implication is: "If only we ordinary wise sane people were in power, what a wonderful world it would be."

Think back to ***Monty Python's Flying Circus;*** the suppressed rage, the ranting, the hysteria, the anger — really finely honed art, but seeming so spontaneous and savage in its desperate desire to get its vision across. ***Monty Python*** — and its madcap sitcom heir-at-heart ***End Of Part One*** (ITV) — attacked the real, massive enemy: the silent majority, the consumer, the viewers who are so stupid and apathetic that they *allow* lunatics to rule. ***Monty Python*** didn't go for the elected decoys, the obvious, it went for the real, frightening blank brain of the populace, it went for the public's jugular.

Monty Python said: *"Don't just sit there soaking it all up!"*

Not The Nine O'Clock News says: "Let's just sit here and have a nice sneer."

FRIDAY NIGHT, Saturday Morning (BBC2) is a good place to see people drop their guard and show their colours.

"My turn with the volume knob, Jim-Bob" — The Waltons enjoy an episode of Not The Nine O'Clock News . . .

Parkinson (BBC1) is too cosy, although it does tend to come alive once a year — that night with Lili Palmer, Larry Adler and Itzhak Pearlman was the most rivetting TV interview since the boy effed at Grundy — but usually it's just anecdotes for the boys. Parky has the petty old pals conceit that newsreaders — the DJs of current affairs — reveal at the end of the news when they have one of those half-smiling silent raps as the credits roll and everybody's supposed to wonder what they're saying (the real fanatics rush out to enrol in lip-reading classes).

But the host of ***Friday Night, Saturday Morning*** is always too inexperienced in the role of chatmeister, and makes way for next week's host too sharpish to get settled. This is good; people let things slip, act like their mouths are in over-drive and their brains are in neutral — the hospitality bar booze aids and abets.

Clive Jenkins — who'd won me over forever (I imagined) with all those careerist news hacks he'd sneered into pinstriped chopped liver — turned out to be a roly-poly pseud in a roll-necked cardy who acted like he wanted nothing more than to lock barbed bon mottish tongues with the ghost of Oscar Wilde over After Eights and brandy. His pal Neil Kinnock kept him company, looking very insubstantial and full of himself, dropping names and quips and trying to prove to *Guardian* readers that he really is house-trained. Both Clive and Neil came over like Uncle Tom Proles frantic not to ruin their chance of getting asked back by dropping the Stilton in the porter.

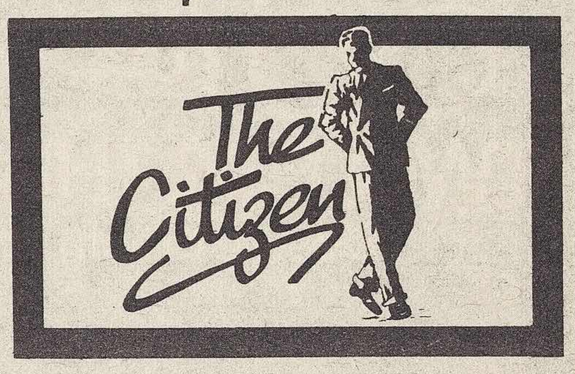
The only other guest was Peregrine Worsthorne, maverick of the Thinking Right (all two of them) — no Lady Muck of the corner shop with an accent that has undergone cosmetic surgery, no brash gauche Mr Boyson raving about the Trot sponger scourge.

Persuasive and articulate, he comes on to face the watery Kinnock and Clive The Fat Boy. Both are grinning foolishly about nothing and calling him "Perry" — both ingratiatingly matey and gently mocking. Jenkins keeps running off at the mouth about "The Press", Kinnock playing the organ-grinder's monkey — how they've got all the power, and what can a poor union baron or member of Parliament do? The Press, the Anti-Christ Press! The midnight knock on the door! The poison umbrella in the thigh! It's The Press!

Peregrine Worsthorne takes all this, politely disagreeing, but Clive presses on until Worsthorne *explodes* — elegantly — and cuts him to pieces — exquisitely.

MOST GUESTS on chat shows — like most everybody working in broadcasting, the music business, all of these

■ ***Continues over***



IN THE LAST ISSUE, I transcribe at length unexplained voices that will appear on blank tape recorded in complete silence. Whilst this transcript is not conceived as an arts laboratory lecture, nevertheless several students wonder what the phenomenon of voices appearing from unknown sources has to do with writing and poetics. Answer: Everything. Writers work with words and voices just as painters work with colours; and where do these words and voices come from? Many sources: conversations heard and overheard, movies and radio broadcasts, newspapers, magazines and, yes, *other writers;* a phrase comes into the copy from an old western story in a pulp magzazine read years ago, don't know where or when: "He looked at her, trying to read her mind — but her eyes were old, unbluffed, unreadable." There's one that I lift.

So many times I have been stuck on a story line, can't see where it will go from here; then someone drops by and discusses the dichotomy of Brutus' obvious qualities of leadership and fatal decision making in *Julius Caesar.* I get a happy paragraph out of that. Or I buy a book to read during a storm in Biarritz, and there is the answer; and there's a nice phrase too, "shook with laughter like a winter gale". I have a dream about such mirth before I read *Capital* by Maureen Duffy, and find that phrase.

Look at the Toblerone packet on Sir Isaac Newton's desk. just a silly joke? Consider where this joke can lead. I am working with Phillip Malcolm for the past five years on a book entitled *Bring The Couchie Come,* and we use the same idea: Giorgione as the background for scenes and characters taken from *Othello* and transformed into future counterpart. That green-eyed monster which does mock the meat it feeds on will be the airbus pilot in this scene, and we can use that fellow almost damned in a fair wife on this bit of blue landscape here. Mantegna, Vermeer, Boucher, Utrillo, Mondrian — steal anything in sight. You want a certain complexion on your storm? Lift it from Turner.

The same applies to writing. John Clare does some superb descriptive passages on rural life usurped by the industrial Revolution; why not use them verbatim as a background in a novel set in the streets of your own childhood. Continuity by so-and-so and footage from Clare. And of course you can kidnap someone else's characters and put them in a different set. The whole gamut of painting, writing, music, films, is yours to use. Take Myra Viveash's personality and give it to your heroine. It happens all the time anyway; how many times do we have Romeo and Juliet served up to us, and Camille grosses 20 million in *The Young Lovers.* So let's come out in the open with it and steal freely.

William S. Burroughs, from whom this supplant entire of itself is adapted, tells us how he first applies this principle in *Naked Lunch.* The interview between Carl Peterson and Doctor Benway is modelled on the interview between Razumov and councillor Mikulin in Conrad's *Under Western Eyes.* To be sure, there is no resemblance between Benway and Mikulin, but the form of the interview — Mikulin's trick of unfinished sentences, his elliptical approach and the conclusion of the interview — is quite definitely and consciously used. He does not at the time see the full implications.

Brion Gysin carries the process further in an unpublished scene from his novel *The Process.* He takes a section of dialogue *verbatim* from a science fiction novel and uses it in a similar scene. (The science fiction novel, appropriately, concerns a mad scientist who devises a black hole into which he disappears). I am, I confess, slightly shocked by such overt and *traceable* plagiarism. I do not quite abandon the fetish of originality, though, of course, the whole sublime concept of total theft is implicit in transcription and public anonymity.

You see, I am so conditioned to the idea of words as *property* — one's "very own words" — and consequently to a deep repugnance for the black sin of plagiarism. Originality is the great virtue. I recall a boy who is caught copying an essay from a magazine article, and this horrible case discussed in whispers. For the first time the dark word, "plagiarism", impinges on my consciousness. Why, in a Jack London story a writer shoots himself when he finds out that he has unwittingly plagiarized another writer's work. He does not have the courage to be a writer. Fortunately, I am made of sterner or at least more adjustable stuff.

So we annex a manifesto . . .

Les Voleurs

Out of the closet and into the museums, libraries, architectural monuments, concert halls, bookstores, recording studios and film studios of the world. Everything belongs to the inspired and dedicated thief — all the artists of history, from cave painters to Picasso, all the poets and writers, the musicians and architects, offer their wares, importuning him like street vendors. They supplicate him from the bored minds of school children, from the prisons of uncritical veneration, from dead museums and dusty archives. Sculptors stretch forth their limestone arms to receive the life-giving transfusion of flesh as their severed limbs are grafted onto Mr San Salvador. *Mais le voleur 00est pas presse* — the thief is in no hurry. He must assure himself of the merchandise and its suitability for his purpose before he conveys the supreme honour and benediction of his theft.

Words, colours, light, sounds, stone, wood, bronze belong to the living artist. They belong to anyone who can use them. Loot the Louvre! *A bas l'originalite,* the sterile and assertive ego that imprisons as it creates. *En haut le vol* — pure, shameless, total. We are not responsible. Steal anything in sight.

■ *From previous page*

gosh-that-must-be-interesting occupations — are so damn grateful just to be there that they smile sweetly and try to be charming and interesting without *saying* naff all. Ssshhh, keep your opinions down, you'll wake the status quo. So — although showbusiness is fabled to be so cut-throat and ruthless and you have to CLAW your way to the top etc., in actual fact once you've got your foot in the door you're part of the furniture. And if someone who actually has EDGE and OPINIONS and ISN'T DAMN GRATEFUL ventures into your televised vestibules it will be remarkably easy for that special person to take over.

So when Peter York made his entry into the Jackie Collins-hosted ***Friday Night, Saturday Morning*** (theme — concept, for rock fans — 'style'), he stole — no, *borrowed* the show. Everybody else — the designer, the model, the pop star — the *celebrities* — fell away into soft focus. York's clothes, looks and manner — Ultimate Toff Smoothie — made the pop star, Bryan Ferry, look like the drab mousey elder losing his foothold on the slippery social climb that he is.

York is on last. First off are the overweight and the over-the-hill — stout popsie Paula Yates plugging her *Whoopee Cushion Annual 1980* and vulpine Jean Rook who over-dresses herself almost as much as she over-rates herself. The decks are cleared — Yates and Rook ushered off while Dennis Waterman cries manfully into his acoustic guitar.

Then Ferry. He resembles a pauper church mouse, he *wants* to be Noel Coward and Jackie wants him to be sexy Rod Stewart. They compromise. They mouth platitudes and nonsense — the Roxy image just "happened"; Buddy Holly,

Jackie Collins displays her all-round talents on Friday Night, Saturday Morning

he agrees with Jackie, was a big influence on Roxy Music. The designer Bruce Oldfield and model Marie Helvin Bailey come and stay, stylish, swish and likeable the pair of them, promoting frocks and David Bellamy books. Then Jackie brings on "The High Priest of Style — Peter York".

Mr York is there to sell his book *Style Wars* but gets dragged into a war of words and gets good.

York immediately disassociates his book from the Yates and Bailey efforts — "sex things". Sexy Jackie is offended at this closet prude; she gets her blunt knife out and tries to make a hamburger out of this upper-class upstart — who is grimacing and holding Mr Bailey's Art Pictures of Mrs Bailey and Paula Yates' dirty drawers up for the roaring crowd — by bullying him into potted *Style Wars* handles for the assembled guests.

This is York's strong suit — locating the difference between what people *are* and what they *aspire* to. Marie Helvin is "orchidacious", Bruce Oldfield is "the American collegiate Athlete", Ferry is "the ultimate art-directed existence. His singing voice is the ultimate put-on. He should hang in the Tate. Next to David Bowie."

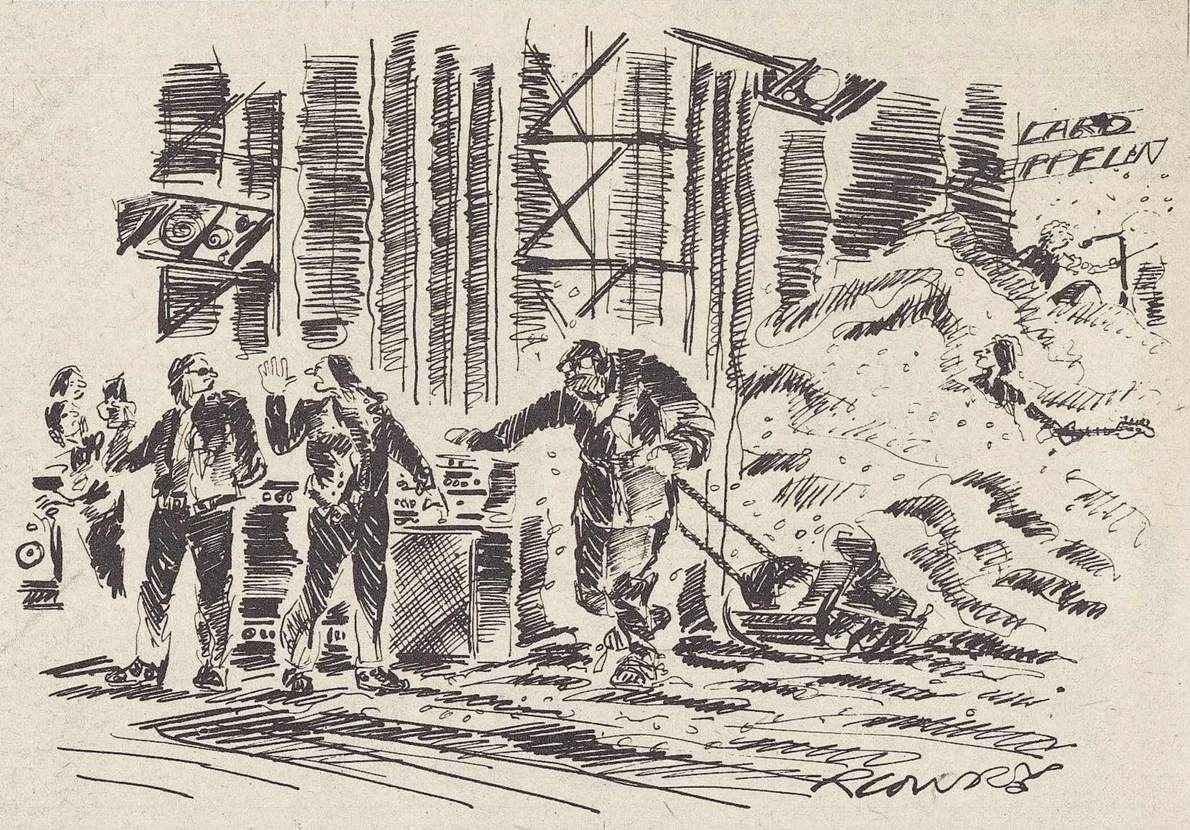
Perhaps three-quarters of the studio audience had never heard of Peter York, but it was love with a perfect stranger. He had edge and opinions and he wasn't grateful to be there. He was both very polite and very rude.

Ferry grinned aimlessly, looking very much like a Kinnock, wishing Jackie wouldn't keep trying to lure him into banter with Peter. Jackie herself seemed mesmerised. Peter York spoke his slippery mind and made his mark.

KELLY WOZ 'Ere (ITV) (no, it's not the new Slade single) concerned adolescent garbage adrift in London. Those involved were alleged "punks"; they had come to the city homeless, jobless, charmless and gormless. These alleged "punks" didn't want to make their mark, they wanted to wallow in being a mess — very much welfare state Woody Allen. Despite the wretched names of The Damned, UK Subs and Tenpole Tudor emblazoned on their backs, they would have been equally at home in Haight Ashbury among the half-eaten tins of cat food and toxic chemicals up the arm.

Kelly and her fellow flotsam — by the way, this wasn't a cautionary warning against absconding from home and exchanging boredom for whoredom a la *Johnny Go Home;* it was a slow-off-the-mark punk cash-in, like *Street Level* and *Breaking Glass,* for and by people who never came within spitting distance of what really happened — bullied a frail and solitary mod in Carnaby Street, grovelled to mob-handed and similarly shit-brained skinheads, jacked up

LOWRY



"Knock off the dry ice will you, we've got Captain Oates coming through here!"

barbiturates, for God's sake, and thought they could cruise all night on these drugs, sniffed glue and exchanged boasts of defeatism in a squat ("Any depths you can plumb I can plumb deeper; I can be dumber and scummier than you" — you know the sort of thing) — all good fun.

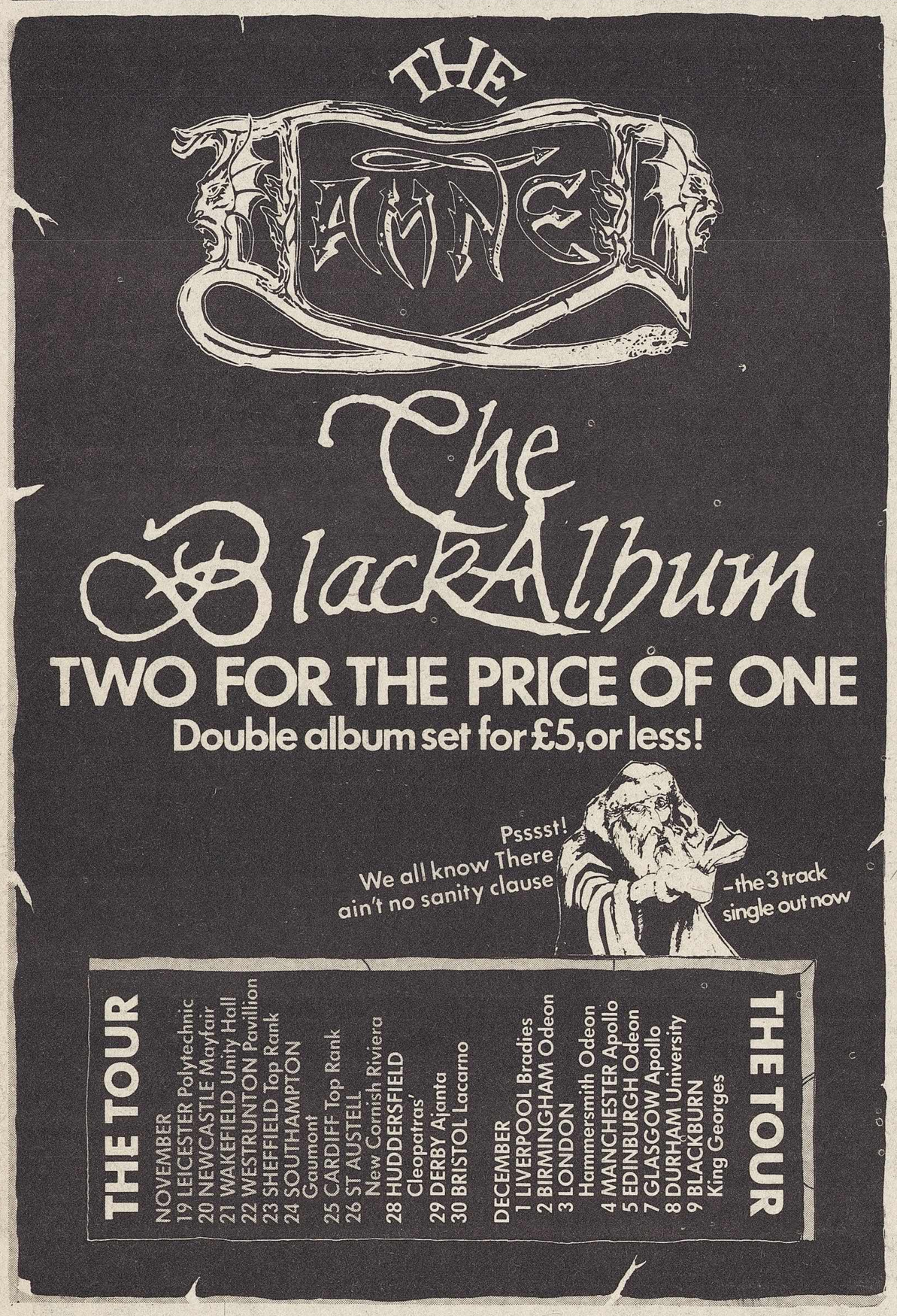
These plain, porky young people had nothing to offer. They had come to our capital to rot and make it even more of a mess, more like home. They knew nothing and were worth nothing — you wouldn't get ten bob for the bunch in a tanner's yard. If I had a hammer I would have taken it to their wooden skulls. And I would have taken it to the *objective* voyeuristic cinema verite camera's icy eye — what kind of scum stands focusing and filming and not raising a hand to help while sick cretins bully a lone harmless mod to tears?

In the end Kelly was put away. If the cinema verite gang hadn't been there encouraging the wretch to new depths by their presence maybe we would have had a happier ending — Kelly being burnt to a crisp on the tube track, perhaps.

All practitioners of cinema verite should be stoned outside the city gates. And while we're about it, all these alleged punks and other flotsam who CAN'T CUT IT shouldn't come to London. London should be for old people who've lived there all their lives and for people with something to offer. Edge. The drab, the dross and the downbeaten (like Kelly was) should be shipped to, say, Northampton as soon as possible.

Symptomatic of the younger generation's lack of edge, it seems to an old chap like me, are all the disgusting globules of spots and complaints you see and hear on Toytown programmes like ***White Light*** (ITV) and ***Something Else*** (BBC2) once they would whine that they had soul-destroying jobs; now they whine they *don't* have soul-destroying jobs. No teenager has the right to be as beaten and bleating as these are; they whine about provincial sluggishness when they're lazing around up there but when they come to the capital they don't want to compete in the capital's meritocracy. Drop-outs!

I'm not saying that the younger generation need a good spell of National Service. But if they can't buck their ideas up, they should certainly be shipped direct to Northampton.



This week on telly by MONTY SMITH

ON THE BOX

Thursday November 27
A day of 'events': **Mackenzie (BBC 1)** reaches its final episode, and I've yet to see one; the eponymous 'hero', by the way, is played by famous Irish flautist Jack Galloway. Simon, Sarah and **Blue Peter (BBC 1)** make their IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: it's the 1980 BP Appeal, and I've got a hunch it'll be in aid of Norwich City — they couldn't half do with it, what with losing John Bond and (it would appear) Justin Fashanu. There's another bunch of dummies (Robin Day excepted) on **Question Time (BBC 1)** and a few too, doubtless, in the audience for **Russell Harty**'s exciting live chat show **(BBC 2),** because this one is devoted to rock'n'roll, Shakin' Stevens style. Michael Palin undertakes one of the **Great Railway Journeys Of The World (BBC 2)** as he is, apparently, a genuine trainspotter; he'll be keeping fellow travellers enthralled with ripping yarns from Euston to Lochalsh. The excellent Paul Copley crops up in **Minder (ITV)** as an old school chum of Terry's, on the run from the law; directed by the fantastically famous Irish Flautist James Gatward. **Laurel And Hardy (BBC 2)** come a cropper as they attempt to deceive their wives in *Be Big* (a three-reeler, when their forte, usually, was two.)

Friday November 28
Mike Leigh, who devised and directed such comic set-pieces as *Abigail's Party* and *Nuts In May,* has his film **Grown Ups** shown in the **Playhouse** slot **(BBC 2);** this looks so promising that I think I'll save further comment until next week's *Dangerous Visions.* Ian Carr's newish wave jazz boffins are the subject of **Sounds Different (BBC 2),** the programme which spotlights music that's invariably ignored by the record companies and which, even if it wasn't, would be passed over by the punters. **Starsky And Hutch (BBC 1)** look after the interests of the richest man in the world — now that makes for terrific suspense, doesn't it? I mean, who cares what happens to the richest man in the world? **Laurel And Hardy (BBC 2),** a far more edifying couple, regret their involvement in a court case; as the judge passes sentence on the villain, Stan jumps up and says, "Aren't you going to hang him?"
FILM: **What's New Pussycat? (Directed by Clive Donner 1965).** Almost as many laughs here as in the Laurel and Hardy short; but at nearly two hours, it's pushing it. Still, some fine Woody Allen non-sequiturs, over-the-top playing from Peter Sellers and Peter O'Toole (one's in a wig and the other's in a tizz), and knowingly acquiescent support from the likes of Capucine, Ursula Andress and Paula Prentiss. **(BBC 1.)**

Saturday November 29
Honestly, after **Sesame Street (ITV),** I can't think of a single programme to recommend.
FILM: **The Brotherhood (Martin Ritt 1968).** Mucho Sicilian silliness as Kirk Douglas and Alex Rocco take on the might of the Mafia; but it was taken seriously at the time because Ritt's got a pedigree and it was all handled so seriously and sensitively. Boring. **(ITV.)**

Sunday November 30
The world-famous Jean-Pierre Rampal (a distant cousin of the Irish flautist Jonah O'Gallstone) guests on **The Muppet Show (ITV).** And ITV's idea of a Comedy Classic is a repeat of **Two's Company.** The Beeb hit back strongly with **Marti Caine.** You don't suppose they're saving anything for Christmas, do you?
FILM: **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Martin Scorsese 1975).** Superficially hard, fatally soft study of widow Ellen Burstyn's search for whatever it is middle-class Americans aspire to. An odd one from the director of *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver,* but as the central character here is a woman it was well received (Ms Burstyn won an Oscar for her convincing portrayal of a woman.) The son, by the way, is the little sod who played the young Boris in *Love And Death* **(BBC 2.)**

Monday December 1
If you've never seen a **Laurel And Hardy** short **(BBC 2),** treat yourself today; *Busy Bodies* is one of their best — and as you watch them create untold chaos in a carpentry workshop, figure this one out: at no time during this sublime 20 minutes are they actually working on anything specific.

FILM: **Kelly's Heroes (Brian G Hutton 1970).** Clint Eastwood and Donald Sutherland in an irredeemably self-indulgent hodge-podge that would have us believe it's as savagely anti-war as Robert Altman's *M★A★S★H* (no relation to the tame TV series) and as hilarious as Phil Silver's *Bilko.* It isn't. **(ITV.)**
FILM: **The Ultimate Warrior (Robert Clouse 1975).** Ludicrous and extremely violent fantasy from the man who tamed kung-fu for sensitive Western eyes. Yul Brynner and Max Von Sydow have both appeared in worse films than this but it's difficult to recall them just now. **(BBC 1.)**

Tuesday December 2
Robert Kee's **Ireland: A Television History (BBC 2)** starts a 13-week run; will it confront or circumvent the so-called 'troubles'? **Play For Today (BBC 1)** looks similarly daunting: 12-year-old Jude hasn't seen his father since birth and now they meet . . . In **Laurel And Hardy (BBC 2)** Stan visits a hospitalised Ollie: "Hard boiled eggs and nuts?"
FILM: **X, Y And Zee (Brian G Hutton 1972).** Fat Liz Taylor tries it on with thin Susannah York, Michael Caine looks on in disgust, in limp tale of sexual intrigue set amongst the sort of folk you scoff at in pubs. **(ITV.)**

Wednesday December 3
Sex offenders star in **Strangeways (BBC 1).** Fania Fenelon recounts World War II concentration camp horrors in **The Light Of Experience (BBC 2.)** Wonder Woman guests on **The Dick Emery Hour (ITV.)** Isn't life wonderful? Well, yes, it is, when **Laurel And Hardy (BBC 2)** attempt to deliver *The Music Box;* it won them the only Oscar they ever got. Choke on it, Hollywood.

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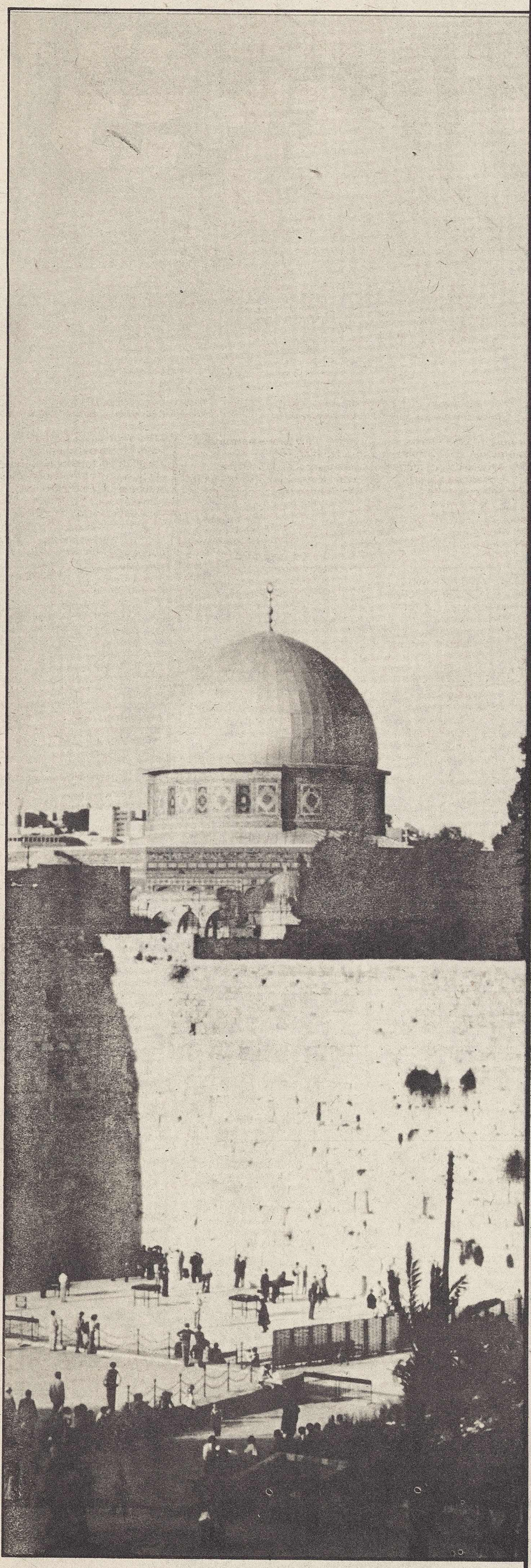
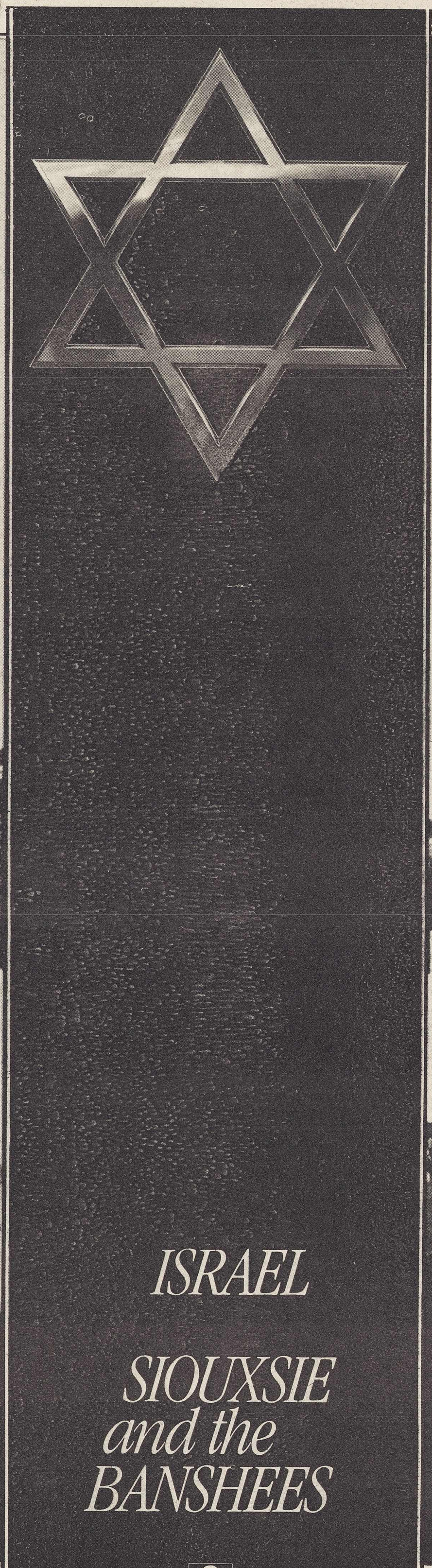
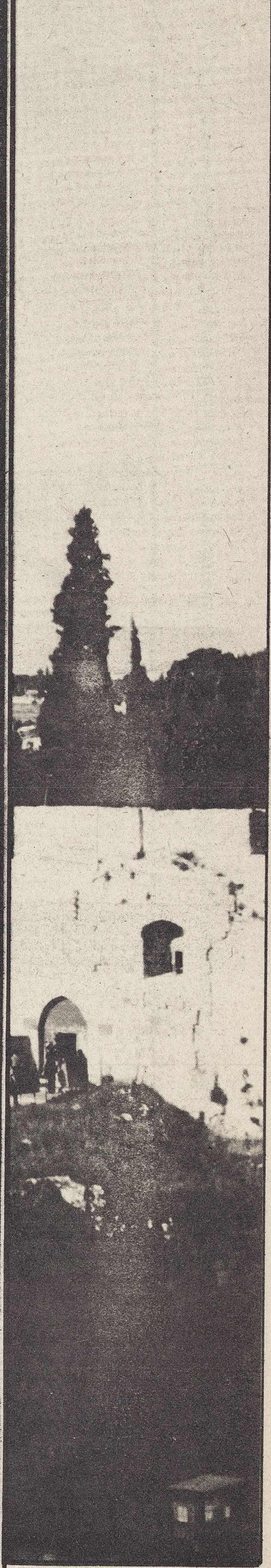




ISRAEL

SIOUXSIE and the BANSHEES



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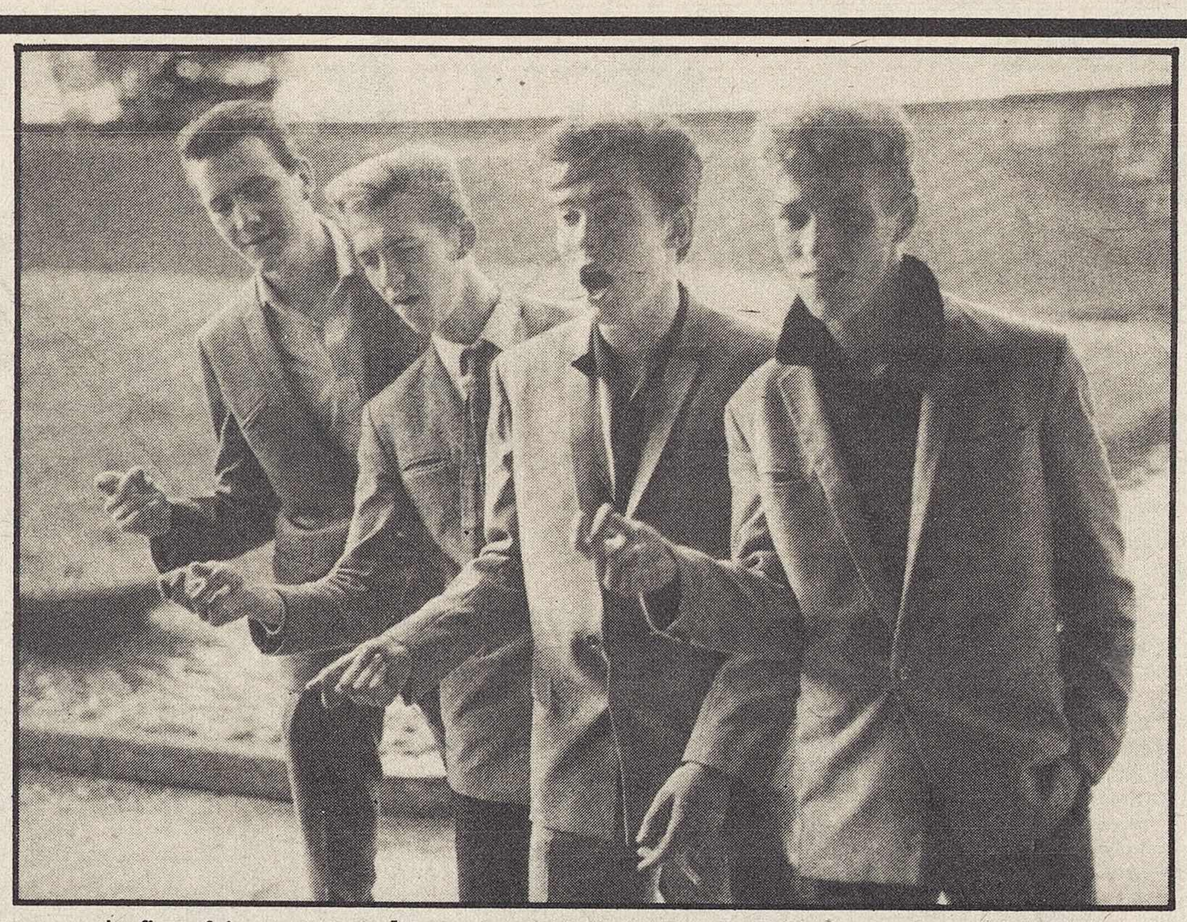
Rockin' At The New Schoool Hop

By ROBERT ELMS



Bye bye Teddy Boys, beerguts and sideburns — here come the rockabilly kids. Leading the way: The Polecats

Left to right: Neil Roomey (drums), Phil Burnette (double bass), Boz Smith (lead guitar), Tim Worman (vocals / guitar). Pic: David Corio.

"It's a different feel. The old Ted attitude is dying out. No one goes around like an idiot pretending they don't like any other music or any other people." — Philip Polecat.

THE POLECATS are in the forefront of the new breed of rockabilly aficionados. Still firmly in their teens, they grew up in a climate of purest punk, a world that stressed dressing up and an affiliation to a style, yet was willing to accept experimentation and cultural cross-pollination.

When by 1979 many young punks had become tired of the dilution and distortion of their scene, the first of the new rockabillys started to appear. Levi and the Rockats, young West London rockers, supported the Banshees at the Music Machine, wore the sharpest threads anyone had seen in a long time, sang 'Blue Moon Of Kentucky', and set a lot of people thinking.

It's this generation that has produced The Polecats. Boz, lead guitarist with the band, maintains that "it's the kids who used to be punks who respond best. The older ones still find it difficult to accept young people playing rockabilly. It doesn't mean we're not purist, just that we're not bigoted."

The pull of the style, the look, the cool, played a large part in the attraction to 1956, and for The Polecats it is still a vital element. Proudly claiming to be among the first of the new breed to adopt the short 'Mac Curtis' hairstyle that is now rockabilly *de rigueur*, they put as much effort into the look as the sound. The correct cut in a pair of pink pegs is as important as the right note from an authentic Gretsch. It's a sharp world that they inhabit, and bassman Philip points out that "the rockin' clubs are even more clothes-conscious than the Blitz." The current rebirth of style making itself felt in all spheres.

Having spent the last two years playing first as Cult Heroes, and then as Polecats, on the incestuous rocking club circuit, they've built up a following that is just as likely to contain kids drawn by the fashionable status that rockabilly currently holds, as '50s diehards. Consciously aware of the need to attract a broad following if they are to achieve the fame that they claim every group desires, they aim to combine wide appeal with true authenticity. The idea is to take the genuine product to the uninitiated, and judging by their success playing support on the recent Rockpile tour — an astonishing seven encores in Glasgow — the idea seems to be working.

Indeed an evening spent with The Polecats is one of broad smiles and uncontrollable feet. Irrepressibly bouncy, they convert an old musical form into a youthful exercise in enjoyment for its own sake. The word "fun" crops up regularly in their conversation and The Polecats are fun in the way that all good dance music should be fun, in the way that Madness are and Showaddywaddy aren't. After all having the crack is a serious affair.

There is though the nagging doubt that must attach itself to any retrogressive trend — where the hell do they go from here? Once the current craze blows out, where will it leave four very young Polecats?

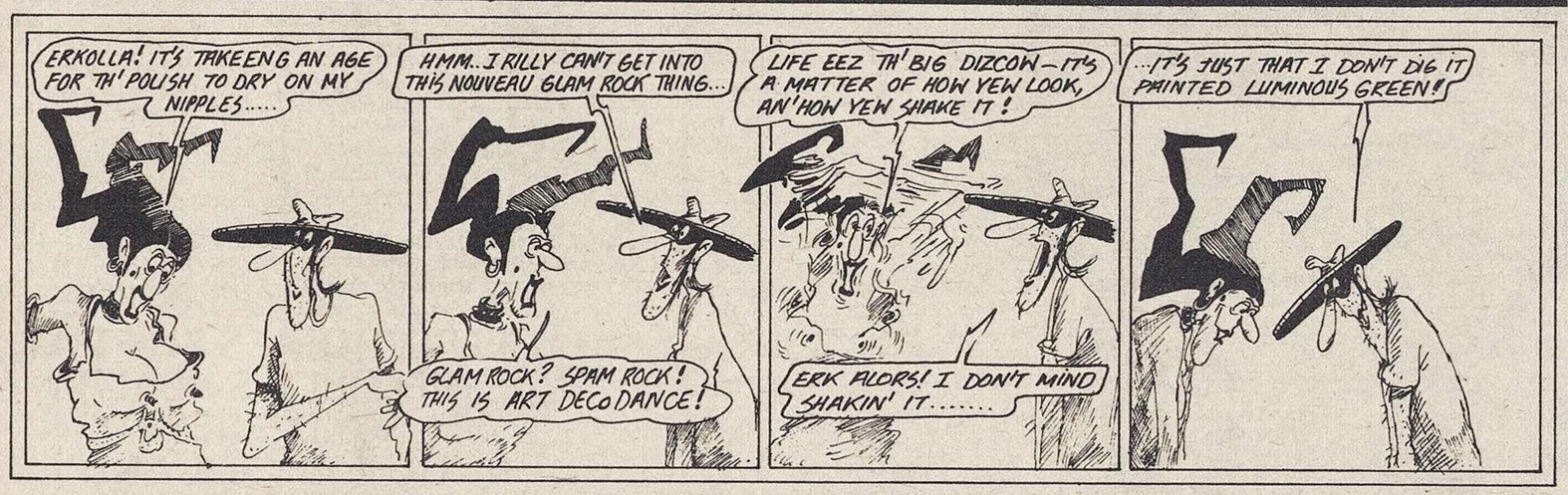
Already they are looking beyond rockabilly: "We are The Polecats, not just some rockabilly band that will die out in six months' time." Pointing to the fact that a high percentage of the set is self-penned, they claim that progression is well within their capabilities. They're beginning to stress different elements of what is already a hybrid musical form, introducing original ideas while staying in tune with the spirit of 1956.

Playing extensively around the country and laying down tracks for future records, they're confident that the fame they mentioned is well within their grasp. Modern rockabilly played by sharp youth is for everybody with an eye for style. Keep that eye on The Polecats.

NME FACT!

8,000 NME readers don't use soap

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON



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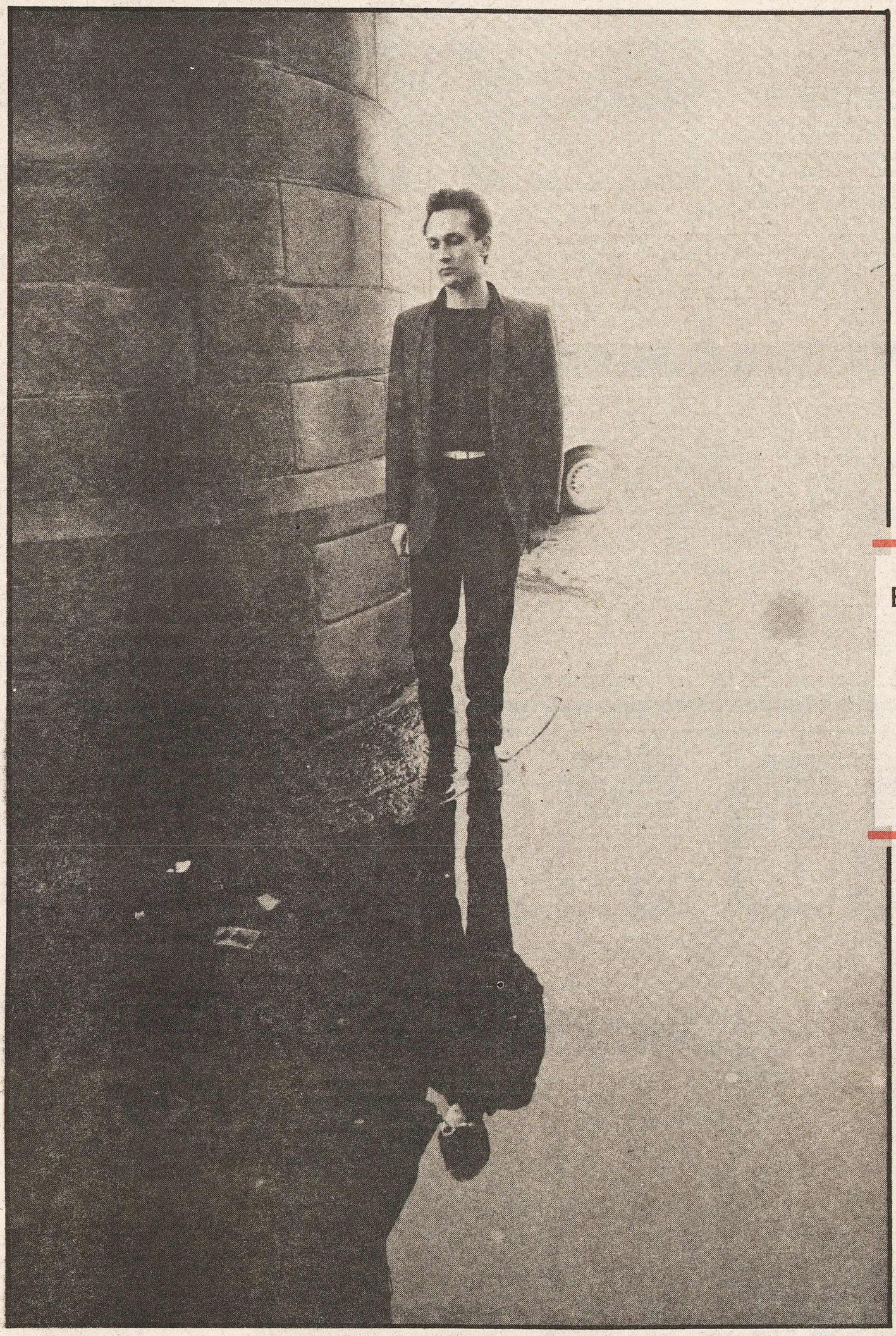
CATCH A train into the dark depths of the North again. Flee the wonderland. A million miles away from London town, the conditioning centre where all is lost, into the hills and the drizzle and the places where 'rock'n'roll' doesn't have quite such a death grip.

I am on a journey to demystify and mythologise: to dispel the tedious untruths that clog up Cabaret Voltaire, that turn them into ugly monsters, and replace them with the plain truths, and turn them into sleek heroes.

As the train rolls into ghostly Sheffield, a profound greyness descends. Grey — the colour of The City, the colour of depression.

Imagine a musical soundtrack for a November Sheffield, for a decaying symbol of crumbling capitalism, for the lonely hearts and lost hopes of the city dwellers, for reason ... imagine the turbulent, tense, obsessive Cabaret Voltaire sound. An integration and aggregation of stern rhythm, rigid sound, unexpected noises, ghostly bumps, newsreels, snatches of conversation, screams, wails, unspecified signals ... a sound of our times. The sound for our times.



HOW TO WORK THE ELECTRONICS SHIFT AT SHEFFIELD'S REALITY MILL AND STILL TURN OUT JOYFUL AND DANCEABLE PAUL MORLEY EXPLAINS PENNIE SMITH REFLECTS

THE ROOM is cluttered up with audio and video tape equipment, papers, chairs, electric fires, the three Cabaret Voltaire men and the interviewer. Posters and bits of paper cover up the bare walls. Everyone's smiling! We're talking about the stereotype that dictates a group such as Cabaret Voltaire are all groan, grim and despair ... "Maybe it's just the way we are. Maybe we're really grim people."

They're not. They can be serious now and then ... "Maybe we have that image because we're not an over-escapist band." They laugh at the thought of people imagining them to be dour and difficult. "I feel so grim" one of them bursts out in mock horror. "Well just look out there."

He points out of the solitary window at a small square of Sheffield. Doomy, heavy clouds ganging up, a fine sheet of drizzle, jagged corners of derelict buildings. "If you lived here you'd be grim." As grim as Amos Brearley.

SHEFFIELD is grey: a grey place full of greyness, frayed but friendly. Cabaret Voltaire make a grey music. But it's not just grey. It's also red — the colour of anger. It's black and blue and purple. It's elating and disturbing. It's one hell of a response. It's not rock'n'roll the way the London leeches still want rock'n'roll to be: light, frothy, frisky, bland, controllable. It reinterprets past pop to fit the times and contemporary predicament. It doesn't wish to cover up flaws, it rips away the covers. It's close to being the most natural culmination in rock, a progression from Chuck Berry accounting for the rock musics that have emerged since James Brown, Velvet Underground, Sex Pistols, Faust, Can, Joy Division. It's an active pop music that hugs experience and isn't stuck in fantasy or the past or an idealised present or a make-believe future or the middle of nowhere.

The definition of rock'n'roll has not changed with the times. Rock'n'roll shouldn't describe a sound, but an attitude, a feeling. "Rock'n'roll is not about regurgitating Chuck Berry riffs, rock'n'roll is breaking traditions, attacking the establishment, and we're more in that vein than most groups who consider themselves to be rock."

Cabaret Voltaire make a desperate music. It's a music of gestures, shock, a constant enquiry into the nature of things. Cabaret Voltaire is '80s pop music like the Velvets were late '60s pop music. They churn up the emotions like the Stones must have in those '60 years, they blast aside surrounding mediocrity and banality like The Sex Pistols did. They don't reject the attraction and attractiveness of rock and pop, don't want to drown into the coarse new underground. They have to avoid manipulating and being manipulated.

Cabaret Voltaire are probably Malcolm McLaren's depressing, soppy frowns in heavy great coats, yet in a perverse way they're both on the same side. Both want to cut up the establishment, mock and disrupt. Cabaret Voltaire want to bring a freshness, excitement and spontaneity back to live shows, and they refuse to exploit fashionable grimness. "We don't play that up at all, like some bands ... We're just here. What did McLaren say? The war poet look! That was quite funny. In a way we are going about the same sort of thing, but in different ways. With us it boils down to being more realistic."

They also painstakingly stay clear of any hype. They don't boast about being modern thinkers, playing the most outrageously modern music. They just get on with it. It's not that teenagers couldn't relate to Cabaret Voltaire; simply that Cabaret Voltaire aren't allowed through the dense blanket of propaganda. These days, music like theirs is denied its natural audience. Too many idiots with old fashioned, stubborn, over-smiley ideas stand in the way, running the music papers, the record companies, the TV and radio stations. In a way, Cabaret Voltaire scare the controllers by refusing to negotiate the expected curves and corridors of the pop fantasy, by advancing, alarming, even by working so independently.

Cabaret Voltaire are entertainers and wouldn't mock the word. But they also confront, decipher, dissect the problems of their times. They want their music to be something special, but not unapproachable or inaccessible. They think it more indulgent to borrow blandly from the past and sing about your girlfriend than to violently cut up the past and sing of boredom, chance, despair, violence, isolation. Their music captures the confusion of a generation. It stimulates and generates like all great music and is concerned with more things than just being a one dimensional means to a career success end.

Cabaret Voltaire music is grey. But it's not just grey. It's as important to it's time as Joy Division's. No words, no radio DJs, no hyped up pseudo-moderns, should be allowed to get in its way.

THE ROOM is one part of Cabaret Voltaire's Western Works recording studio. The interview has just begun, and we're talking about the working situation and environment of the group.

Watson: "We had a strange conversation with our accountant yesterday. He was talking to us about the possibility of the group forming a limited company, and saying you need to be earning about £50,000 a year gross to actually justify it for tax reasons, but he was sure that in the next 12 months something big was going to happen. It was quite difficult to explain to him that we weren't anticipating that, that that wasn't what we were trying to do. Because he thought, as we were a rock group . . . well obviously one record was going to do it, and then we were going to be in business moneywise. We had to explain that it was more a steady progression than an explosion and TV adverts and world tours ..."

Kirk: "You get your 15 minutes and then everybody forgets."

Mallinder: "That's intrinsic in what we've done, that the idea of being an overnight success is totally opposite to what we want. We've never had a masterplan, never really known what we would be doing in the next 12

ret volt aire

KIRK, WATSON & MALLINDER MALINGER

CABARET VOLTAIRE are at the station to meet the writer and photographer. It's the first *NME* piece on the group for two and a half years, but it's not that they won't talk.

"A lot of the things we do tend to get glossed over. We'll talk to anyone. We do loads of interviews with fanzines."

Christopher R. Watson (electronics, tapes) Richard H. Kirk (guitar, wind instruments), Stephen 'Mal' Mallinder (bass, electronic percussion, lead vocals) are receptive, informative, even talkative, and have no pretence that to speak freely will destroy some vague mystery in their music. "We never go overboard to sell ourselves, though." They are impressively down to earth about what they do: see it as part of something, not *the* something.

I ask them if they think their music is important.

"First and foremost it's important to me," answers Watson. "It's important to my life and, if you like, that's enough. It is important to me, so I'm the person who's got to answer for it. It's something that I truly believe in, if that's not such a gross statement to make."

"I think it's important to me," decides Kirk, "to be creative in one way or another. If I couldn't release my emotions in a creative way I'd probably go and kill someone or something. Everybody's got something to let out."

Watson: "In some ways it's like animal urges. You've got to get it out. It's fortunate for me that I've found two people to work with who have similar feelings. That's it. I don't think it needs any more justification than that . . . if you can go and make records and sell them and earn money then that's even better."

"But it's not simply a case of making records and making money," adds Mallinder, "there's also the thing that people *do* relate to us, because I think that the feelings in Cabaret Voltaire are within a lot of people."

The group are not scruffy. They dress well, care about their appearance. Watson and Kirk have disconcertingly pronounced Yorkshire accents. The three are close friends. Because of media ignorance, it often appears that the group are inactive. Out of choice, they don't often tour. They like every show they perform to be different, and see no point in disappearing into a touring routine. But they're just back from a short visit to America, and not long ago toured Europe, reaping the benefits of an audience uncontaminated by media propaganda.

"It may appear that we do little, but we probably work as hard or harder than any other band. We work six days a week, it's just that we put our energies into things that people don't regard as being normal for a group. Whereas most groups fit into a pattern the way they work, we don't strictly fit into that pattern. But we work hard,"

Through Rough Trade's new American operations, Cabaret Voltaire played five shows in San Fransisco and Los Angeles. "It was definitely worthwhile," they say. "We played to nearly a thousand in San Fransisco, on the same night as Talking Heads, which is pretty good, 'cos we were headlining. . .not so sure about the people who came, it was a case of playing to a thousand bombed out of their head lunatics. But we even made a bit of money."

For all their independence — because of their independence — the group live well, almost to the point of leisure. Whilst contemporaries are trapped by record company deadlines, managerial limitations and almost have to beg for pocket money, Kirk, Watson and Mallinder have carefully reached a state where they're totally in control and make enough money to more than exist. They limit themselves to £45 a week each, and turn all their royalties back into buying equipment. Their eight track studio is primitive but eminently functional. They received a £3,000 advance for their last LP 'The Voice Of America', and talk of being due £10,000 royalties. This doesn't make them rich, but they owe nothing to anybody. Most groups signed to labels are forever in debt — groups more commercially successful than Cabaret Voltaire.

Voltaire are supreme examples of post-punk enterprise. An original punk group made good. Lack of greed and patience have set them in an enviable position. There is no pandering to an imaginary audience, no hurrying and harrying for success. They have no manager, although Buzzcocks/New Hormones' Richard Boon and Joy Division/Factory's Rob Gretton occasionally help, and Rough Trade co-ordinate from London. It is a classically un-rock'n'roll way of working. In many ways they exist on the periphery of New Hormones and Factory (Mal has recently produced the excellent Eric Random New Hormones 12", and recently they all did some exploratory work with New Order at Western Works) but are embedded in the grubby Rough Trade manor: which has neither the style of Factory, nor the (he)art of New Hormones.

MALLINDER: "I think one thing we've got in relation to a lot of groups is that we still work on the principle of repetition. It's intrinsic to our music, and a lot of people connect with that. Repetition has got an annoyance factor, but it's also got an hypnotic factor that appeals to people on a gut level. It may not be a traditional form of repetition, but it is repetition. . ."

Kirk: "I think repetition is used in all music anyway, western or eastern, it's a key factor, no matter what."

Do you theorise about your music?

Kirk: "In odd ways."

Not like Philip Glass and Steve Reich.

Mallinder: "No, we try to be very spontaneous, because that's the way people listen to music. We try to be as immediate as possible, and not just try out some all engrossing philosophy and concept. I think music always falls flat if you conceptualise about it too much."

Watson: "I think there's a lot of music where the ideas are more interesting than the end product."

Mallinder: "I think we conceptualise after the record has come out. A lot of the things that we've done make a lot more sense after we've done them. Once they're recorded I can maybe look at them in a theoretical light. . ."

Making music that deals with oppression and repression, it's easy for that music to be oppressive and therefore useless.

Mallinder: "I think we avoid that. We like music that doesn't just shock but also appeals, and I think our music can appeal. I think it's quite easy to get into. There is humour in our music, It's not a joke, but that's part of it. I can't see how something like 'Obsession' is grim or a song of impending doom. . ."

Kirk: "I think we proved that when we played in Europe. A lot of people didn't understand the lyrics but there was a lot of people out there dancing and enjoying it. They're not conditioned to act in a particular way to Cabaret Voltaire."

> **"It's hard to give you an idea what was going on at our first gig in '75 — we had a tape loop of a steamhammer, Richard playing clarinet in a jacket covered with fairylights . . . it ended with the audience beating us up."**

Cabaret Voltaire live at the moment is very much 'an experience'.

Mallinder: "Hopefully it is. We're working towards that. But we've got to be aware of taking it too far and taking away the simplicity. We like to keep it crude and basic, and if it begins to get slick, that's the time to move on. The light show we use, and the slides, I don't think they're particularly grim! I think they're quite funny really. . ."

I had great difficulty explaining to non-believers how much your last London show was dance music, and about the kids dancing on the stage at the end. . .

Kirk: "Actually I was surprised by that!"

Mallinder: "The fact people won't believe what we're like live sums it up. . . people won't find out for themselves."

Are people scared of Cabaret Voltaire?

Kirk: "I hope so! I hope they respect us, not so much scared. . ."

Not intimidated, but frightened of the themes and intensity of Voltaire attack.

Mallinder: "I think yes, because that's something they've got to get to terms with. Not so much with us, but with things that they shy away from in everyday life. And if they shy away from us, they're shying away from those things. Our music particularly antagonises them in that way, because they're totally conditioned into believing music is just entertainment, music is just fun. . .That's it, you use the word 'grim', but the thing is, grim is an emotion, and I think if you take it to that very basic level, our music is emotional."

You've never felt a need to move towards an audience?

Mallinder: "I think it's a two way thing. I don't think we would ever go to an audience to the extent of pandering to them, to give an audience what it expects of us. But I think it's a natural progression: "You move in a way that communicates a lot more and, through time, the audience you're trying to reach has gradually become more open. The audience gradually move towards you and you move towards an audience."

Watson: "It would be very nice for us to have a record in the top ten, but we can't actually play! We're not very competent musicians."

Mallinder: "Maybe that's what Cabaret Voltaire is all about. . .three people who've spent seven years trying to play and still can't do it. Maybe that's where our appeal lies. But I'd love a top ten hit!"

Kirk: "As long as it was on our own terms. As long as we didn't put out this really slick single, really well packaged, just for the sake of it — We just couldn't go through with that."

Watson: "We've always been interested in the facetious side of contradictions, and it would be quite funny if we had a hit single. It would be bloody funny! Cabaret Voltaire in the charts, taking it back to what Cabaret Voltaire were originally, that would be hilarious."

CABARET Voltaire have worked together since 1973. "We had no intentions of playing live when we got together. We simply got together in an intense but elusive way and made tapes in a little loft, listened to them ourselves, and literally just experimented with ideas."

Their first live performance was on May 13th, 1975.

Watson: "We conned our way on to the bill. It was an organisation called Science For The People who had a disco every week at Sheffield University, and they were looking for something to liven it up, and I happened to be working with one of the organisers, and he said 'hey you're in a group, can you play rock music?' So I said 'yeah, sure, anything you like', and he said 'great, we'll get you on half way through the disco.' We were advertised as rock and electronic music. It's hard to give you an idea of what was going on. We had like a tape loop of a recording of a steamhammer as percussion, and Richard was playing clarinet with a rubberised jacket on it covered with flashing fairylights, and it just ended with the audience invading the stage and beating us up."

Kirk: "A lot of people who came were our friends, but a lot of people got really pissed off and it got really violent. We were lucky lots of people we knew were there, otherwise we would have been dead."

Watson: "Mal fell off the stage and broke a bone in his back, the equipment was smashed. . .Richard was using his clarinet as a club."

Mallinder: "That was the only thing that stopped it, Richard flinging his guitar into the audience."

Watson: "I think to be fair that did actually incite a lot of people, Richard throwing his guitar into the audience. I don't think that helped calm people down. The organiser came on stage, nearly in tears, shouting 'for fucks sake get off the stage, you've ruined our reputation, we're totally discredited.' They weren't allowed to use the University for any purpose again."

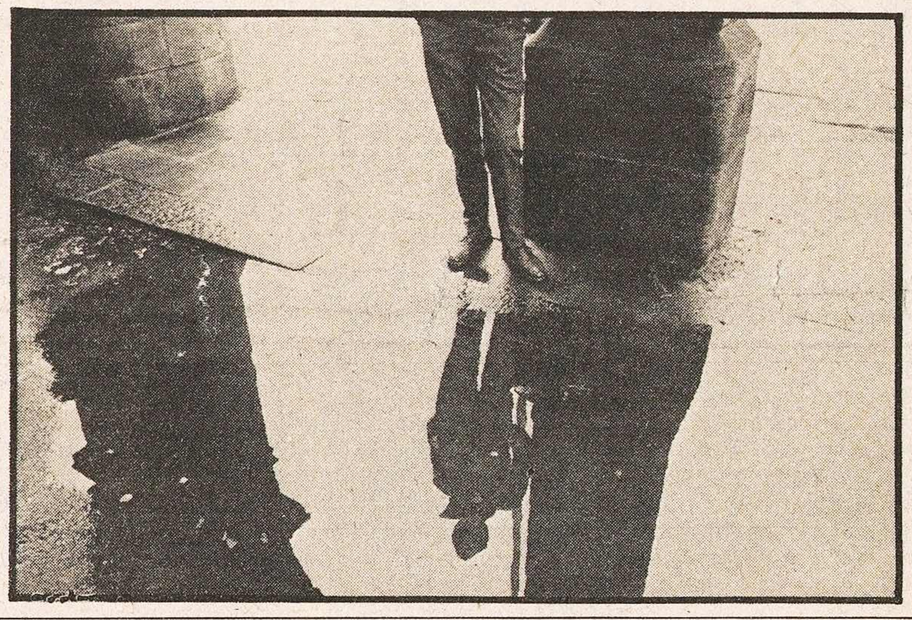
Punk's arrival briefly opened things up for the group. General expectations of what a group should be were momentarily broken up. Punk actually left certain areas where a self-consciously experimental group like Cabaret Voltaire could work. It became easier for Cabaret Voltaire to play live. More people became involved in putting on shows that audaciously opposed the old traditions of rock.

"Which is why we conned our way into things. When we played at that time people expected us to be the Sheffield Sex Pistols. The thing is that basically we tried to do the same thing as punk originally in that we did specifically go out to upset people, and to provoke reactions, although our intentions were different from punk. But that climate enabled us to work live more, and eventually to make a record."

Before their first record, they recorded an extremely limited edition of cassettes — 20 to 30 — sending them to every record label in the country."We got rejection slips from every one." Cassettes sent to more aware and interested individuals did stir the first, perhaps most positive, Voltaire publicity. Jon Savage, then at *Sounds,* responded loudly in the paper to the groups aggressive, ambitious collage technique. At the time it proved the power of the cassette communication. "Although that's been bastardised, just like the synthesiser has."

Do they consider themselves an important symbol of the possibilities of using electronic equipment distinctively and productively, and of

Continues page 61



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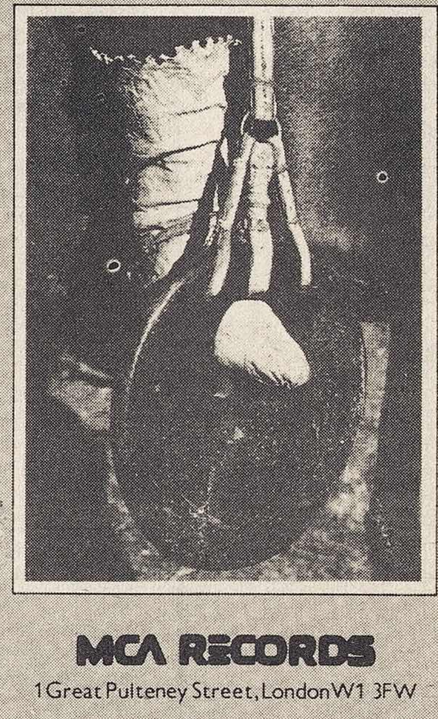

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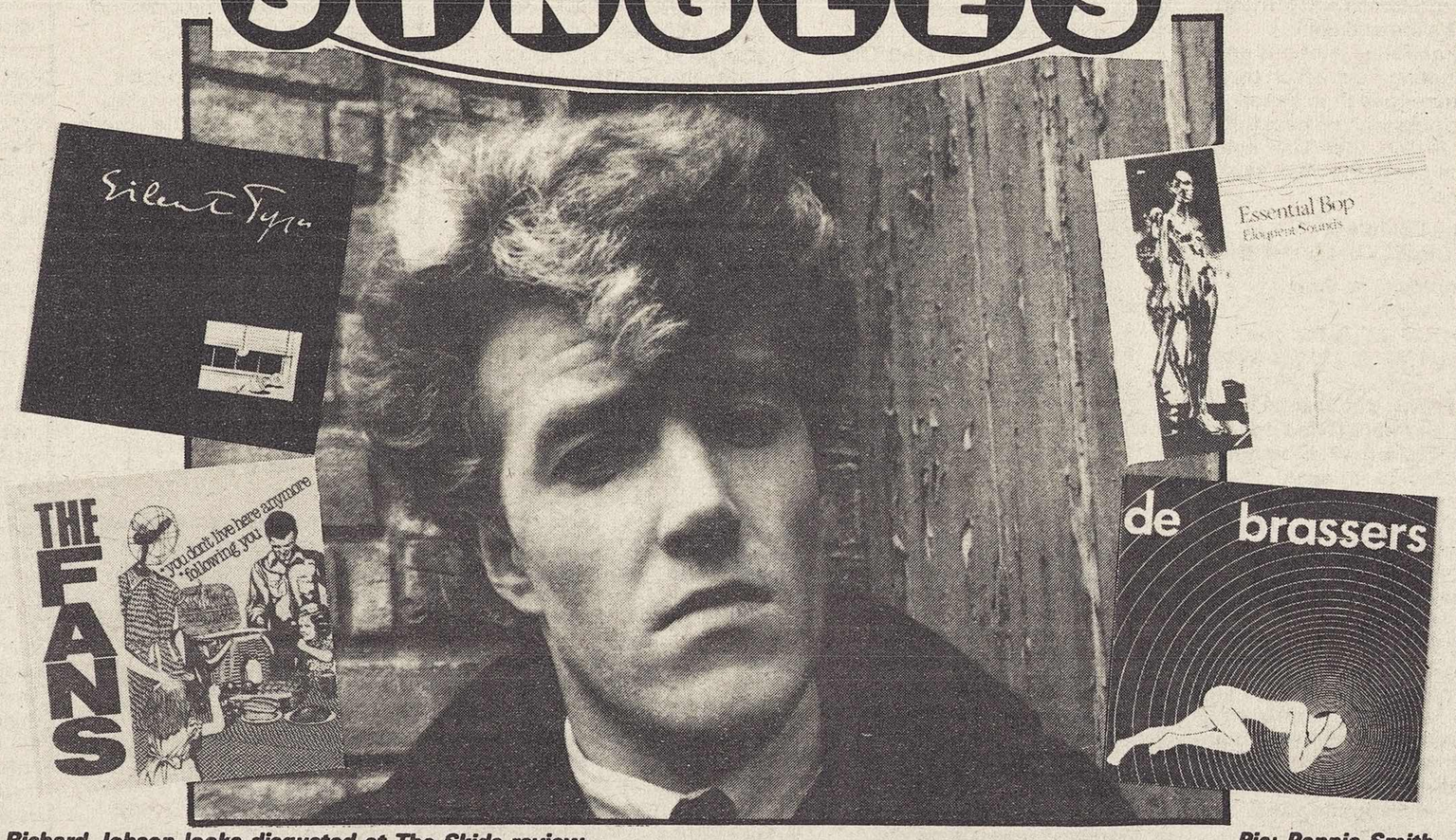

Richard Jobson looks disgusted at The Skids review. *Pic: Pennie Smith*

Single of the week
SILENT TYPES: Silent Types EP (Double Dose). Silent Types are engineer Rob Doran, former Metabolist singer/keyboards/effects man Anton Loach, and contemporary singer/songwriter Mark Beer (whose two previous singles, 'Isolations' and Collaborations', are well worth searching out). This apparently one-off collaboration contains three tracks, each of which would be eminently deserving of your time and money on its own — a testimonial to the obvious pains taken in their construction.

Though the increased access to means and materials has, to some extent, demystified the processes involved in actually *making* records, little thought appears to have been given recently to the non-physical elements involved, a fact attested to by the glut of truly awful, hopeless DIY singles released every week — every one of which presumably represents the culmination of the hopes and desires of a certain group of people. Put another way, the motives underlying the existence of large numbers of DIY singles are as wanting, and as suspect, as those underlying the existence of much of the major-label fodder they were intended to replace.

All this is by way of suggesting the pitfalls — or attitudes — Silent Types have managed to avoid; the obvious care and attention to emotional and textural detail on tracks like 'Upset' and 'Surveillance By Car' shows up all but a few of this week's singles for the insulting shams they are, and I, for one, am glad it exists (I've had to listen to all the others!).
PS: My copy was scratched. Can I have another one?

BOBALOUIS: Go Ahead (WEA). Pleasant but untimely piece of power-pop, a skilfully-crafted cross between 'Day Tripper', 'Ticket To Ride' and 'I Feel Fine'. Clever, but tries to cover too many bases.

NEIL YOUNG: Hawks And Doves (Reprise). "Meaningful" hoedown from a meaningless old downer. Yee-haw!

BARBRA STREISAND & BARRY GIBB: Guilty (CBS). Can't knock a successful formula, I suppose.

BLACK SABBATH: Die Young (Vertigo).
GIRLSCHOOL: Yeah Right (Bronze). By their own standards, Black Sabbath appear to have failed, unfortunately. Girlschool, on the other hand, are bereft of such pseudo-romantick ideals, and all the better for it, 'Yeah Right' being almost sprightly. Sad, though, that they have to conform to one of the two stereotypes available to HM females, domineering Amazon or naughty Biker's Moll (in their case, the latter). Maybe they see it differently. I'd be interested to learn.

STATUS QUO: Lies (Vertigo). Can't knock a successful formula, I suppose.

ORANGE JUICE: Simply Thrilled Honey (Postcard).
JOSEF K: It's Kinda Funny (Postcard). The Emperor's new label and its principal vestments. Orange Juice's 'Simply Thrilled Honey' is just mediocre pop ordinaire, and Josef K's 'It's Kinda Funny', though marginally better, sounds like a constipated Monochrome Set out-take. Both will doubtless be bought in large quantities by people who want to be "hip", played once, and filed away as the latest additions to the compleat Postcard collection. God, it must be expensive being hip.

BAD MANNERS: Lorraine (Magnet). Even a cynic like myself has to admit that 'Special Brew' more than justified its high chart placing as one of the brightest, least geriatric pop singles of recent months. The same can't really be said of 'Lorraine', a fairly run-of-the-mill number which lacks 'Brew's melodic logic and attempts to make it on rhythm and harmonica alone. I'm also a little dubious about the singalong hook, which runs: *"When I find her / I'm gonna kill her"* — but this could just be liberal-baiting on their part.

MATCHBOX: Over The Rainbow / You Belong To Me (Magnet). Saccharine nostalgia medley which any self-respecting rockabilly rebel would greet with justifiable derision. Where are The Cramps now that we need them?

DIRE STRAITS: Romeo And Juliet (Vertigo). Marvellous new cure for insomnia by Bruce Springsteen out of Bob Dylan and J.J. Cale. The first line gives you the gist of things: *"A lovestruck Romeo sings a streetsuss serenade".* As well as being one of our most original young poets, Knopfler (assisted by those other two guys whose names nobody can remember) has apparently made a film based round the song. I can hardly wait.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Time (Albion). The trouble with singing actors (or acting singers, as the case may be) is that they have little conception, as a rule, of pop music as other than sub-operatic melodrama. 'Time' is no exception, an overlong, self-important rant about — this'll surprise you — *time,* just the thing for all the toytown punks who viewed 'Eighth Day' and *Breaking Glass* as meaningful comments on existence, the human predicament, etc, etc. Where is Henri Bergson, now that we need him?

MICHAEL O'BRIEN & JOHN ELK: How To Speak Modern (Gamera). American comedy EP lampooning hipspeak. Pity it's not funny. Where are the Firesign Theatre, now that we need them? (and how).

MICHAL URBANIAK: Joy (Motown 12"). This was okay until the violin came in. It starts with violin. More fuzak, heavy on the hi-hat. Like Stephan Grappelli trying to be young and "with it".

DNA: Do The Shopping (DNA).
BUSH TETRAS: Too Many Creeps (99).
Y PANTS: Little Music EP (99).
RETRO: U-Boat (White Light).
SUBURBAN LAWNS: Janitor (Suburban Industrial). A clutch of stylish Yankee alternatives, some more worthy than others. DNA's 'Do The Shopping', a facile little ditty with a high ignorability quotient, suggests they ought to change their name to Talking Dickheads. Bush Tetras, on the other hand, offer a highly insistent, infectious brand of white sparse-funk, driven along by one of the strangest elastic-band bass sounds I've heard in ages (always welcome!). One of the week's more creditable releases.

Y Pants' EP, from the same stable, displays a healthy Residents influence on four intriguing minimalist fragments, least interesting of which is their cover of "Off The Hook'. Retro sound too close to MX-80 Sound for comfort, but Long Beach's Suburban Lawns — a name to watch, for a variety of reasons — have managed to come up with one of the week's most likeably bizarre records in 'Janitor', which features a vocalist who sounds like Amanda Lear spouting nonsense. Exactly like Amanda Lear, in fact.

UK PLAYERS: Everybody Get Up (A&M). I read Danny's piece on British funk recently, but I still don't see how this differs from the American variety. There's still the metallic plucked bass, still the stacatto horn punctuation, still the inane whining synthesiser, still the endless invocations to get up and dance — which, since everybody's already dancing anyway according to Our Danny, would seem to be a trifle superfluous. This example has nothing special to recommend it.

DYNASTY: Do Me Right (Solar 12"). Long and fussy, redeemed only by a passable marimba break — but then, I'm *crazy* 'bout marimbas.

THE NAUGHTIEST GIRL WAS A MONITOR: All The Naked Heroes (Aardvark). Sheffield band with appalling handle plumb, with some sensitivity, a vein almost mined-out by Human League and Vice Versa, Numan and OMITD. Pleasant synthy things with above-average melodic input. Gentle, easy on the ears, but a little too vacuous for my liking.

SKI PATROL: Agent Orange (Malicious Damage). Repetitive construct of pleasing simplicity dealing with biochemical gunk as (ab)used in Vietnam and unleashed at Seveso. I like it.L The record, that is, not the rain.

THE dB's: Dynamite (Albion). First UK release for American cult/legend Chris Stamey's dB's, a curious mixture of updated '60s pop (Farfisa organ and all) and weird, slurred vocals. Not my particular pan of pilchards, but probably paradise for perverse Yankophile obscurantists.

THE FRANTIC ELEVATORS: You Know What You Told Me (Eric's). Noisy acoustic beast, lots of whistling and rattling of zob-sticks, like a pedestrian Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts. A pity that bands feel inclined (or get coerced) to release gimmicky tracks as A-sides, especially on debut singles. Even if they're successful, they'll eventually turn out to be albatrosses. Judging by the B-side, 'Production Prevention', The Frantic Elevators have more to offer than gimmicks. Not a lot, but at least it's something.

THE SINKING SHIPS: The Cinema Clock (Dead Good). Spatial, atmospheric intro gives way to what early Wire might have sounded like if Lewis had sung instead of Newman. Clinched by simple, logical guitar overdub. A grower.

THE DEAF AIDS: Heroes EP (Conspiracy 12"). Passable punk-tinged hard rock (as opposed to HM), best put together on 'Heroes' itself.

SUE WILKINSON: Posers (Cheapskate). From she of 'Got To Be A Hustler' fame. Can't knock a successful formula, I suppose.

SKIDS: Woman In Winter (Virgin). What sounds not unlike a sluggish, pedestrian update of 'The Banana Boat Song' turns out to be the latest slab of melodramatic malarkey from The Skids. An edited version of a track from 'The Absolute Game', this one comes complete with a comic book recounting a tale of almost infantile pointlessness. Very fitting, some might say.

The accompanying press release contains the bland statement "First Skids For Kids and now cartoon booklets for record buyers", a sentence whose meaning changes according to the tone of voice it's read in. I know which I use.

IN CAMERA: IV Songs (4AD 12")
MASS: You And I (4AD)
DANCE CHAPTER: Anonymity (4AD). Three more from 4AD, an adventurous little label which could quite easily become as cultishly collectable as Factory. In Camera's follow-up to the hypnotic 'Final Achievement' contains four slivers of modern(e) music of varying moods, from the halting, peaceful piano shades of 'The Conversation' to the edgy industrial disco of 'Fragments Of Fear'. If Bauhaus are 4AD's Joy Division, In Camera are their Certain Ratio. They know what they're doing.

Mass are what's left of Rema Rema now Marco's a full-time Ant; on 'You And I' they sound distinctly Not Happy, but that's only to be expected given the double-meaning of their name. 'You And I' is churchy, organ-laden and painful, about another relationship in ruins. They too seem to know what they're doing, but I'm not sure I like it.

Dance Chapter's offering is a bit more mundanely precious, a two-chord thrash that goes nowhere in particular. I've nothing against two-chord thrashes in principle, it's just that Dance Chapter haven't picked particularly interesting chords. Do they know what they're doing? We wonder . . .

REVIEWED BY ANDY GILL

Why Not To Hate The Belgians . . .
TELEX: Soul Waves (Sire).
DE BRASSERS: En Toen Was We Niets Meer (Bras). First Holland, now Belgium; it's all in your soaraway, international *NME!* (Next week — six pages on Luxembourg's only rock band). Telex are wonderful because they're so bare-faced about their bandwagon-jumping, and camp as a row of tents into the bargain. 'Soul Waves' sounds more than a little like M's 'Pop Muzik', and comes complete with a presumably synthesised horn section. It's also a bloody sight more danceable than Dexy's Midnight Runners — but then, what isn't?

De Brassers are mean and moody modern chaps who sing in Dutch, 'En Toen . . .' being a pleasantly tortuous dirge-like construction — nice if you like that kind of thing. Their accompanying letter says, among other things, ". . . we consider this as a sroper solutiaa! After listening

Continues over

SINGLES

◗ *From previous page*

to our single you might wonden what this is all a out." *(sic)* How true, how true.

IM NAMEN DES VOLKES: Ich War Da, Leergebrannt (Konnekschen). A solo outing by one Matthias Schuster, who's German, surprisingly enough. 'Ich War . . .' sounds very, very like early Cabaret Voltaire, which seems a long way round to go to get your influences. Does this make it second or third-generation garage electronics? Recommended, of course, whatever generation.

BOOTS FOR DANCING: The Rain Song (Pop:Aural).
DRINKING ELECTRICITY: Cruising Missiles (Pop:Aural). Two sterling examples of Bob Last's lack of taste. Boots For Dancing's 'The Rain Song' is eminently forgettable "quirky" power-pop, and Drinking Electricity's 'Cruising Missiles' is the kind of thing that gives electronic pop a bad name — a big bland zero. Has the man nothing better to do with his money?

THE SLITS: Animal Space (Human). The Terrors of St Trinians in pensive mood on this, their first for the new Human indie. Lyrics dealing with ego-space and territorial rights slide and collide with(in) a slow, sinuous and insinuating flow which owes less to reggae than usual. Quite possibly the best thing they've don since 'Grapevine', and certainly the most skilfully crafted.

Bristol Channels
ART OBJECTS: Showing Off To Impress The Girls (Heartbeat).
VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Original Mixed-Up Kid (Fried Egg).
THE FANS: You Don't Live Here Anymore (Fried Egg).
ESSENTIAL BOP: Eloquent Sounds (Monopause). There's more to Bristol, it seems, than just The Pop Group and the Glaxo Babies. Art Objects, "the world's only poetry dance band" (we-ell?), had an excellent first single called 'Hard Objects', which tooled along at a furious pace. 'Showing Off To Impress The Girls' is a slower, more tender and sympathetic piece about what *really* happens at discos. Like the earlier single, it's worth investigating and investing in.

Three of the Art Objects lead a double-life with the more straightforward pop group Various Artists. 'The Original Mixed-Up Kid' is pleasantly unassuming but nothing special — and has nothing to do with Mott The Hoople. The Fans' 'You Don't Live Here Anymore' is altogether forgettable

ungainly pop, but Essential Bop's 'Eloquent Sounds' EP provides further indications of interesting musical activity in progress, though they occasionally tend to play it too clever for their own good, and would profit by somewhat less affected vocals.

Festive Drivel
SQUEEZE: Christmas Day (A&M).
KATE BUSH: December Will Be Magic Again (EMI).
THE DAMNED: There Ain't No Sanity Clause (Chiswick).
VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Song For Christmas (Pye).
FUTURE SHOCK: Santa Left Us Microchips For Christmas (Whisper).
JOHN KIRKPATRICK: Jogging Along With Me Reindeer (Dingle's). Bah! Humbug! Looks like we'll have to endure that fairy Kate Bush and those cards Squeeze over the cash-register season, if these are anything to go by. Kate is "cute" and Squeeze are "nice", or maybe it's the other way round, and you'll no doubt be as force-fed with them, media-wise, as you will

be with turkey.

The Damned's attempt at toddler demystification comes complete with heavy metal sleighbells, and is quite appealing in a brutish kind of way, whilst all that need be said about 'A Song For Christmas' is that the "artists" concerned are Gladys Knight, Gilbert O'Sullivan, Charles Aznavour and Joe Dolan. Future Shock's token electronic pop goes on about *"Silicon toys for the girls and boys"*, and former Albion Country Band/Steeleye Spanner John Kirkpatrick's little bit of exploitation takes the form of an accordion piece not a million miles removed from the dread 'Day Trip To Bangor', replete with those jolly Arran-sweater-and-a-finger-in-the-ear vocals so beloved of trad folkies. Pass the sick-bag, Santa!

DANGEROUS GIRLS: Man In The Glass (Human). Run-of-mill up-tempo riffy rocker lacking originality in both melodic and lyric departments. Another day, another disc, if you see what I mean.

DELTA 5: Try/Colour (Rough Trade). Spartan punk-funk double A-side, respectively nimble and heavy-handed. 'Try' contains the oft-repeated line *"You don't see what I see"*, which could make this a closet Christmas single. Or not. Who cares?

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Keep It Pt.II (Inferiority Pt.I). Dull, leaden, sluggish, and generally low on the redeeming features. Funny how all those synthesiser-toting young chaps get well pasted for being "bleak" and the like, whilst Dexys, the only band to have made a career out of being miserable bastards, seem to get the nod. Must be that daunting egocentricity and those hit singles. This sensitive little dirge contains references to both God and Jesus Christ. Presumably their idea of a Christmas single.

BLACK SLATE: Boom Boom (Ensign). Competent but unexceptional British reggae, lacking even the mild appeal of 'Amigo', but a possible hit with the requisite number of *TOTP* appearances. One thing puzzles me; just where does Basil Brush fit into the Rasta mythology?

QUEEN: Flash (EMI).
ELTON JOHN: Dear God (Rocket). A return to old formulas. Queen go back over the top with a chunk of camp pomposity lifted from a forthcoming album called 'Flash Gordon', which, if this is anything to go by, should be thunderflashes-a-plenty. Trivial nonsense, just like all their other records. I suppose it's arguable whether Elton John ever departed from his formula, but if he did, this new double-single (what's wrong with EPs, then?) sees him once more doling out housewives' slop, just like the "good" ol' days. The title says it all.

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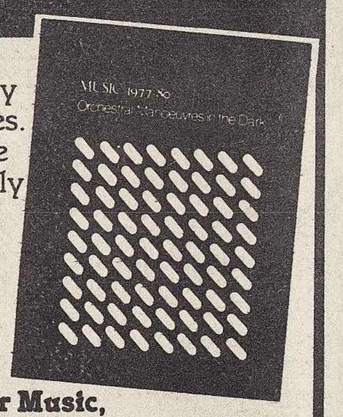

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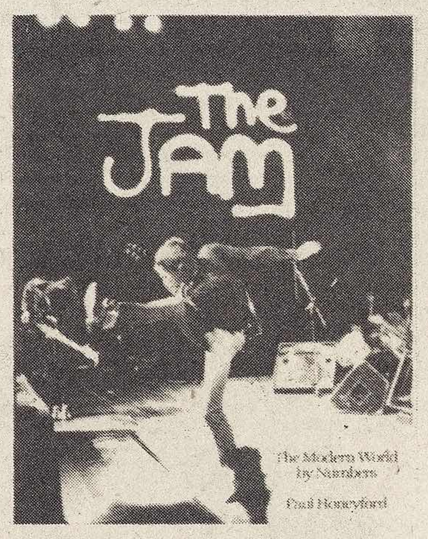

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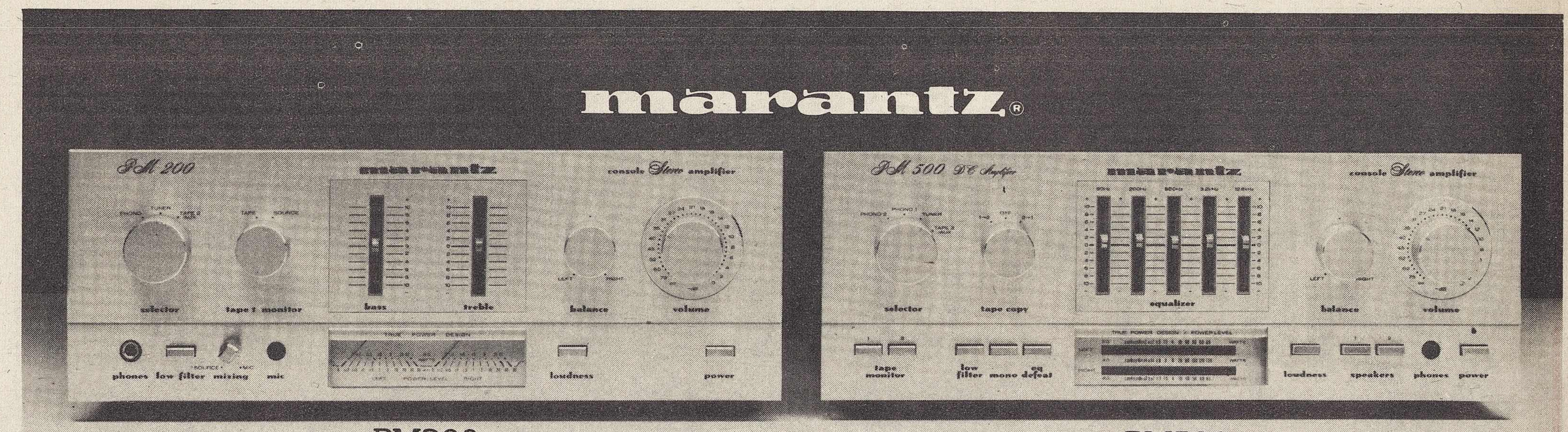

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To judge this for yourself dial 100 and ask the operator for Freefone 2347 or write to Marantz Audio (UK) Ltd., Debmarc House, 193 London Road, Staines, Middlesex, or phone Staines (0784) 50132 for details of your nearest stockist.

Then you'll be able to find out what life at the top is all about. PM200 around £59.90 inc. VAT. PM500 around £159.90 inc. VAT.

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John Martyn: The Exorcism

After the breakdown of his marriage, John Martyn spent seven months on a complete bender, but the result of that desperation was his finest album for years. Nick Kent discusses divorce, drugs, death and musical devotion.

SO THERE was this Scotsman, Irishman and Englishman propping up the bar in a shabby pub in the heart of Glasgow. The Irishman, whose name escapes me, and his Scottish pal, John Martyn, are heading steadily out of the realms of dreary sobriety towards that state of intoxication which Martyn, in his brick thick Glaswegian brogue, refers to simply as a "hoolie".

They chuckle loudly with the old soldiers present who are similarly slug-bound but going about the task with a more curt, rawboned determination. This cloth-capped faction wear a look of dogged, testy gapped-toothness, wasting no words as they shoot stray glances at this unlikely trio of true Brits. They even accept the presence of the anaemic Englishman who is well out of place and knows it.

He is yours truly, newly arrived from London with a night to spend getting a profile of the Scotsman Martyn, he of the impish face, wispy beard and curly hair whose raucous declarations cause the writer to smile momentarily before his brain reconnoitres these unsettling precincts. Quite frankly, the Englishman is worried.

He was immediately made ill-at-ease on disembarking at Glasgow Central, and finding no sign of his host/subject as the Island Records rep had promised. Instead, a brood of square-necked football-loving natives — teenagers with ugly, hooded eyes and a predatory demeanour — stare at him. If looks could kill, my spirit would have ascended instantly, leaving only a skeleton, a pair of down-at-heel boots, slacks and a leather jacket with my return ticket and blood donor's card as evidence of the fatal glare.

After some 15 minutes of restless shifting about, Martyn & Irish compatriot arrive. This trumpets both good and bad news. John Martyn has just come from the dentist's. "He couldn't get near my teeth," Martyn recalls non-plussed. "Said I was too 'verbose'! So he shot me up with valium to shut me up." The gum-shot's effects still linger with regard to general deportment (giddy) and speech (slurred). This, not to mention Martyn's sudden swapping of a personable cockney lilt for a broad Glaswegian dialect, worries your scribe. And now this whole ghost-town bar scenario! Learn to blend. A radical readjusting of bearings is prescribed.

Fortunately, Martyn is only using this pub as a half-way house till a more appropriate intoxicant can be scouted out. After one lemonade and three trips to the toilets, I find myself travelling a particularly dodgy precinct in quest of a more uplifting 'perk'. This venture demands a quick sprint into a local club named — rather appropriately as it turned out — 'Charlie Parker's'. I elect to wait downstairs. By this time, my wary bemusement has turned to a state of amusement. I ask one of the club's habituees — a suitably rough-set type just about to enter the premises — if he knows who Charlie Parker was. The youth looks at me quizzically for a moment before piping up: "A' course I do! He's the fella workin' behind the bar, right?" Just then John Martyn, eyes glazed, stumbles down the backdoor stairs. My companion just looks at him — he doesn't know who John Martyn is either.

I start to formulate some half-baked theory about the slighted anonymity of the true musical visionary once we're ensconsed in a handy taxi. John Martyn complains of mild nausea and immediately nods out. The Irish friend opens the window and throws up. It's 6.30 in the evening. Werewolf hour has officially begun.

Looking back, I can safely say that this was never the easiest of assignments. In fact, it took three muddled encounters for me to capture the whole story, a degree of effort accorded only to the more specialised subject. And John Martyn *is* special.

One could zero in on particular aspects of his talents — the unique style of guitar-playing, incorporating some seven alternative tunings, the technological gadgetry that can turn his adroit style of picking into a giant thrasher of convoluted textures, motifs, harmonics and transluscent ringing chords. But locking into one slant tends to blind one to the essential. John Martyn, over the twelve or so years of being a professional musician/singer and composer, has conjured forth a form of music that at its height, possesses that rarest of essences: real soul, moody bellicose *cris des couers* that shows a total understanding of the much-abused 'jazz' idiom without ever losing that vital dive into the spiritual which gave figures like Billie Holliday and John Coltrane the stature of 'genius'.

Martyn and the music press are not the most compatible of bed-fellows. He's not been too active for the last two and a half years and his habitual 'laissez-faire' attitude towards interviews has never ensured good copy. Martyn projects a similarly easy-going disregard for the rises and teetering falls of his own career. His reputation as a man prone to self-destructiveness has been endorsed by a number of concerts where ill-focussed excuses for a good time have virtually obliterated the music that key albums like 'Solid Air' and 'Inside Out' show him capable of. Yet when Martyn does rise to the full stature of his talents, the results — like his recently released 'Grace And Danger' album — are passionate and heart-lifting.

SEEING John Martyn now in the flesh, there's a certain 'worn-in' look to the once-precocious man-child visage. Yet sometimes when he smiles, Martyn's face seems scarcely to have altered at all from the days when he chose to record in Woodstock with his then wife Beverley.

With the enthusiastically innocent 'London Conversation' and 'The Tumbler' off his first album, Martyn and his newly-wedded spouse were wooed over to America where over eleven years ago the album 'Stormbringer' was recorded using such luminaries as members of The Band for back-up. Martyn was still coming to grips with the music he was striving for and his potential was granted a fuller rein on 'Bless the Weather'. The songs on that third solo album were brooding, introspective, but with an intimacy that reflected their melodic richness. It was with 'Solid Air' though, that Martyn really found his niche. The key songs are woven from thick, hypnotic jazz-strafed motifs whilst Martyn sings with depth-charge alacrity, slurring lines, scatting his vocals. The title track — written for and about the mental strife then being suffered by Martyn's friend and peer, Nick Drake (now deceased) is a thick, claustrophobic crag of sound through which Martyn cries out to his subject.

If 'Solid Air, with 'May You Never' as another stunning track, showcased Martyn in musical territory that few could even comprehend existing, then 'Inside Out', the follow-up was a total immersion in the pure jazz medium, hitting the kind of heights reached by Tim Buckley and John Coltrane. Throughout 'Inside Out' there is an intimacy, a sense of profound fulfillment, a feeling above all that Martyn had finally located the source point.

"I would consider 'Inside Out' to be my strongest album, probably to date, certainly in terms of just digging in and totally soaking up the influences that were motivating me more and more earnestly. I hear that album as a total entity. With others, like 'Solid Air', there's one or two strong songs, but with 'Inside Out' I dived in completely and created within very intense surroundings. There was no distance, no self-consciousness. It's probably the purest album I've made musically, and as a statement in itself. Obviously Coltrane was a big influence but others . . . not so much, really. McCoy-Tyner was the one for me. His chords were so immaculate.

"The intensity of recording that album was so strong though that I realised I needed to dry out, to cool out if you like. I'd gone as far as I could in that idiom. I needed to relax as well as get rid of some bad habits."

The period spanning 1973 and '74 (both 'Solid Air' and 'Inside' were released in '73) produced a series of worrying rumours about Martyn's dalliance with hard drugs. At one memorable gig of the time, Martyn seemed ill-at-ease and restless and when a message was hurriedly handed to him onstage he appeared even more disturbed. Later, a mutual acquaintance told me the letter had stated that the night's drug connection had failed to turn up.

■ *Continues over*

"I start to formulate some half-baked theory about the slighted anonymity of the true musical visionary. John Martyn complains of mild nausea and immediately nods out. The Irish friend opens the window and throws up. It's 6.30 in the evening. Werewolf hour has officially begun."

"Every record I've made is totally autobiographical. That's the only way I can write. Some people keep diaries, I make records."

■ *From previous page*

To make matters worse, Nick Drake died in early '74 causing Martyn intense grief. "They were like brothers" a close acquaintance once told me. "They often fought, but there was a real bond between then. In fact John may have been Nick's only true friend. The fact that John felt he couldn't help a guy whom he really loved from sinking into despair like Nick did caused him untold grief. Nick's death utterly devastated him."

A similar attempt at rekindling guitarist Paul Kossoff's totally demoralised state of health — mental and physical — followed directly after Drake's demise. Again, the ultimate outcome — Kossoff's death less than a year after he'd returned to the stage at one of Martyn's own gigs — shook Martyn up considerably.

I first formally met John Martyn about two years ago when Island Records set up an interview in which I was to gauge Martyn's views on Nick Drake. Martyn — who hadn't been informed as to the exact nature of my queries — became extremely upset when he realised what I was after, (even though I was only interested in musical matters). The resultant conversation became a fascinating, if somewhat unsettling study of Martyn under emotional stress. He refused to discuss Drake "for public consumption", was part-belligerent and part-distraught, and the evening ended with the pair of us visiting a couple who'd known both musicians closely. Their disclosure regarding Drake's last months alive provided the most cogent explanation for his death. Also they proved too depressing to print.

MARTYN meanwhile was carrying a gold record for the 'So Far So Good' compilation of his more renowned work. He kept attempting to smash the framed artefact in a fit of disgust partly at the music business and partly at himself. When anyone tried to compliment him on his talents, he would belittle his music with frustrated self-contempt. Only 'Inside Out' was left unscathed by all this self-directed bile.

'Sunday's Child' followed some 18 months after 'Inside Out'.

"It was my cooling out album" recalls Martyn now. "It doesn't have all the intensity of its predecessor but it wasn't meant to have. I'd decided to go to Jamaica and get healthier generally. The more 'relaxed' feel of 'Child' reflected that. I'm not ashamed of it or anything. In fact, it has some strong songs. Nothing devastating, perhaps but . . . I'll stand by it.

"Same with 'One World', in a sense. You see, every record I've made — bad, good, or indifferent — is totally autobiographical. I locate the emotions around me at the time and . . . well, the emotions locate themselves more probably. I can look back when I hear a record and recall exactly what was going on. That's how I write. That's the only way I can write. Moods shift, the most prevalent feelings take over and . . . well, look at all the songs on 'Grace And Danger'. That's probably the most specific piece of autobiography I've written. Some people keep diaries, I make records. *(Laughs).* It's all very fundamental, really."

In 1969, John and Beverley Martyn had consummated their marriage with the recording of 'Stormbringer'. Ten years later, John Martyn recorded a set of songs that declared that marriage completely over. Beverley instigated divorce proceedings against Martyn and now has custody of their three children plus alimony.

"She cited her reason for wanting a divorce 'officially' in terms of me being 'grossly negligent towards my family owing to a desire to constantly further my career'," states Martyn, part-cynically, part-incredulously.

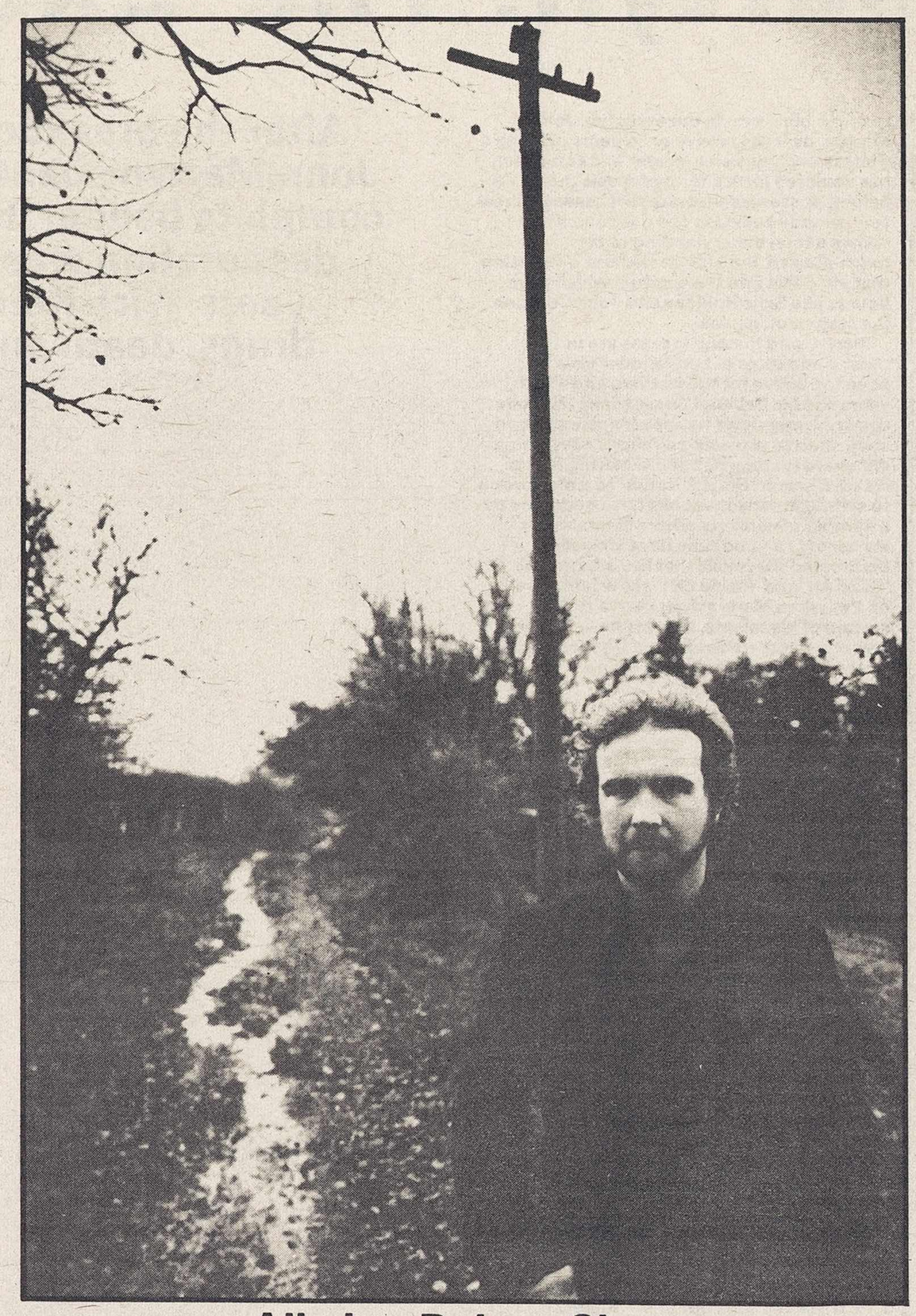
"Just one morning it exploded. It was like 'the egg's too hard-boiled'. Slap, I'm staring at all these divorce papers. I mean, it had been going on for a while but . . . the end was just boom! That was that."

Martyn talks about his divorce with a candour that possibly disguises a certain anguish. Very occasionally just a sliver of resentment pokes through.

"But — it's all over now. There really isn't any resentment anymore. As for me being all touchy and secretive, well . . . what's the point? It's all there on 'Grace And Danger'. Everything. What more can I hide?"

To Martyn, 'Grace And Danger' is totally about the divorce. "Every song on that album, whatever people think of them, they *are* honest. I'm singing to Beverley those love songs. For seven months after the thing exploded I was on a complete 'bender'. You name it, I soaked myself in it. Then it just *somehow* dissipated itself. All the pain and the shock of the whole damn thing. Actually, I can see the album acting as the perfect exorcism for it all. I had to get it out of me that way."

With only the mildest reservations 'Grace And Danger' finally grants the John Martyn fan with a third *great* album. Shaped from exactly the same experience as 'Blood On The Tracks', it's a spiritual journey through rampant confusion, heartache, lovesickness, caution and remorse, but with an ultimate reconciliation to Martyn's fervent belief that love — even when it recoils on its victims — was and always will be 'worth it'.



All pix: Robert Sharp

Whether this new album's gentle majesty might finally signal more than the artistic breakthrough it so obviously is, remains a dubious proposition. I'm shocked when Martyn tells me that Island head Chris Blackwell virtually held the album for a whole year before releasing it last month because "he didn't like it".

Martyn isn't remotely shaken by Blackwell's indecisiveness though.

"He found it too depressing, really. It upset him a lot, the whole episode. He's known Beverley and I for years as close friends. He felt too personally about the divorce and the record upset him. But now it's out — end of episode. I mean, it only rankles when I see the kids and they call me by another man's name because they've got a new father. *That hurts,* but otherwise it's old history."

Was Martyn's move from the South back to his Glaswegian roots something he felt he had to do then?

"Oh no! That move was made purely 'cos my old man got very, very ill a while back and I had to come up and look after him. Simple as that. It's OK up here. I feel a lot more together as a result. I don't know. I've come through yet again. *(Laughs)* Things are fine."

THE IRISHMAN, Scotsman and Englishman are reunited on a Monday in a Soho restaurant. The evening before, John Martyn had performed a formidable set of numbers at London's Apollo Theatre with a full band — guests Phil Collins on drums and Max Middleton on keyboards plus regular bassist, 20-year-old Alan Thompson (from Martyn's 18 year-old cousin's semi-pro band) and percussionist Geoff Allen. Martyn always seems more forthcoming the earlier one locates him and today is no exception.

"God, how do I see myself as a figure in the rock market place? I don't know. I really don't! You saw the audience, didn't you? Who was in it?"

Umm . . . a few folkies, a lot of 'mature' concert goers, a lot of females . . .

"A lot of females! Good news! Ah, right then, there's a chance for me yet. But . . . I don't . . . no, I can't see myself as 'product'. I'm lucky certainly in that I've never been given deadlines or had any outside ideas forced on me. I can make a living playing solo though I'd love to have a band all the time. I've not made much from my records. In fact, that version of 'May You Never' by Eric Clapton has probably made me more money than all my stuff put together."

I compliment Martyn on his version of that same song played solo at the opening of the gig.

"Agh, I played that song totally calculatingly last night. My one big number, ladees and gentleman. I just did it totally cynically, which isn't a boast because I'm not proud of that. You should have seen us the night before the Apollo because though we were a bit sloppier musically we were definitely more soulful. There was more spontaneity, a better feeling overall. And that's what I go for every time. With a good band it's such a joy because there's a constant exchange of ideas and musical textures. Working with Phil (Collins) can be just so uplifting because he's always in there. And Max (Middleton) who I'd only met two days before last night. He's this very shy bloke who's always *there.* He picks up a song in one play and by the third run-through, he's just very undemonstratively tossing in these gorgeous chords and little runs that give the music that edge, that flow. When it's flowing I can just get totally inside the music and bounce off the other players."

It would seem almost too obvious to say that Martyn is now pretty much totally committed to playing jazz music. He denies being particularly knowledgeable on the subject though, whilst those other performers whom one could hoist up as kindred spirits — Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Tom Verlaine, James 'Blood' Ulmer — he casually denies having listened to.

"I can't run off a list of important players or anything like that. I'd concur with the statement about my music now being jazz-based but, well you name all those people I've not heard so I'm talking out of sheer ignorance but jazz itself doesn't seem in too healthy a state. The 'fusion' bunch I've encountered — bits and pieces that don't impress me in the least. Only Weather Report have done anything creative in that area, but I've liked them for quite a long time and haven't been that moved by the more recent stuff they've put out. Actually there's one guy over here, John Stevens, I really like. I'm going to do some work with him possibly. He's interested in my singing voice in the context of his ideas and what I've heard has really knocked me out. But otherwise Britain doesn't really have that much of an ongoing 'jazz' scene with younger players getting involved. The more established composers don't seem to be playing anything interesting."

WITH HIS father fully recovered from his stroke, Martyn is a pretty independent entity. Now that he's been forcibly restrained from pursuing a life of domestic responsibility, wouldn't a change of environment be a good idea? He'd spent considerable time in Jamaica some four or five years ago playing with the likes of Jack Ruby and Burning Spear and generally soaking up the better reggae influences. Now he talks enthusiastically about maybe setting up operations in New York, his sights well set on making tentative in-roads into the burgeoning jazz club circuit of lower Manhattan.

"Yes, America seems a good move to me right now. In fact, plans are afoot to activate the transplant *(laughs)* . . . as we speak, even. No, it's not *that* certain but it's an option. Well, I'm definitely more than interested.

"It's funny, because just lately I've been fairly prolific . . . for a change. Those two new songs we played last night are so new they don't have titles yet. One I wrote 3 days ago after I'd been told about the death of an old friend who was living in Amsterdam at the time. Also that really hectic, agile number with me scatting away while we're all playing like bloody dervishes around this jazz 'swing' beat that speeds along. That one's another impromptu effort I tossed to the band at a sound-check. It's such a teasing, loopy effort we really went out on a limb playing it live. But those songs — there are five or six already written in that idiom. I want to play faster for a change. They're a breakaway from the general more ponderous rhythms I've been working on for most of 'One World' and certainly 'Grace And Danger'. A change is definitely desirable anyway and right now that more aggressive, speedier style is the sound I find most appealing."

Despite certain initial apprehensions regarding the man's state of health, John Martyn is very much alive and in bouyant spirits. With so many colleagues sucked off the mortal coil it's a testament to the man's strength of character that he continues to carry on sharpening his musical talents, quietly adding to an already formidable body of work. Irresponsible and well-soiled with that glazed-eyed look beaming out helplessly, he is one of the courageous few totally in synch with his particular scalpel-over-the-heart candour, compassion and soul. He works well beyond those precincts already over-populated by bogus half-wits. His music mates head and heart, the mode is superbly tailored to the message whilst covering an expansive waterfront. And as for the future?

"God, I don't know what I'll be doing *tonight,* let alone thinking in terms of some careerist masterplan! I can't even *think* in terms of 'business'. The managers I've had have gone through hell trying to organize my 'affairs'. Things like taxes, hotel reservations — all that stuff — just fall by the way-side. I'm bloody lucky in that somehow I've just sloped along with my 'cult' audience and my patrons *(laughs).* But then another side of me reckons I bloody well deserve patronage! No-one's ever told me what to do or forced me to go 'commercial'. Chris Blackwell has never demanded that I be more prolific or more 'accessible' or that I should write ten 'May You Never's per album. But then Chris knows me and knows that it would be totally stupid and pointless to do that because I can't be a 'hack'. Sometimes I wish I could!

"All I know is that I have this one *(pause)* vision, if you like ... not the kind of word I like using but I know that the most fulfilling thing I could ever achieve would be to go onstage with a small unit of musicians and be so inspired that I could perform a whole set of spontaneously created music. Just capture the moment at hand and perform completely impromptu, improvised music for a whole two hour set."

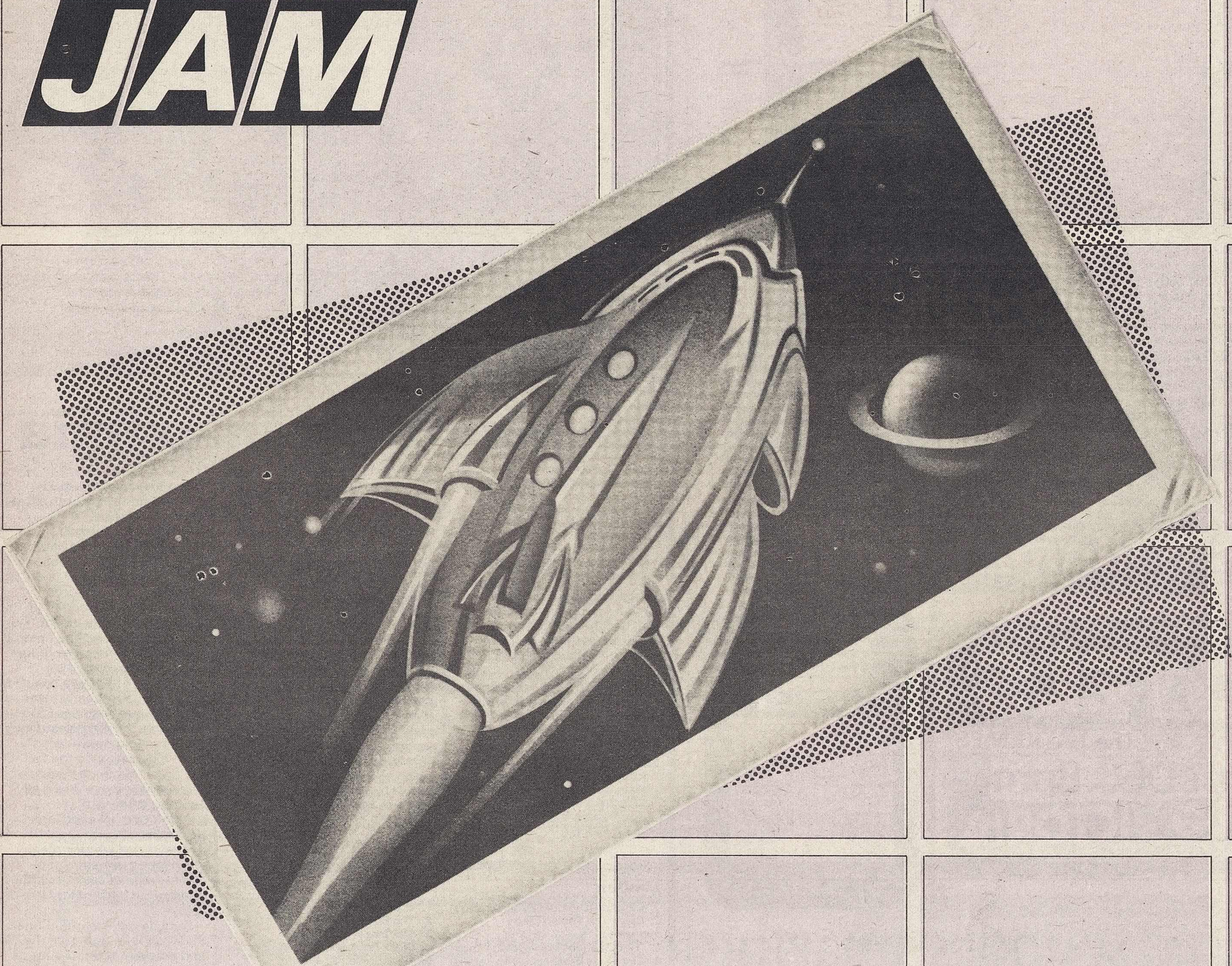
Do you think that aim could be feasibly attained?

Martyn looks pensive for a second, then mock-jokingly replies. "No! Not right now. Maybe not ever! But I've come close to achieving that, partly. There have been glimpses, when I've got swept up in a mood that pushes me into going out on that limb."

"That's what keeps me going really. The very possibility — however slight — of finally arriving at that place where one can create pure *music.* Spontaneous music is so exhilarating that its pursuit makes everything else worthwhile. And it really doesn't matter if just *ten* people witness me achieve that. Success is when *you* know your own worth. All the rest is ... unnecessary, ultimately."

Martyn sinks another brandy and walks out into the bustle of Soho's Berwick Street. It is three o'clock on a sunny, pre-winter afternoon and by six werewolf hour will probably once again prevail. But Martyn is smiling, a resilient trouper who calls his own tunes. Precious few truly deserve to walk side by side.

the JAM



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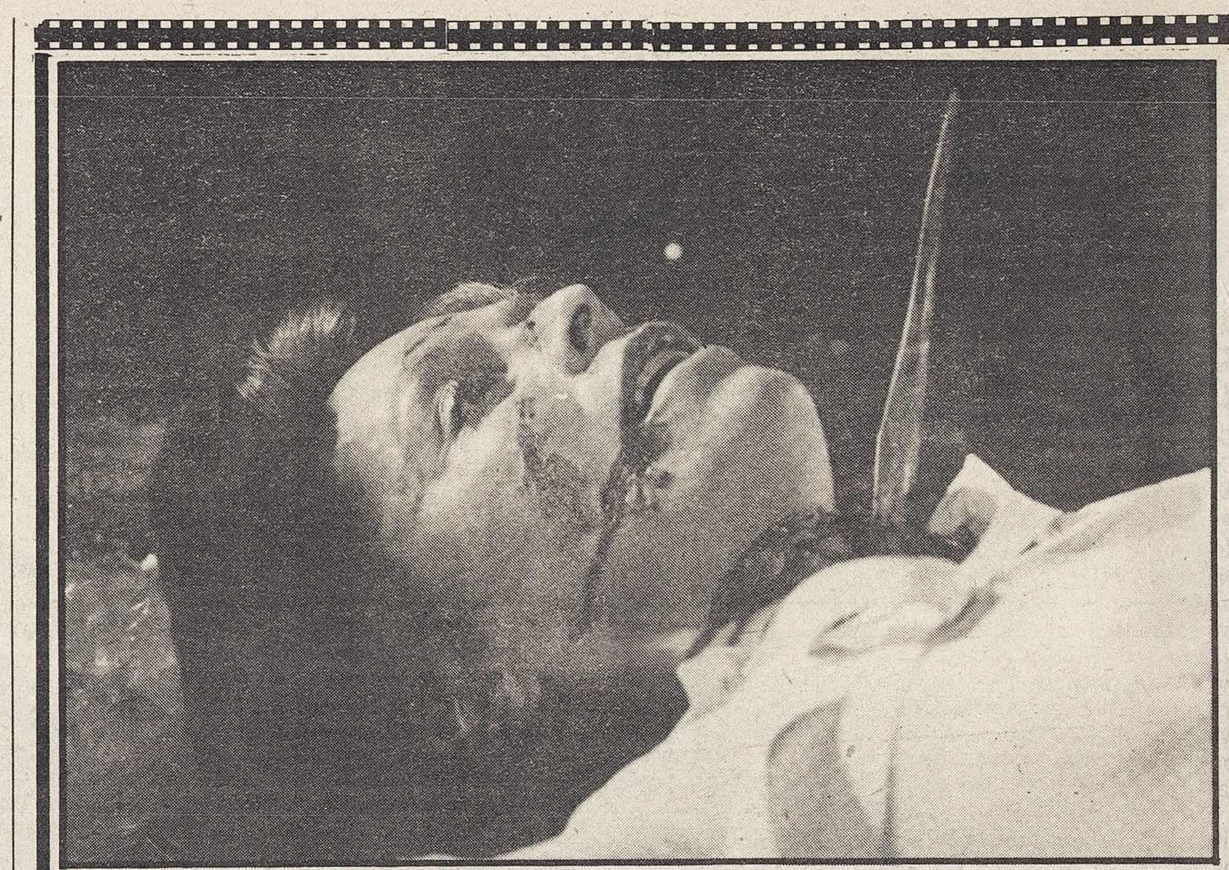

Susannah York gets a very rude awakening.

New cure for insomnia

The Awakening

Directed by Mike Newell
Starring Charlton Heston and Susannah York *(EMI)*

THE ONLY awakening going on around here was at the end of the performance: "Come on, sir, stir yourself — the film finished 20 minutes ago."

I shuffled up the aisle, my head full of fuzzy images of The Nameless One, my feet full of flapping choc-ice wrappers, my mouth tasting like the wrong side of a Mummy's loincloth. I'd sell my soul for a Kia-Ora, I thought, and then it all came back to me . . .

Kara was her name. Vital statistics: 3,800 years old. Occupation: Queen of the Egypts. She's long lain dormant in a solid gold sarcophagus, but she believes in reincarnation and she's a patient girl.

And you're going to have to be patient, too, if you're to survive the rigours of *The Awakening*, because this is a tale of the supernatural that is just as daft as *The Changeling* and, believe it or not, it's twice as turgid as that pre-Christmas turkey.

Here, it's Charlton Heston's turn to be grumpy as he attempts to get to grips with the clumsy expository dialogue, playing an archeologist consumed by the search for Kara's tomb and, in the process, ignoring the other two women in his life (unrewarding roles for Jill Townsend and Susannah York as wife and mistress, respectively). The sexual connotations of his obsession are confined to a barely suppressed incestuous relationship with his daughter (Stephanie Zimbalist, all freckles and irregular teeth) and his odd choice of words whenever he's wrapped up in Kara's world ("It's *intact!*" he says when first setting eyes on the tomb, sounding as though he's about to ejaculate).

Whether or not you consider any of this pharonic nonsense to be serious business ("Do not approach The Nameless One lest your soul be withered"), there's no escaping the fact that the over-deliberate pacing of *The Awakening* makes it all seem painfully dull.

And it doesn't even look good: there's an overall flatness to desert and interior scenes alike and, surprising for a cameraman of Jack Cardiff's pedigree, a perfunctory use of colour.

But I haven't yet mentioned that Kara is Daughter of the Sun and beloved of Osirisxzzzzzzz . . .

Monty Smith

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **Caligula** (Directed by Tinto Brass)
2. **Raise The Titanic** (Jerry Jameson)
3. **The Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
4. **The Blues Brothers** (John Landis)
5. **The Island** (Michael Ritchie)

(Screen International)

Regions

1. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
2. **The Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
3. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
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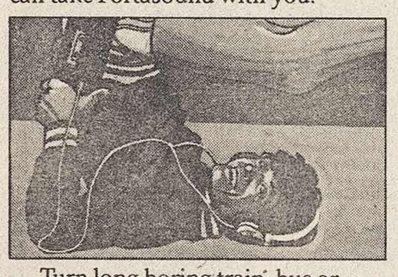

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SILVER SCREEN

Neo-structuralism: a Serbian way of knowledge

Les Enfants Courants De L'Enfer

Directed by Jean-Pierre Couve De Murville
Starring Yaphet Karusokawa and Anne-Marie Radon
(Artificial Leg)

NEO-STRUCTURALIST paradigm from one of Serbia's most under-appreciated film-makers. Couve De Murville, who was imprisoned for injudicious assault during the Moravian uprising of 1944, has once again returned to his favourite theme: the farm.

In the opening scene of the film, a dispassionate panorama of barnyard life outside a small, snowed-in, nonchalantly untended chalet in the Bavarian Alps, gives us a few clues as to the disconformity of De Murville's harrowing vision. Ducks playfully dabble at strands of recently exhumed human private parts; geese and chickens are guilelessly dismembered by a team of Polish construction engineers singing selected Ukrainian chorales; a one-legged dog is seen relieving itself (is the dog male or female? We cannot tell, such is the shagginess of its coat — an ambiguity that only De Murville could imply so disconcertingly) on the shadow of a passing airship; several rats being poisoned by Nicaraguan guitarists . . . and so on.

Already our understanding of everyday reality is threatened by filmic event. De Murville has long since abandoned any attempts to instill the auteur theory with intellectual respectability. Instead he proposes a novel perception of *film noir,* a candid, yet paradoxically bashful, view of himself (De Murville repeatedly fired at his own image in a mirror whilst a child: an early sign, doubtless, of his own interior aberrativeness).

Later in the film, after we have been shown repeatedly around a strange underground cavern lined by half-assembled V1 rockets made entirely of Swiss cheese and pored over by American chemical warfare operatives, we perceive more of De Murville's phantasmagorical intent. In fact, we are near to appreciating his genius in showing us a side of ourselves that conventional, bourgeois, revisionist cinema so rarely even glimpses as it rampages through the collective mass memory, collecting and choosing nothing but sententiously misquoted proleterian charade-sentiment.

In short, a passive, resigned, yet mordantly incisive film.

Chris Smallwood

(Les Enfants Courants De L'Enfer, the hit of the London Film Festival, was shown at the ICA all last week, and will be broadcast on BBC's Open University at 6.30 am every Saturday in December).

The Island

Directed by Michael Ritchie
Starring Michael Caine and David Warner *(CIC)*

Q: WHO or what is responsible for the disappearance of hundreds of small boats and their crews in an uncharted area of the Carribean each year?
A: Not drug smugglers, UFOs or even strange forces the laughable likes of Charles Berlitz would have us believe exist in the neighbouring Bermuda Triangle, but a scurvy bunch of bona fide buccaneers, direct descendants of Stuart Englishmen who venture forth from their isolated isle to prey and plunder.

Q: Which of these two very capable actors is made to appear more ridiculous in the film, Michael Caine as the investigative journalist trying to solve the mystery or David Warner as the bedraggled leader of the cut throats?
A: Hard to say, although both men have committed bad "career errors" here.

Q: Why was this film ever made?
A: Because it's based on the book written by best-selling pulp writer Peter Benchley, author of *Jaws* and *The Deep.*

Q: Why is it so stupid and reactionary?
A: Ask Messrs Benchley and Ritchie.

Angus MacKinnon

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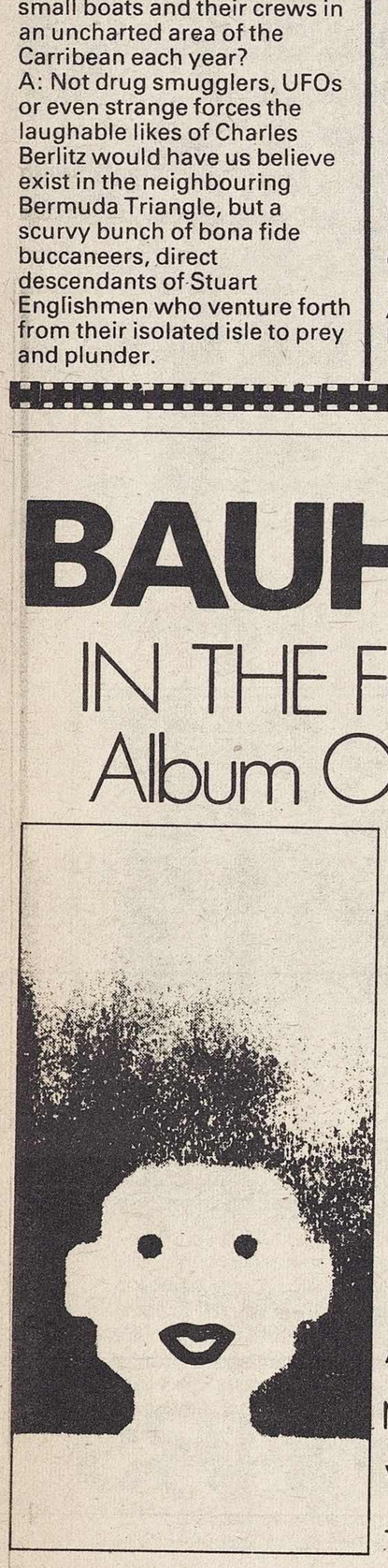

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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

TRUE PROFESSIONS

MATINEE IDOLS ON PARADE

Welcome again to the picaresque world of Paul Cook and Steve Jones and another hedonistic saga of rock's most notorious tosspots. This time, in between the womanising and terrorising, the deadly duo have formed a band and claim to have turned truly professional. (Hard to believe innit?)

Words: Chris Salewicz

Pix: Pennie Smith

STEVE JONES winces in pain as I shake his hand when we meet in the pub at the end of Denmark Street.

"Corrr . . . 'ang on." He shakes his plectrum holding fingers as though ridding himself of some agony and swallows a long, healing draught of his double bourbon and coke.

"Odd-ooo--oowww. I shoulda remembered not to do that. I had to chin some fucker up the Manor the other day and I nearly broke me 'and."

Steve is not the kind of chap, though, to be bothered for long by something as trite as physical pain.

"'Ere," he says conspiratorially, grabbing my arm and motioning with his glass in the direction of the flashing illumination of the jukebox, "take a look at the way she's standing in front of all those lights. You can see right through her skirt all the way up to the top of her thighs." He sniggers naughtily.

"Bloody 'ell. *Look* at those legs, though," he adds sensitively. "Looks like she's got bleedin' elephantitis."

As though his whole being is shaken to its very foundations by this sight of the truly appalling underbelly of humanity, Steve runs his injured paw across the fading Thai tan on his brow, and takes another deep gulp of his medicine.

Yes, it's a Real Man's life in The Professionals, the fighting music outfit, based on the SAS, formed by Jones and his Pistolian drumming partner Paul Cook. Now, having recruited former Subway Sect bassist Paul Myers as replacement for Andy Allen ("fucking 'ippy") and guitarist Ray McVeigh, and with the experience behind them of commanding officer Dave Hill — who also runs the crack Pretenders unit — these brave boyos are currently in training, readying themselves for a gruelling spell of duty in which they will see the world and kill innocent audiences with their precision-tested hard rock.

LEAVING THE pub, Steve and I jog down Denmark Street to The Professionals' secret HQ. Here, Steve meets up with his compadres, and they run through an hour-long musical assault course of most of the material that will appear on the group's LP, due for release in January.

These sounds are created by teamwork of the highest order. Though there are long moments when the voice of one J. Rotten would be more apt than that of Jones for the Pistol-like power-chord structured short songs, the music of The Professionals v ill undoubtedly see them flying the Union Jack wherever the musical map is painted red.

In the fighting field of rock'n'roll these men are true officer material. If these brave, plucky lads live long enough they undoubtedly will rise to the highest possible ranks!

Glancing at his synchronized watch, Jones motions to the other men. It is not necessary for any word to pass between them, such is their empathy after long weeks of disciplined work.

Downing their weapons the four run to the unmarked Transit van that has pulled up in the street. The motor still running, they leap in and within seconds the driver is gunning the vehicle along Tottenham Court Road. It's the start of a commando operation that will end with Jones storming the stage at the end of The Pretenders' Hammersmith Palais gig to join in for their encore treatment of The Small Faces' 'Wotcha Gonna Do About It' — a number he played with the early Pistols.

In the van the conversation is tense, terse and masculine.

Steve strikes a light; Paul Strikes a pose.

"It's 'cause she wanks lots of blokes off that she's got such muscly arms," Ray McVeigh explains of a well-built female passing by. An enigmatic figure with greasy, dark hair set off by a short plait that juts over his neck like a rat's tail, McVeigh reminds one of the dealers in fake speed who used to operate at Chalk Farm Roundhouse. Brought up in Germany by (appropriately enough) RAF parents, he has never played in a group before. Apparently Cook and Jones met up with him through the occasional group The Greedy Bastards which they formed with Phil Lynott, with whom the musically able McVeigh has some tenuous link.

Myers, with punk credentials that include having been managed by Bernie Rhodes, is a more understandable choice for Professional membership. He has done little since Subway Sect disbanded.

Both McVeigh and Myers are half-Maltese. Perhaps the lethal power of their playing is related to former incarnations as Knights of Malta.

The Greedy Bastards — the weekend band of assorted ex-Pistols, including Sid Vicious once, Thin Lizzys and The Boomtown Rats that played sporadically, between the summer of '78 and the end of last year — is the only other outfit since the Pistols that the drummer and guitarist have played with on anything like a regular basis.

"I wonder if we was being used by Phil, though, to get some credibility", questions Cook, his brow knitted. "He's a sly old fox, that Lynott," he concludes, no doubt unaware that this is the same description offered by Jimmy Pursey of him following Jimmy Sham's attempts to link up with Cook and Jones in a project that seemed suspiciously like the Crosby, Stills and Nash of punk.

As the van heads along Marylebone Road towards the Westway, the chaps consider *that* particular fiasco.

"It could've been alright," says Paul, "but there was too many contractual problems, and we didn't really hit it off that well."

Steve: "Not only that, but I couldn't have worked with 'im. 'E's a fuckin' pain in the arse. 'E's a bit too dramatic . . ."

Cook: "Basically, 'e's really emotional, and we're totally the opposite . . ."

Jones: "'E makes out 'e just wants to 'ave a laugh 'n' that, but when it comes down to it 'e like really takes 'imself seriously. That ain't what it's all about. We wanna do what we wanna do, but we don't wanna do it like that — it's *boring*. Knowwharramean?"

"We wasn't too sure what to do with ourselves," continues the drummer. "We was just wandering about and someone came up with an idea. We were being used by lots of people to a certain extent, really. There was loads of things we'd be asked to do, and we'd just say, Oh, let's give it a go, never knowing what's happening. And it must've looked as though we was just fucking about all the time.

"But after the Pistols broke up, we'd been through all that and we weren't in no hurry to go through it again with another band. That's why I was a bit surprised at John — that he got that together so quickly. He used to really hate the rigmarole of a band and that — which he still does . . ."

"But," continues Steve, "he couldn't wait to get one together. We just weren't that bothered. We don't think of it like that . . ."

"We weren't really done in from it," adds Paul, "but we went through a lot of crap and we just wanted a break. We ain't in love with the music business, anyway. It was our fault, really, because we was just letting Virgin flog a dead horse," he says, apparently unaware of the allusion to the title of the Pistols' compilation record.

"People blamed it on us, but no one could stop it. I think it took until 'Sid Sings' before they realised it was nothing to do with us.

"We'd go down to Virgin and see a single bag, and be told that was our new record, when it was nothing to do with us.

"And also it's really hard for us to find people we can get on with and play with.

"But now," he adds cheerfully, his grin smoothing out some of the lines on his face, "we've got two young boys in the band and they're rarin' to go."

Steve: "It ain't like me and 'im, and we've got in two geezers who're on wages. It's a real band this, *knowharramean?*"

"The Professionals," sums up Paul Myers succinctly, "should be seen as . . . a new thing."

"When we first went down to the rehearsals," Ray adds, "both of us had fears that we'd be being told to do this and to do that. But just from the very first time we played with Steve and Paul it was obvious we were just two members of a real band."

"Yeah," continues Myers, "if it'd been just, It's us two in control, I wouldn't have joined. And people shouldn't relate it to The Sex Pistols, and what they've done before."

Arriving in Hammersmith, Jock the Driver looks for somewhere to park.

"Stick it down the side of the clap clinic," suggests Steve, perhaps recalling his recent six-week stay in Thailand — "I wasn't coming back, but Virgin sent me a first-class ticket." It's known as the land of penicillin-resistant gonorrhoea and the world heroin centre.

Jock goes along with this and The Professionals spill out of their

Continues over

TRUE PROFESSIONS

From previous page

transport outside the Martha and Luke clinics of the West London hospital. A guitarcase in one hand, Jones strides off in the direction of Hammersmith Palais.

What a man's gotta do, a man's gotta do . . . the rest is now history.

HAVING ESTABLISHED that The Professionals are an inter-acting four-piece unit, I meet Cook and Jones a week later on their own without the Maltezers.

We're in Denmark Street again, in a caff near the group's rehearsal studio; the same one, incidentally, that they used throughout the Pistols.

Whilst Paul Cook opts for a simple cuppa, a strawberry milk-shake is ordered by the chubby Steve Jones.

"I don't know why I seem to put on weight," he bemoans, as though considering one of the great mysteries of the universe. "I don't eat much . . . it must be drink."

Paul denies that general belief that the John Rotten - Glitterbest court case last year was finally swung in JR's favour when the pair suddenly switched loyalties from McLaren to Rotten.

"We wasn't on no one's side. Basically, it was just Rotten suing McLaren, and we were starting to get stuck in the middle.

"But though we eventually did go against McLaren it still hasn't made any real difference. Nothing's been sorted out yet. It isn't really a question of sides, but of everyone getting together and sorting it out, instead of going back to court. But no one wants to do that, so the only people who're benefiting out of it are the Official Receivers.

"As usual it's the band losing out — the ones who the money should've gone to. There doesn't seem to be much we can do about it, either."

At the time of the case, though, it was claimed that Virgin boss Richard Branson exerted influence on them to go against McLaren so that he could get complete control of the Pistols catalogue.

"Naahhh!!!" insists Steve. "He persuaded Rotten to sue McLaren more than anything. 'E never said anything to us about it. It wasn't up to us. We didn't start any of the suing business. We didn't want anything to do with it."

Ray McVeigh and Paul Myers perfect the Professional pose (corridor and wall optional).

"Mind you," continues Paul, "Branson *is* the only one who's done alright out of this. While it's all been going on, he's been making loads of money. Because once it was all in court, he could release anything he wanted to, without any management trying to control what he was doing. He had a free hand.

"He's got his big chunk of *The Great Rock'n'roll Swindle* as well.

"Actually, I thought the film was pretty good in the end."

Steve: "It's better than that fuckin' *Rude Boy* crap — all bloody serious and shooting pigeons. It's just a load of bollocks all that — don't mean anything!

"I like The Clash, though — they was the best group around apart from the Pistols. I've played a few encores with them in my time. I did The Skids the next time after The Pretenders, as a matter of fact."

"Corrr," laughs Paul, "there's no stopping Steve on the old encores. I went to see the Banshees the other night, and they was trying to think of ways of keeping him offstage at the end. He didn't turn up, though."

"Well, I probably had a right to do it, if I wanted to," says Steve. "I played on that new album, didn't I? Three tracks, I just went down there and done it in about an hour. They just wanted some real basic bar chords putting on it. They sound better than what they was before I did it, anyway. I'm on 'Skin', 'Paradise Place' and another one.

"They've got a lot better, the Banshees. They're like the last of the original punk groups. All these new punks go and see them and think that's what it's all about."

Paul: "People really slag punk off these days as being out of date, but the people doing the slagging are much more out of date than the punks are."

"If we'd have carried on," adds Steve almost mournfully, "punk would've been *really* huge . . . But I suppose that's all in the past now.

"The Professionals album has still got that same really thick sound we used to have. But that's just us, I suppose."

Steve Jones has also contributed all the guitar parts on the as yet unreleased Generation X LP. "I think they thought I was going to join them full-time. They got the 'ump a bit when I said I wouldn't.

"That single's good — 'Dancing With Myself'. I think that's the best thing on the whole LP.

"They're alright, really, Bit wimpy, They've got a lot better. 'Is voice has got a lot better . It's just when they first happened, everyone thought Bunch of fuckin' pooves. And they can't get rid of that. I mean, Tony James . . . the shape of him gets on my nerves!"

DESPITE STEVE'S present corpulent state, his major movie role in *Swindle* has made him become a matinee idol. "Like Errol Flynn. I'd love all that.

"I thought the film was good. Much better than I thought it was going to be. They should have left out the McLaren bits," he suggests somewhat predictably. "There was too much of that."

"It's a pity," points out Paul, "that Malcolm couldn't have got it together himself to finish it off. It was totally his trip and he knew exactly what he wanted to do with it but he'd just had enough of all the legal bollocks."

"And," adds Steve, "'e just carried on and on and on. 'E wouldn't stop. We'd do a bit that was in the script and then he'd think of something else, and it'd just go on and on and on — never ending. And no one could tell'im. And eventually he just ran out of money.

"It woulda been *really* funny, if he'd finished it off, even though I thought it was still a good laugh.

"Still it's better than all of them fuckin' Beatles films.

"Biggsy was a laugh. I don't think he likes McLaren so much now. 'E got a bit of dough when we was out there in Brazil, but 'e was promised a load more that he didn't get. 'E says 'e liked it out there, ol Biggsy, what with the sun and the sea 'n' that, but you can tell 'e'd love to come home. The only way 'e can make his dough is by selling interviews.

"'E lives in a great place, but I'd rather live in London. No one fuckin' speaks English. We got ripped off all the fuckin' time. We was there for six weeks. It was getting a bit much at the end.

"The girls are really nice . . . But none of 'em *go*! You've got to promise to *marry* 'em before you can shag 'em! They don't want to know if you try and talk to them; you can't chat 'em up on the beach.

"We got real brown, though. I looked like a Pakistani when we got back, 'cos I was really fat — I was stuffin' meself on the old Argentinian beef.

"You get a load of bandits on the road as well. Fuck me; we was lucky — we didn't know that.

"We had a crash one night. McLaren's head went though the windscreen."

Steve and Paul both guffaw fondly at the memory of the ridiculous McLaren.

"We was coming back from Biggsy's one night," continues Steve, "to go to this fuckin' big party. And I was fallin' asleep at the wheel because the air's so 'ot. Anyway, I started to think I was in England and I started to drive on the wrong side of the road until I saw these fuckin' headlights coming at me.

"So I turned off, and there just *'appens* to be a lamp-post. *BOING!!!* McLaren puts 'is 'ead through the windscreen — 'e's got blood all coming down 'is face. This one" — he points to Paul — "is asleep in the back."

"The police nicked us," adds Paul. "We had to give them a pay-off to get away because we had no licence nor nothing."

Steve: "You should've heard McLaren down the hospital. He was getting these stitches put in, and 'e was screaming something rotten. Fuckin' funny! As soon as he saw a bit of blood, 'e was going, *'Oooo-o-o-ooohhhh!'* 'ilarious.

"We'ad a fuckin' great laugh out there."

UNLIKE MANY of these contemporaries who lack their close perspective on the matter, neither Paul nor Steve lay any blame on Malcolm McLaren for the disintegration of the sad Sid Vicious.

"It was that bird, really," mumbles Steve.

"There was nothing McLaren could do about it," says Paul. "No one could've done anything about it. Sid was just really crazy."

"Plus," adds Steve, "Sid saw that people seemed to be getting off on how he was behaving, which made him go even worse. Ah, if this is what I've got to do I'll really get into it.

"He could've been really great. All the punks, you see, they all take off Sid. They don't try and look like Johnny Rotten any more. I reckon he'd have been *The* Geezer if he was still alive.

"We were going to have gone to do an LP with him about a week after he fuckin' topped 'imself. Bit of a shame. 'E weren't a bad lad, really."

"I don't know," Paul shakes his head, "sometimes you think that with the Pistols you have done an awful lot. Which I think we probably did.

"But other times you think, We didn't do fuck-all! You see 'Paranoid' is back in the charts. Sometimes fuck-all seems to have changed. But on the other hand I know we done a lot really .

"Though I must say at the moment music seems really fuckin' bad again."

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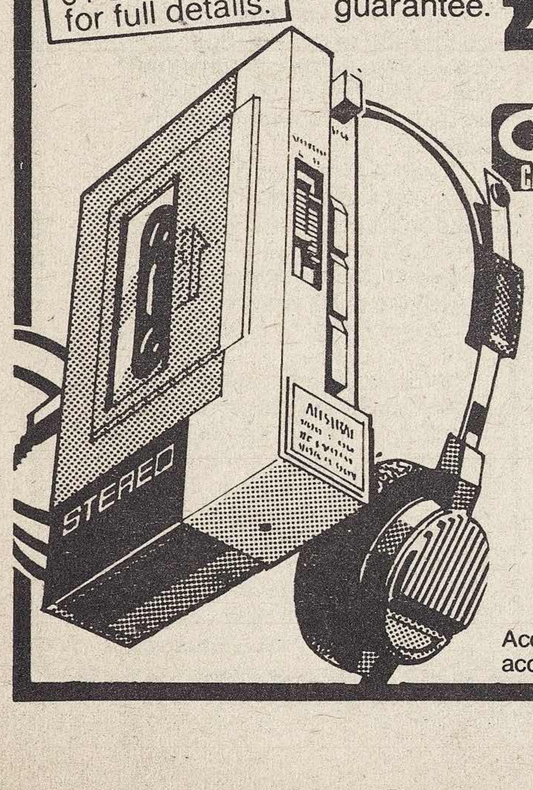

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TA
If the

"It's still possible to have fun with clothes i people: pretension in dress. In fact, this su who took me to a party. I was wearing a four-but — I think it's actually Edwardian — with a little ti stripes, and I had on a collar pin and cuff-links, w are real English Banker shoes, only I had them m socks with black stripes to pick up the stripes in

"Pretty soon I noticed that I was the only man people — who had on both a jacket and a necktie mine. Finally this man came over to me; he was 'What's the idea of the rig?' I asked, 'What do you I looked at him, and he had on a polo shirt and so *stain* down the front of his polo shirt, right down gee, I guess I can't keep up with the styles in thes your polo shirt?' He looked down in surprise and was very proud of it . . .

"Style in men's clothing has very rigid presum suddenly you're out of the ball game. You could blue caftan everywhere you go, but you would re you want to have any fun with it, it really has to is th

— Tom Wolfe, from

TOM WOLFE would know what to make of it. The renowned contemporary historian who is also something of a dandy in his own right would know exactly where to place Spandau Ballet and all their friends, followers and fanciers.

What would he call it when a gang of workaday teenagers reject the uniforms of their class and gather at night in London clubs in all their outrageous finery to celebrate fashion without limit and style without manifesto? What would he call it? The Nocturnal Underground? Irreverent Chic? The Multi-Coloured Diamante-Flecked Supercharged Dandies?

There are no more than a few hundred of them, if that. They recover by day and live by night. Splintered off from the London soul scene in the mid-'70s, propelled by the artificial energy behind almost every British youth cult since the early '60s, they have discarded and moved on from as many clubs as they have guises: Chuagarama's (which later became the Roxy), the Billy's, The Blitz, Hell, The St. Moritz. . .

Throughout it all, style was the password, the premise, and the promise. If you had it, you were everywhere, if you didn't, you were nowhere.

By the time magazines like *Harper's & Queen* had discovered the Blitz Kids, the real kids were already somewhere else, ever more extravagant, decadent, surreal, bizarre and fantastic in their pursuit of style. If the clothes are too loud, they declare, then you're too old.

STEVE DAGGER is 23. His father works in Soho's Berwick Street market, and Steve can bark and barter with the best of them; it's a facility that he claims came in handy when it came to negotiating a deal as manager of his friends Spandau Ballet, the figureheads of the new dandyism.

He wears a mid-length leather coat, white ruffled shirt, black velvet breeches tucked into white knee-length socks and black pumps. His hair is immaculately cut and swept elegantly across his forehead. He waves the latest of several cans of Pils around him in amazement at the supremely kitsch decor of the Kilt club.

The Ballet Boys: top — Gary and Martin Kemp; centre — legs go to the hop; bottom — window display checks passing Steve Norman and Martin (again).

ALKING THREADS

clothes are too loud, then you're too old

Five young men from Islington make a short story shorter about the ballet-hoo surrounding the group most likely to — Spandau Ballet

f you're willing to be pretentious. That still annoys mmer I was in East Hampton visiting some people tton seersucker jacket that buttons up really high ny collar and a white tie with small, far-apart black hite serge pants and white cap-toed shoes, which ade in white doeskin. I had on some sheer white the necktie . . .

in the room — and this was a party of maybe 60 . I think everyone had an income far in excess of little drunk, but he was also angry. He asked, mean?' He said, 'The *tie*, the *pin*, all this stuff'. So me kind of go-to-hell pants, and he had this big the middle, right down to his belt. I said, 'Well, e parts. How do you do that bright stripe down said, 'That's sweat, goddam it, that's *sweat!*' He

ptions about it, and if you really experiment, then certainly cut a striking figure by wearing a royal move yourself from most transactions in life. So if e rather marginal. But the interesting thing at marginal things seem outrageous at first. ❞

an interview in Rolling Stone, August 1980.

The moose-heads and muskets that line the walls of the imitation hunting lodge discotheque entirely suit the look he is sporting of an Edwardian fop. His accent is unexpected: working class London broader than the Holloway Road.

"I can't believe this place!" he exclaims. "Normally, it's full of Arabs on their way to Regines, but Sullivan has done it again! All this tartan you see here tonight has been brewing for the past few weeks, and he's pulled it all together. It fits this place perfectly! It's a knack, a gift he has. Look at it . . . great!"

Chris Sullivan, a young Welshman who came to London after he left school, is on the door upstairs, greeting his friends in his ebullient Welsh manner, relieving the groups of people who steadily trickle in of their £2 a head. He has rented the Kilt club on an otherwise slack night to stage the main event on the Spandau social calendar — a party. Dress is inevitably fancy and tonight tartan is optional.

Sullivan is wearing a baggy blue suit with a large, muted red check and a geometric kipper tie. Through the door comes a flow of tartan, ruffles, brooches, kilts and not a few more outlandish specimens of vanguard *couture*.

Sullivan knows them all. He used to run the St. Moritz with Perry Haines of *i-D*, the fashion fanzine that Terry Jones, former art director of *Vogue* and *Donna* and designer of the first Public Image album sleeve, started in order to plug high fashion into street fashion. Word has it that Chris Sullivan could stand in any club doorway in London and pretty soon a couple of hundred people would be clamouring to get in.

Downstairs in the Kilt, the DJ is having trouble finding his feet. A few motley couples are shuffling theirs to records by Marlene Deitrich and Frank Sinatra. Robert Elms decides to take over the console, spinning James Brown's 'Night Train', The Fatback Band's 'Wicky Wacky' and records by Hamilton Bohannon and Funkadelic. Suddenly the dance floor is packed and throbbing.

For every art or fashion student down here tonight there are at least five more hard-core dance enthusiasts. The soul scene in London, a small off-shoot of which spawned Spandau Ballet, has always been about clothes, clubs and dancing — and that doesn't mean tonic suits at Dingwalls when The Q-tips are playing. The people who followed Chris Sullivan from Billy's to Hell to The St. Moritz are not all that different from the people who drive around in Ford Escorts with their radios tuned to Robbie Vincent's Radio London soul show of a Saturday morning.

Making the scene and staying on it, whether your scene is clothes or funk or just social, is the primary design. Rock'n'roll hardly offers a more valid alternative. Ask any girl. They know.

When Steve Dagger was fixing Spandau's record deal, he used to test a record company's suss by asking if they knew what a soul boy was.

Of course they knew what a soul boy was; a soul boy was a Dexy's fan with a woolly hat and an overnight bag, wasn't it?

Sure, Steve would reply, ordering another free drink as he recalled the 48-hour funking expeditions he and Spandau and their friends used to make to clubs in Bournemouth where there wasn't a woolly hat in sight. . .

The Fatback Band's 'Wicky Wacky' has pulled everyone on to the floor: Rusty Egan is there, and so is Kristos. Egan's high-tech disco at the so-called Bowie Nights at Billy's first drew media attention to the scene, a media which immediately dubbed it a glam-rock revival and went away laughing.

Kristos is a 17-year-old veteran of the nocturnal underground who wears a beret and goatee, the image of Tony Hancock in *The Artist*, and has a band with the improbable and unforgettable name of Blue Rondo a la Turk! Robert Elms, having warmed things up, is out on the floor too, putting a five degree spin on the theme of the night with a tartan-less kilt, the coolest item of dress on show.

Elms, a 22-year-old graduate of the London School of Economics, has been writing about Spandau Ballet, the clubs, the scene, and the scenemakers, for *The Face*, the magazine that looks set to capitalise on the success of Spandau Ballet with its emphasis on the thrill and flash of youth and style. It was Elms who thought up the name Spandau Ballet, long before anyone had even conceived of the group, during one of the gang's yearly excursions.

"We were in Berlin that year. We always go away somewhere or other. The year after that it was New York, then we went to St. Tropez. Next year we're going to Ibiza; there's supposed to be this *amazing* club there, and the group are going to play it. Anyway, we were in Berlin, and we saw the prison, and I just thought, What do they do for Entertainment? Ballet? . . . Spandau Ballet!"

Spandau Ballet sprung themselves on their friends one Saturday morning at a rehearsal studio near where they all live in Islington about this time last year. They told everybody it was a party, drinks were free, and everybody came. To date they have played fewer than a dozen gigs, or rather parties, one at the Blitz, two at the Scala cinema, one on the HMS Belfast, a few at a club in St. Tropez, and recently one at the Botanical Gardens in Birmingham.

That these scattered appearances combined with a few reports in the *Evening Standard*, a few more in the fashion glossies, and a half-hour London Weekend Television documentary about the scene have won them a lucrative record deal is one of the biggest snubs the long-suffering rock fan with his cherished notions of musical validity and paying one's dues has had since The Sex Pistols sent the whole thing spinning some three years back.

Somehow, Spandau Ballet have managed to antagonise people who have only ever heard their name or seen a photograph. These people imagine that a group who have gone as far as they have, apparently just on the strength of their clothes and their photos, a group who look so downright *pretentious*, can't possibly have any musical worth — as if musical worth counted for anything other than a pension.

Spandau Ballet didn't go begging at the door of the rock press; they didn't play the Marquee week in week out; and because of that, the jealous, conservative rock establishment is deeply suspicious. It hasn't won our endorsement, they say, so it must be a hype. But if Malcolm McLaren was pulling the strings, they'd all be applauding!

BUT THERE is no one pulling the strings behind Spandau Ballet, although there are a few hairdressers trying to jerk them off, as a colleague quaintly put it. Plenty of clothes designers are going to ride in on their coat-tails.

But Spandau Ballet themselves never even applied to go to art school! Aged between 18 and 20, most of them left school at 16 and went into the print trade. Gary Kemp, who writes their songs and plays guitar and synthesiser, stayed on but failed his A levels. None of them particularly likes rock music, which is why they didn't do any of the things a rock band is supposed to do.

They're into dance music, parties and clothes, not especially in that order, and rock'n'roll in all its grey, earnest, high-handed importance hates them for it.

"People say clothes are superficial and decadent," explains Steve Dagger. "But what's more decadent than music? All you can do with music is consume it.

"You can make a statement with the clothes you wear. You can express anything with the records you might buy but you can express your self with the clothes you choose . . . turn yourself into a piece of art, if you want to see it in those terms.

"In a way I suppose we challenge the Jimmy Pursey working class stereotype — and the rock press love that working class image."

"It fits with the badges they wear on their lapels," interrupts Gary Kemp. "It upsets them when they see someone coming along like us who just turns the tables on their ideas of what's valid and what isn't."

"Yeah," agrees Steve. "There are channels which one must go through, and if one doesn't . . . then watch out. But I'll tell you what really amazes me . . . good luck to Bow Wow Wow, but people don't consider that a hype at all, or they do, but they go along with it because Malcolm McLaren does hypes. He's okay. He's one of the establishment, but when someone comes along from completely outside, it challenges the way the world is set up for the rock press and the agents and the record companies and the publicists, and they go, Hang on, you can't do that. . .

"I don't know how successful Vivienne Westwood's going to be now. She'l probably do alright because she's a 35-year-old fashion designer with press agents and shops in Kensington. But her approximation of the clothes is well out of date. That's Billy's. All that diamante and gold that Bow Wow Wow wear was in at Billy's. She's taken that, copied it, and got it wrong.

"I know she came out with the tartan a few years ago, although more in a bondage style, and I'm not slaggin' what she did in the past, but what makes me laugh is how seriously people are prepared to take them."

"Bow Wow Wow is completely conceived and contrived by an old shark," asserts Gary. "With what we're doing, there's no one over the age of 23 involved. Everybody doing it — running the clubs, playing the records, dressing up, making the music, making the clothes — none of them are over 23.

"The rock press don't mind some old shark like McLaren manufacturing something to make some money out of the kids, and yet they slag us off, *us*, the actual 'kids', in inverted commas. I just don't understand it.

"The group was the last thing to come along — all the clubs and all that was already there. The group was simply what brought it to the fore. If it wasn't for the group, the whole scene would have gone exactly as it had done in the '70s and something else would have happened next year and the media would have ignored it because they would have had no reason to look at it.

"I know we're going to be what breaks it all open, and some people are going to get rich. But that happens a lot. In all the clubs there's been fashion photographers taking pictures ever since it started — six months later you see the clothes in the Paris fashion shows.

"Loads of looks . . . the diamante look with the pill box hat, the toy soldier look at Billy's and all the padded shoulders. Loads of them. Everything we've ever started in those clubs has been in the fashion magazines six months later. I didn't think the Edwardian look would go into the shops, and yet I walked into Stanley Adams in Regent Street the other day and there it was, after we'd all finished wearing it, the little wing collars . . . I think it's very flattering really, and it's what London's always been about. How anyone can go on nostalgically about mods and yet can't relate to what we're about. . ."

Gary shakes his head slowly in disbelief.

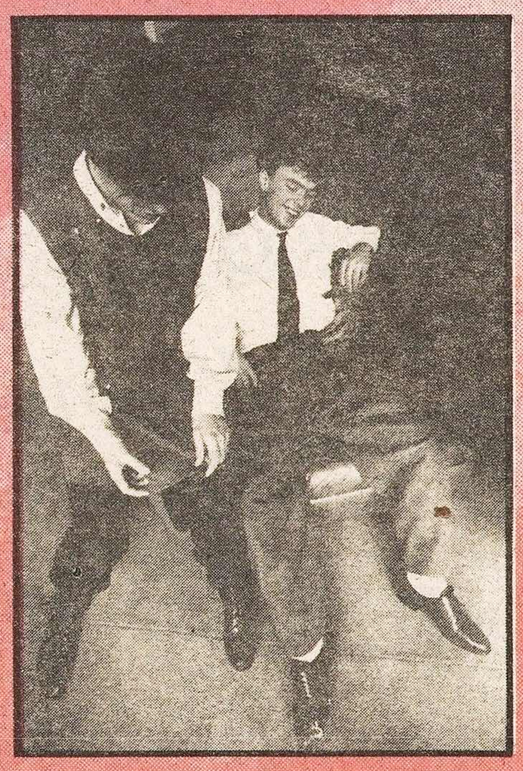
Martin Kemp, his younger brother, who plays bass with Spandau Ballet and is wearing an attenuated version of the Gene Vincent Blue Cap look, takes up the slack.

"What everybody gets wrong about this whole thing is that they stand back and say, Cor, we couldn't afford to do that!

"That is absolute crap. We were on the dole for, like, six months and we still had style.

"It's not like you need an expensive modern shirt that's never been seen before. You take the best things from the past and you got it, you got it sussed. As soon as you wanna get rid of looking scruffy, looking down at yourself, then you got it, you got it straightaway. It's an attitude. When you don't put on your old jeans and then change to go out at night. You wake up in the morning with style. You don't, like, just get style at six o'clock, after you have a bath. A bath don't spark off style. D'you know what I mean? It's

Dance on to page 49



Far right — Tony Hadley and Steve check their own video. Right — John Keeble and Gary share a joke.

Red pic — Students at the Ballet Rambert Academy.

BY PAUL RAMBALI PIX: PETER ANDERSON

Status Quo

NEW DOUBLE A SIDED SINGLE

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FROM 'JUST SUPPOSIN'

FIRST 100,000 IN COLOUR BAGS

marketed by phonogram

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VERTIGO

ALBUMS

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
Laughter *(Stiff)*

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Ian let go a good one after all. The title is a blank actually (as is the cover), there being as many varieties of laughter as reasons to be cheerful (or even depressed), and certainly in Mr Dury's comedic repertoire you'll find all manner of sniggers, guffaws of derision, cackles of rude delight, suppressed snorts, loud beer'n'fart belly laughs, gay chuckles, slap (of rhythm) stick, and the odd silly nose and hat too.

So don't go getting the idea that this is all a lewd cockney wink from rock's favourite cheeky chappy and a tap on the shoulder for a fiver. The black side of Dury's humour — his often uncomfortable delight in the sordid, grotesque, and deviant — is never far from the surface. Farce and tragedy do the crackpot dance together.

In fact, 'Laughter' is often a downright ugly record and some of it will grate and nag and resist easy appreciation. It's not ugly as in brutal — and God knows there are enough of the aesthetics of brutality being paraded round rock's stages at present — but ugly like your favourite fat comic, ugly like a bad temper, bad weather or a bad government and equally difficult to avoid.

So, like a rock group in a cafe, it's a noisy, sprawling and sometimes messy congregation, with neither the lyrical unity of 'New Boots And Panties' or musical unity of 'Do It Yourself', the latter of which Dury recently described as "too linear, with not enough punctuation. It should have been more of a riotous assembly."

'Laughter' is certainly more immediately engaging than 'DIY' despite, or perhaps because of, the rough edges. It steams in with a full dozen new songs exploding with punctuation in the form of yelled asides — *"Where'd you get that haircut, Brent Cross shopping centre?"* — running banter with the band, and assorted musical extras and sound effects.

Side one's six pack is the more varied and well focused. 'Sueperman's Big Sister' is the obvious opener, a clumsy dancefloor introduction whose oblique lyrics I can only take to refer to Dury's recent encounter with radical actress Vanessa Redgrave *("She put me right in under fifteen minutes . . . I had a lot to learn dear . . . the story's got no sequel cos me and her are equal, is that so surprising nowadays?").* Wilko gets to chop out some superior rhythm and the sawing Lennonesque strings are but the first — and apologies all round for hearing this, John — of several Beatleish echoes. 'Pardon' is masterful understatement, a stalking bass-line from Norman Watt-Roy underpinning Dury's muttered, fragmented anti-lyrics and the bits of half-heard conversation exchanged between him and the band; *"Pardon?/Sort of/Oh/Pardon? / Y'know / Oh."* A non-song based on non-conversations between people with no self-confidence.

'Delusions Of Grandeur' is the personal own-up and self-denigration interlude that most comics slot into their routine; taking yourself too seriously must be the kiss of death for a comedian. *"Oh look at me, just another pathetic pop star,"* bemoans Ian over an almost pedestrian twelve bar, promising to leave his *"back and balls to the nation"* after Stiff have *"hyped me up the charts"*. Smacks with a decidedly Ray Davies tang.

With 'Yes And No (Paula)' we're behind a different set of footlights. The band settle into an adventurous jazz-funk groove and trumpeteer *extraordinaire* Don Cherry (look ma, no barriers) blows dazzling wind into the song's sails, virtually stealing the man-of-the-match award. Dury's doubletracked vocals of a couple trying to exploit each other (for sex, for security) trip up each other in writhing confusion, before spiralling off into a 'Walrus'-like chant finale.

Compulsive stuff.

'Dance Of The Crackpots' takes us back to the Dury school of British music hall which Madness attended so attentively, a rollicking clog and rhythm pole shuffle with fast draw cockney vocals of the sort sometimes used by others to sell ale. Here the sense is more ennobling: *"Let them laugh and let them sneer/Wise young crackpots know no fear."*

'Over The Points' is more British eccentricity, a grown-up's version of the 'Imagine You're A Train' school essay *("Sometimes my verges are lined with decapitated schoolboys heads still wearing their caps/On me at any given moment ten or twelve people might be taking craps").* Dury drapes it in 1950's *6.5 Special*/Johnny Duncan imagery and probably gets banned from *Junior Choice.*

Side two is much more your aforesaid riotous assembly, and not always the better for it. It depends how you like your blockheads, hard or soft boiled.

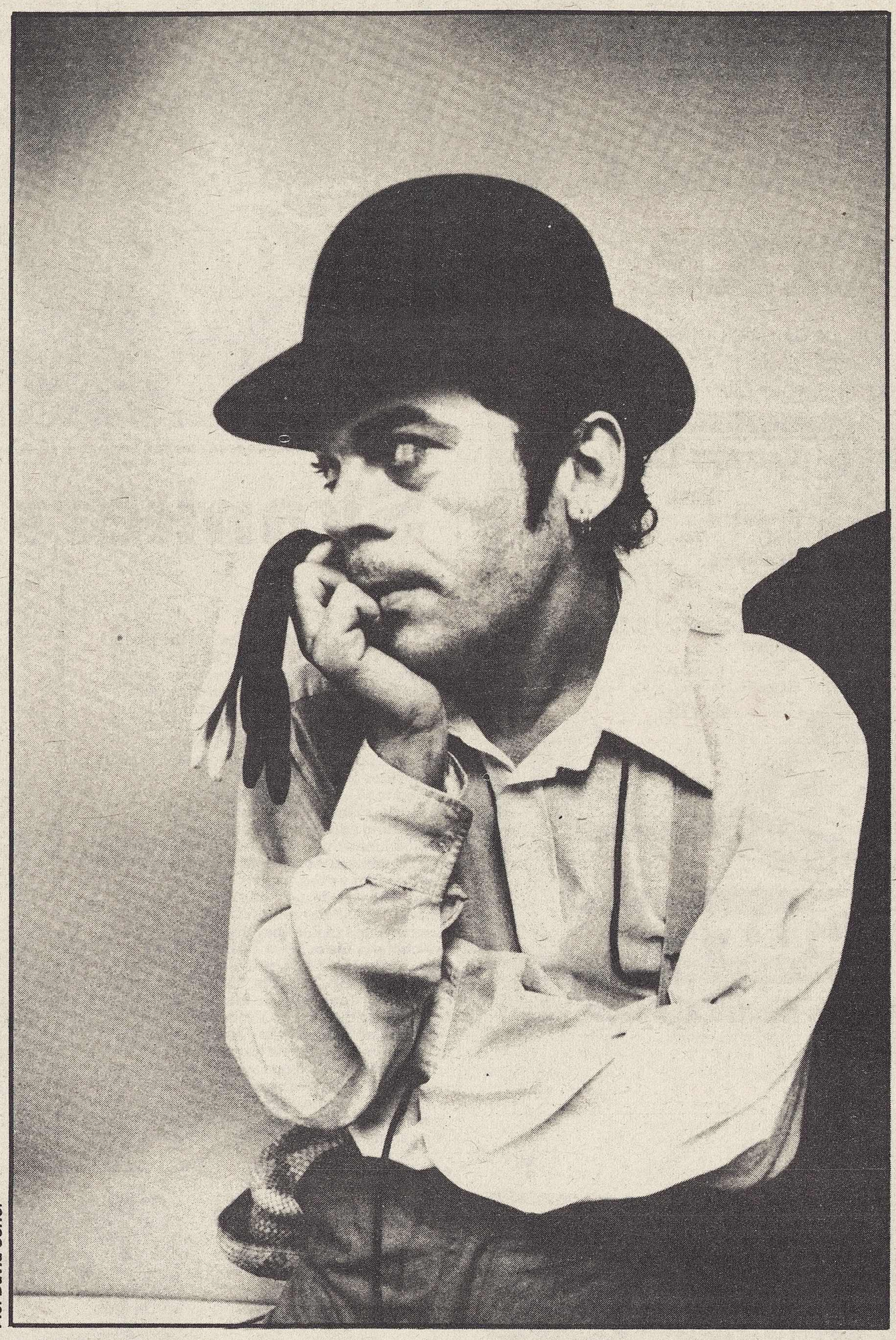
The openers are just right — 'Take Your Elbow Out The Soup (You're Sitting On The Chicken') is as greasy a piece of funk as you'll find in any New York dinerie, a slowed-down James Brown riff with preposterous call and response a la 'Cheerful'. On this particular sideboard 'Uncoolohol' is probably the least satisfying morsel, an indictment of the demon drink that never escapes from its plodding baleful chorus even though Davey Payne gets to squeeze out some soprano sparks on top.

'Hey Hey Take Me Away' could be the sequal to 'Mischief', the lament of the imprisoned blockhead watching the walls and other inmates close in, and going none too quietly nuts. *"Why do they bully and punch me?" Porridge* was never like this. 'Manic Depression (Jimi)' is another psychosis special, this time of the quiet despair variety. Dury offers his resigned sympathies but no solutions — *"Is this fair, my little ones, is this fair? Oh no, it fucking ain't."* Johnny Turnbull goes a little tape loopy to seal the dedication of the title.

'Mr Peanut' is pure son of 'New Boots', idle blockheads on the corner yelling abuse at the passing toffs and another track Anne Nightingale won't be dedicating to 3rd year Poly students on Sunday afternoon radio. That leaves 'Fucking Ada', meant as the grand slam but more like the grand plod. This time the quiet edge of desperation is betrayed by the crass title chant which goes on 'Hey Jude'-like into infinity. If it's meant as a cock crow of defiance it comes over as merely defeated, a mood the rest of the LP nicely sidesteps.

So: 'Laughter' in the face of adversity, laughter at other people's expense, laughter at ourselves and those more or less fortunate, teddyboy Ian Dury cocking a snook at the social workers, laughs all round. A valuable commodity but still, in the words of the maestro, "some times it all falls into place, other times it splashes in your face." Laugh? I nearly bust a typewriter.

Neil Spencer



Pic: David Corio.

Judging Dury. Ian hopes for a reason to be cheerful.

The grin reaper

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
LKJ In Dub *(Island)*

POET ON the wire, bubbling up from the bottom. 'LKJ In Dub' is a neat (w)rap-up of Johnson's Island tour of duty, Bovellising (in order of appearance) 'Forces Of Vicktry', 'Reality Poem', 'Reggae Fi Peach', 'Street 66', 'Sonny's Lettah', 'Inglan Is A Bitch', 'Bass Culture' and 'Fite Dem Back'. That makes four each from the two 'proper' Island albums, and only one track — 'Iron Bar Dub' was released as part of a 12" EP backing up its progenitor 'Sonny's Lettah' alongside two different dubs of 'It Noh Funny' — has been available before.

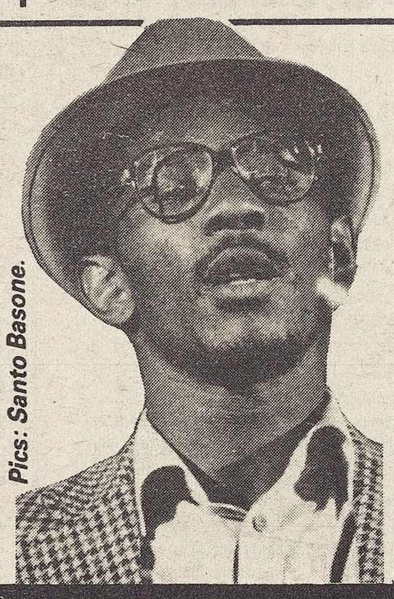
That's just the facts, ma'am: the moves are in the grooves. Bovell's mixmasters the stuff straight and hard and untricky: discreet use of the hall of mirrors and that. Some of the horn charts adapt superbly well to being lightly frazzled, and it's only on 'Iron Bar' that Linton's original voice track gets let out to play.

Still, 'LKJ In Dub' demonstrates that Poet's backtracks aren't just backdrops. 'Peach Dub' and 'Iron Bar Dub' are supremely foreboding (horn charts again on the former, sweet simmering Julio Finn harp on the latter) and 'Cultural Dub' happens splendidly. Ironically enough, Bovell quoted one of these dubs in the scene in *Babylon* where Ital Lion goes shopping for a slate of that *special tune* and the man he's buying from tries to sell him a track only to be told that "that's a '70s tune, man". (He ends up buying Aswad's 'Warrior Charge', of course.) Spot the '70s tune here . . .

Some of these rhythms have been overtaken, and when stripped down to the max a few of the bass parts seem short of snap, swing and all them thing, but it's an interesting exercise nonetheless. Blackbeard freaks will be the first to check out 'LKJ In Dub' — it's by no means an essential purchase in this wintry economic climate — and one does not anticipate an overly high disappointment quotient: if you know 'Bass Culture' and 'Forces' and you'd like a dub, rest assured that it's up to Scratch (so to speak.)

Stripped of words, the message remains: *a jus couldn't stan up an no dhu notin.* 'LKJ In Dub' is a powerful, brooding, angry sound. Unfortunately, it may end up as mere background music for armchair radicals — people like the present writer, in fact — but hey! That's showbusiness.

Charles Shaar Murray



Pics: Santo Basone.

"Hello, I'm LKJ."

"Imposter! I'd never wear a hat like that."

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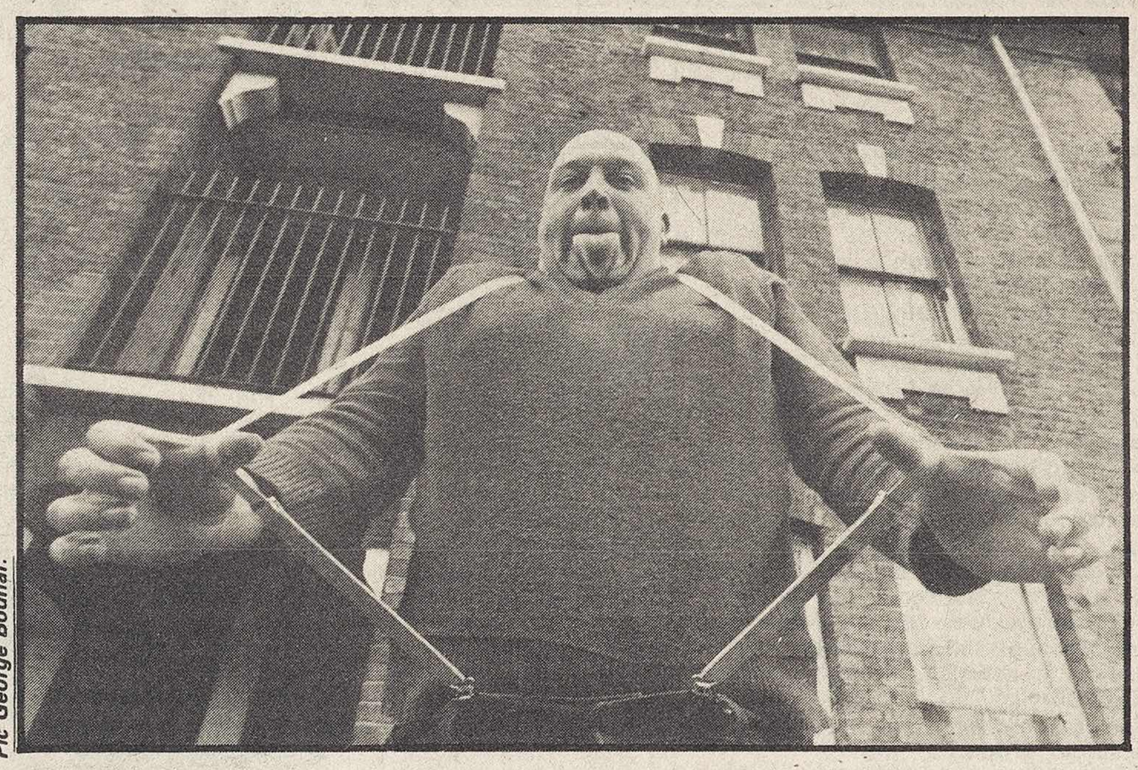

Pic George Bodnar.

Buster Bloodvessel demonstrates the intelligent person's response to the latest Tory mini-budget.

Skankers away!

BAD MANNERS
Loonee Tunes *(Magnet)*

BUT OF *course* I'm biased against the album — I didn't get the "Free Fatty Man Earring" promised by the sticker on the cover. But let us try not to be bitter either, for life is full of such cruel disappointments. Putting a brave face on things, I have to report that to these (unadorned) ears, the second LP by Bad Manners is every bit as ridiculous and likeable as the first one.

'Loonee Tunes' is not a work of wisdom, maturity, subtlety, relevance, insight or redeeming social value; yet it offers rumbustious rhythms and boisterous fun and simple amusement, and I'm sure these things are good for us too, every so often.

Anyone familiar with the previous effort, 'Ska 'n' B', will be reassured (or not, as the case may be) to find that the mixture is very much the same as before. There's some nonsensical big band bashalong ('Echo 4-2'), rhythm'n'booze ('Back In '60'), instrumental dementia ('Tequila'), one for the kids ('The Undersea Adventures Of Ivor The Engine'), scratchy nostalgic camp ('Just Pretending') and, of course, lots and lots of ska.

A couple of the songs suggest something approaching a more serious side to their writing, like 'Suicide' and 'Just A Feeling', and we're even given a lyric sheet, all the better to sing along to lines like *"Get out the bog, you useless slob/I miss you, I miss you"*. But the essential appeal of a Bad Manners album is sitting back to hear grown men make absolute fools of themselves in a rich variety of ways, each more implausible than the one before. This function the nine members (and their small dog) continue to fulfil superbly.

'Lorraine' is to be the next single and might loosely be described (everything about Bad Manners is best described 'loosely') as a love song. 'Echo Gone Wrong' sees them wander nearer to the domain of reggae proper, while 'Spy-I' is a witty rip-off of Raymond Chandler — and you can skank to it. 'El Pussycat' is another instrumental and reasonably enjoyable; that's followed by 'Doris', which might not be a hell of a song but at least it gives the Dorises of this world a piece of music they can finally call their own.

Such a lot of young people seem so very taken with the public antics of Buster Bloodvessel and his motley crew just now (indeed, no crew ever came any motlier) that this conspicuously quick follow-up must look poised to keep them in *TOTP* appearances a while longer, what with Christmas coming up and all.

As a ready-made solution to many a parent's gift problems, 'Loonee Tunes' runs infanticide a very close second. And talking of murder, I'm off to find the swine who's filched that earring.

Paul Du Noyer

All mouth and tight trousers

ROD STEWART
Foolish Behaviour *(Riva)*

JUST LIKE Cliff Richard, Rod Stewart seems to be getting younger, and this may well explain a lot about what's wrong with his music.

When Stewart's solo career got under way at the end of the '60s, he looked like a gnarled 35 year-old, and he sang like a man whose emotions had been battered by wearisome experience. Added to that, his taste for shambolic rock'n'roll produced a style that appeared grittily realistic in contrast to the post-psychedelic artiness of the day.

Alas, Stewart never quite recovered from his own success. Artistically, it's been his undoing. Surrounded by looking-glasses and sycophants, his narcissism not only took flight but also took over. These days he looks like a youthful 30-year-old, five years younger than he was 10 years ago. Even the lines on his forehead look as though they were painted on for effect.

If that's the way Stewart wants to look, then that's up to him, but the appearance undoubtedly betrays the personality. Stewart is indeed younger than yesterday. Cocooned from grimy reality by his wealth and his entourage, he no longer has access to the experiences that allow most people to mature into adulthood.

Pic Justin Thomas.

Spare the Rod, spoil the childish?

As a result, the emotions presented on record no longer ring true. When he sings on this album 'Oh God I Wish I Was Home Tonight', it's a little hard to believe in the yearning he's attempting to express. When he laments about how 'Soon We Change', you just know he doesn't believe it. As it happens, both these songs are classy little ballads of the sort Stewart used to excel at. There's nothing much wrong with the melodies or the lyrics, it's just the credibility of the singer that's in question.

Even the sound of the record is wrong. Stewart hasn't been content just to daub himself with rouge and mascara. It's all over the music too.

The current Rod Stewart group are all seasoned pros, and it must be noted that Stewart appears to consider them value for money, generously dispensing song royalties to all comers. (At least two of the songs are credited to six writers, and do in fact sound as though they were created by a committee.)

The snag with glossy professionalism is that it doesn't mix well with rock'n' roll. As innumerable people have pointed out before, it's the spirit of the thing that counts. With this lot, the spirit has been well and truly exorcised.

A case in point is the opening track, 'Better Off Dead', a sentiment many of us would endorse. The band attempt to rock out on a typically tired pastiche of an old Chuck Berry riff and there's not a note out of place. It's perfectly done, but also a transparent sham.

What's particularly silly about it is that all of Rod Stewart's rock songs have sounded like this for the past five years, ever since he dumped The Faces and applied the Hollywood gloss. The joke is that Stewart evidently can't see it and still chooses such feeble stuff with which to open his albums.

The only reminder on this album of what once made him an impressive performer is that rasping voice, but even that sounds less rugged than it once did.

Stewart's current single 'Passion' is on the album, which is pretty ironic as passion is the one thing that's entirely absent from this slickly commercial venture.

Bob Edmands.

Both sides of the Coyne

KEVIN COYNE
Sanity Stomp *(Virgin)*

THOSE HOPING for an opus of 'Marjory Razorblade' standard are likely to be sorely disappointed with this new double album from Kevin Coyne. I know I am.

The second record in this set shows the more "traditional" (ie. inquisitive and experimental) side of Coyne, and it's this which is liable to garner the majority of needle-time from confirmed Coyne freaks; the first record, however, sees Coyne backed by Ruts DC, and it's a thoroughly undistinguished affair redeemed only by one or two above-average songs. For the most part, the songs are merely mundane — throwaway, even — and are treated to the most cursory, competent rock-a-boogie backing ever heard on a Coyne album. A severe lapse of quality control.

'No Romance' is the only real exception to this rule, a melancholy piece based on slow piano, (synthetic?) strings and mournful vocals, which reminds me of early Elton John. Despite this, it's the only track here that actually prompts one to *listen,* that won't allow itself to be glossed over. 'Admit You're Wrong', another slow, piano-based song, starts out okay but deteriorates into the same old pedestrian rock that characterises the rest of the record, made even worse by some truly inept drumming.

These two tracks aside, the record's about as worthless as 'Grape Jam', and would seem to serve a similar function — a stretching-out, a relaxation of basic qualitative considerations.

The second record is more to the point. Instrumental assistance here is provided by Brian Godding (electric guitar, keyboards) and Robert Wyatt (drums, keyboards), with Bob Ward adding second guitar on the album's longest and most satisfying track, 'Wonderful Wilderness'. A wave-like flow of ethereal organ a la Wyatt stitched with nagging subliminal guitar and cymbal washes, 'Wonderful Wilderness' is possibly the most striking piece of music Coyne's ever produced, and the only track on 'Sanity Stomp' I'd willingly return to.

The comparison between the two separate records here is ridiculous — where the first is full of standard rocky nothings, the second is brimful with the kind of experiments and sentiments which make Coyne a true original. 'Taking On The Bowers', for instance, relies solely on cymbal backing, which places melodic strains on Coyne's vocals not usually undertaken; and 'Fear Of Breathing' sets a monotonous spoken-blues vocal against a mutant doo-wop backdrop, before climaxing with a screamed *"Shut uuup!!!",* like the best track on the recent Bowie album.

'My Wife Says', too, is rather unusual, simple keyboard phrases and the statement *"Give us a kiss"* repeated over and over behind Coyne's account of blissful domesticity tugged this way and that by undercurrents of disaffection. It says much for the second record of 'Sanity Stomp' that 'My Wife Says' doesn't seem at all out of place in its midst.

I've not mentioned the lyrics much, for the simple reason that Coyne aficionados will be well familiar with the basic concerns already. Here, as always, Coyne's still worried about how his rationality affects his emotional responses, and vice-versa (aren't we all!); here too, nonetheless, are those heartfelt affirmations of survival in the face of tribulations. Coyne may still bear the scars of his social-work past, but it's to his credit that he never attempts cosmetic surgery, but accepts and endures, forever human, with human strengths and weaknesses.

So — six of one and half a dozen of the other; whether Coyne fans feel they can shell out nearly six quid for 'Sanity Stomp' is entirely up to them. At the very least, it's an album which displays both the absolute highs, and the desperate lows, of Kevin Coyne. The human strengths and weaknesses.

Andy Gill

Pic Brendon Jackson.

A rare pic of Mark Smith being given a big hand.

Fall in a pit

THE FALL
Grotesque (After The Gramme) *(Rough Trade)*

IT'S NOT so long ago that The Fall were marked down as one of those strange and brave new bands who were going to drag rock'n'roll screaming into the '80s. That this currently seems unlikely is due less to The Fall than to what was once loosely termed 'new wave' music fragmenting into increasingly disparate factions. I doubt if anyone has a strong enough grip on rock just now to drag it anywhere.

Yet it is true that The Fall have found themselves a niche, a personal backstreet from which they can snipe at rock's thoroughfares without needing to venture afar. It's not that they haven't changed or that they've become predictable so much as that their changes are taking them *away* from the action, are throwing up fewer surprises these days. Maybe familiarity has bred indifference or maybe 'Grotesque' is the fourth album on which the band haven't fully exploited the potential that's lurking in there — but how much longer will we bother to listen?

That said, 'Grotesque' may be The Fall's least flawed album. While there's nothing here to match the upfront intensity of 'Frightened' or the manic catchiness of 'Rebellious Jukebox', only the brief 'WMC-Blob 59' — an atrociously recorded bit of tape-meddling — is instantly disposable trash. The rest finds an urgent, edgy beat — fuelled by Paul Henley's busy drums — driving through sex ('In The Park'), drugs ('Gramme Friday') and working-class life ('Pay Your Rates', 'The Container Drivers'), scenarios that are typical Fall terrain.

Mark E. Smith throws in his usual rant against music biz fashions, here called 'C'n'C-S Mithering', and continues to evolve his obscure private mythology around mysterious characters like J. Temperance and R. Totale XV11, who feature respectively on the tracks 'Impression Of J. Temperance' and the album's longest piece 'The N.W.R.A.' (North Will Rise Again). That Smith is lower in the mix this time means that his voice is less grating but also that his lyrics are even harder to decipher. I don't know anybody who knows what he's on about and no-one who cares very much, yet at times he can be clear and sharp and extremely funny.

The Fall remain murky and weird, a unique pop nightmare of urban wastelands, new Puritans and H.P. Lovecraft horror, brusquely spiced with Northern wit and pride. If this idiosyncrasy is their strength, it also gives rise to the danger that they'll drift too close to the self-consciously cryptic and merely sneer at the world from a pit of cosy cultishness. I've got a creeping suspicion it's already too late for them to stop.

Graham Lock

Outlaw by arrangement with
Damage management present

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Monday 1st December

MANCHESTER APOLLO
Tues/Wed 2nd/3rd December

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Thurs/Fri 4th/5th December

GLASGOW APOLLO
Saturday 6th December

ABERDEEN CAPITOL THEATRE
Sunday 7th December

EDINBURGH ODEON
Monday 8th December

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Tues/Wed 9th/10th December

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
Friday 12th December

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Sun/Mon 14th/15th December

DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
Tuesday 16th December

IPSWICH GAUMONT
Wednesday 17th December

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
Thursday 18th December

THE RAINBOW THEATRE
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Scary eon stirs

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Wanna Buy A Bridge? *(Rough Trade Import)*

THIS quaintly-titled LP — a collection of singles from 1977-1980, gathered together with an eye for the American market — contains 14 of the best tracks Rough Trade ever let loose. You may already have the original singles of course; but if you're too poor to have kept up with the Rough Trade output, this is £3.50's worth of *very* nitty gritty. It's their first compilation album, and it proves — if anyone was still in doubt — that Rough Trade have fostered more talent with less compromise than all the other independent labels. It's no coincidence that they've also given the most consistent encouragement to women musicians.

Is there a 'Rough Trade sound'? Probably. If so, it's any or all of the following: jarring, jolting, dis-quieting; brash, or subtle; emotional, or intellectual; abandoned, or restrained; the tunes may go wild but the rhythms spring back like elastic.

Taken as a whole the LP sounds like a celebration of the collapse of civilisation. Fear runs riot through nearly all the songs, and you get the feeling we're dancing over the edge of a precipice. Cabaret Voltaire's 'Nag Nag Nag' is one long hiss of venom, Scritti Politti's 'Skank Bloc Bologna' oozes gloom, and The Pop Group screech horribly about *"AGGRESSION! COMPETITION! AMBITION! CONSUMER FASCISM!"* on 'We Are All Prostitutes'.

Not all the songs are so deadly serious. The women's tracks in particular tend to be more anarchic and nonsensical: Kleenex, tunefully shouting *"Ain't you want to cut it out"*; The Raincoats' crazy mixed-up feeling called 'In Love'; or The Slits complaining about their quiet neighbours *"I've got to take my family/And find a noisier place to be"* ('Man Next Door').

There's more domestic madness with Essential Logic's 'Aerosol Burns': Lora alternately blows her sax and squawks *"I'm so mixed u-up/I don't know what to think/I'd better hurry u-up/And tidy up the kitchen sink"* while 'Mind Your Own Business' flaunts the alienated, distrustful kind of dance music that Delta 5 have perfected.

Some tracks have dated faster than others. Swell Maps' 'Read About Seymour', recorded in 1977, still sounds sharp, but Television Personalities' 'Part Time Punks' seems — how shall I put it? — rather *unsophisticated* compared to most of the album, as does the classic high-energy punk of Stiff Little Fingers' 'Alternative Ulster'. Robert Wyatt's very un-Chic version of 'At Last I Am Free', which he has only just released as a single, also stands out from the others because it's poignant and gentle rather than aggressive or menacing.

'Soldier Soldier' by Spizz Energi is a tense thriller, nasal and nightmarish. But scariest of all, one minute 20 seconds of sheer fear, is Young Marble Giants' 'Final Day'. It seems so innocent; delicate pulsing rhythm, sweet unimpassioned singing — and violating, radioactive words: *"There is so much noise, there is too much heat/And the living floor throws you off your feet/As the final day falls into the night/There is peace outside in the narrow light"*.

It sounds like the screenplay to my dreams, especially now Reagan's got in. Don't let it happen!

Phoebe Glass

The Raincoats demonstrate the power of feminism by turning Monty Smith into a paraffin heater. Pic: Mike Laye.

HERBIE HANCOCK
Mr Hands *(CBS)*

AT ONE extreme the lukewarm disco-funk of 'Sunlight' and 'Monster', at the other the stolid jazz of VSOP's 'Live Under The Sky' or 'Five Stars' — 'Mr Hands' seems a half-hearted, half-cocked attempt to tie together the disparate strands of Hancock's recording career, weaving them on the loom of his growing preoccupation with rinky dink electronica like the clavitar, presumably a hybrid clavinet and guitar.

Two of the six pieces are choppy, hedgy funk of the sort the pianist patented on 'Headhunters' and 'Thrust'. One of these, 'Shiftless Shuffle', even reunites the original Headhunters, but both it and 'Just Around The Corner' sound dated and irrelevant. 'Textures', on which 'Herbie plays everything", is more unnecessary still. Hancock drips saccharine layers over fudgy synthetic bass and drums.

The remaining trio of tracks are better, but often not much. Bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams can hardly get started on 'Calypso' — it's much too coy — whilst 'Spiraling Prism' is just old hat, the sort of on-off uptempo ballad Hancock's been doodling for years. Only '4 AM' goes anywhere, and that's largely thanks to bassist Jaco Pastorius and drummer Harvey Mason's buoyant, fluent support.

No, this won't do. Many hands make nothing much at all.

Angus MacKinnon

PRINCE
Dirty Mind *(Warner Bros)*

DESPITE the contrived visual sensationalism of the sleeve — which has him pouting in flasher mac, black stockings and bikini briefs — Prince is still a blessing in (bizarre) disguise. In the same assertive way as Sly Stone and George Clinton before him, Prince is keen to clear the decks and establish a new wave within the cliched environs of black dance music.

Everything here is stripped right back to the knuckle — a taut rhythm team of skipping bass and metallic pepper-shot drums act as a springboard for Prince's fragile (yet passionate) falsetto and a bank of provocative synthesisers. And the lyrics reflect the pursuit of hedonism as the *ultimate* escapism.

Whilst rock usually chooses to deal with sexual matters by employing hackneyed euphemisms, innuendos and double-entendres, Prince is overtly explicit in his revelations of conquest and betrayal: be it the double-dealing triolism of 'When You Were Mine', incestuous sex education as portrayed in 'Sister', or 'Do It All Night' when he's overwhelmed with paranoia and insecurity as to the outcome of a relationship.

'Head' is self-explanatory. Careers have been instantly ruined for much less than a song like 'Head'. It's not just that it deals with oral sex but that the lady in question makes no secret that she's both willing and white — a neat reversal of the Stones controversial 'Some Girls' schtick. The fact that the actual track is arguably the most sensual length of raw rhythm since James Brown's 'Sex Machine' means this precocious 20-year-old may pose the biggest potential threat to 'Born Again' WASP Amerika since Jimi Hendrix's guitar-humpin' had him dumped from the Monkees' tour in 1967.

Throughout, both the subject matter and the explicit language used will greatly restrict airplay, but it's an album which will be sold by word-of-mouth — invariably the best possible recommendation. If Prince indicates that he has the ability to re-evaluate the actual *sound* of black American music, it's evident that he's also extremely keen to embrace the

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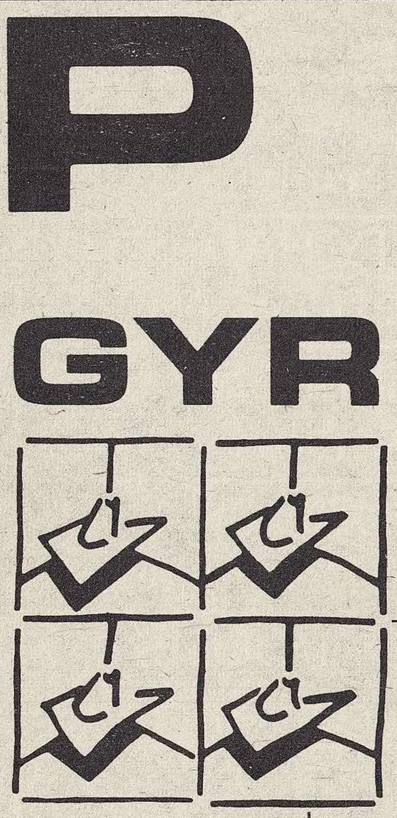
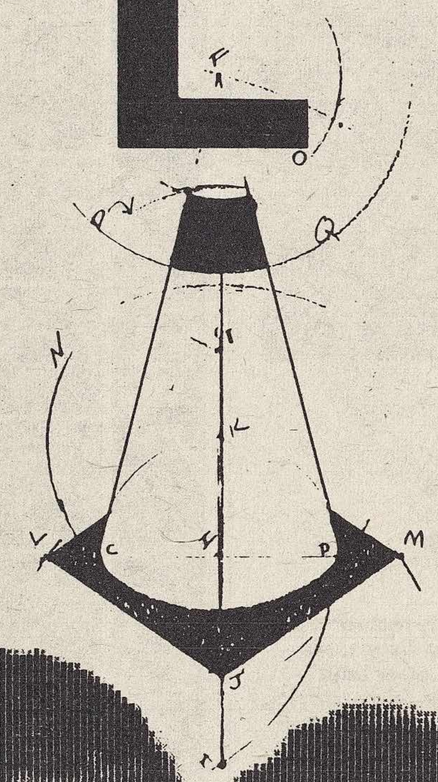
THE ALBUM





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4 PRESTON, WAREHOUSE
• 5 TRENT POLY.
• 6 WARWICK UNIVERSITY
• 9 LONDON, DINGWALLS
• 10 BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
• 12 BLACKPOOL, NORBRECK
▶13 BOLTON SPORTS CENTRE
▶14 ROMEO & JULIETS, DERBY
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Crypt-kickin' good

THE DAMNED
The Black Album *(Chiswick)*

ANY double album by The Damned is going to be uneven, even ambiguous. This ragbag is fun in the way that a knees-up in a cardboard crypt would be with Dave (Transyl) Vanian as MC.

More and more his ghoulish obsessions are shaping the band's direction, if that's the word. Thankfully, Vanian isn't so much in quest of graveyard authenticity as the lurid nostalgia of Hammer horror, which the sleeve has off to a T.

There's a similar feel to the best cuts on the first two sides. The tongue-in-cheekery of 'Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde' *("Two for the price of one")* is set off by the acoustic intro, mournful vocals and minimal use of keyboards and brass. 'Waiting For The Blackout' (with its All Hallows bells and credited to Karloff) is in a comparable, but faster and rockier, vein.

'Twisted Nerve' doesn't make it: it's too neurotic about psychosis, and its instrumentation is too sparse. 'History Of The World' is just the opposite: over-arranged. '13th Floor Vendetta, doesn't live up to its dramatic opening and recedes into ironic cleverness instead of what the band are best at — bad taste. Sometimes this gets too bad, puerile rather than perceptive, like on 'Silly Kids Games' which has Sensible on determinedly amoral vocals plumping for *"hols in Kampuchea"*. 'Drinking About My Baby' has Scabies on guitar, and it's distressing to hear men who've taken up vampirology and monks' cowls sound half-hearted when they want to be full-blooded.

The whole of side 3 is taken up by 'Curtain Call', a 4-minute song disguised as a monument. It's a long rehearsal for Vanian to keep mentioning lizards and playing at Jim Morrison. In the middle there's Dracula (i.e. Sensible) on violin, doors slamming, handclapping and nightcalls. By the end somebody is playing at Captain Hook playing something by Terry Riley . . .

On the fourth side the Damned perform live in front of their fan club and turn their trial and error tactics on their old catalogue. If 'Love Song' and 'Second Time Around' receive breakneck but perfunctory treatment, then 'New Rose' still runs gloriously at 75 rpm. 'Smash It Up' starts with slow emotivating guitar, speeds up and slows down again (subtle!) before all vaudevillean hell breaks loose. 'I Just Can't Be Happy Today', with its mockery and saturnine mid-pace, is the back number which preludes the best studio material on 'The Black Album'.

Being an institution, The Damned always turn something up: they're stray nocturnal cats who return in the daytime with old rubbish or wax-work jewels. Get your fiver out: two lucky dips for the price of one. If you're going to get fooled again, let it be by other fools.

Paul Tickell

Dave Vanian pic: Pennie Smith.

AMOS GARRETT
Go Cat Go *(Waterfront)*

GOOD AND adventurous country pop is an increasingly rare commodity these days. A market that's been ruthlessly monopolised and diluted by the dull hucksters at CBS and RCA Nashville has disappeared so far up its own ass that even a dumb 'project' indulgence like A&M's lukewarm 'The Legend Of Jesse James' will excite the interest of aficianados.

Exceptions to this distressing state of affairs have been the determination of intrepid new country experimentalists. Joe Ely, Levon Helm, T-Bone Burnett resist the system with sporadic success but generally the best writers are kept at arms length by an industry that ought to have been overturned years ago.

The biggest trouble with the country rosta is its ability to close back-slapping, favour-licking ranks at the slightest hint of insurrection. Hence incestuous old frauds like Johnny Cash, Waylon and Willie add to their millions while people like Amos Garrett pick around for sessions and get patronised for their instrumental prowess.

Garrett has long preferred to avoid the stardust in order to concentrate on fulfilling jobs (with Butterfield, Jesse Winchester, Geoff Muldaur) but he has something of his own to say on record. Like Ry Cooder (and the comparison isn't lightly drawn), he's not just a pretty face.

The fact that he chooses to vary the material from tight, witty escapades like the John Hiatt number 'Everybody's Girl' through recreated versions of breezy blues, deadpan rock 'n' roll and even a soul ballad with bite, his impeccable version of Allen Toussaint's 'Lover Of Love', doesn't result in a schizophrenic performance; the whole is balanced and seasoned by Garrett's warm, expressive vocals and the distinctive guitar sounds that are a trademark.

'Go Cat Go' isn't on a quality import label. It's an English release from Leigh on Sea. Surely all the more deserving of your immediate attention.

Max Bell

THE BOOKS
Expertise *(Logo)*
MODERN MAN
Concrete Scheme *(MAM)*

ANOTHER couple of horrid pieces of "new pop", fast replacing pomp-rock as prime musical bore of the century. The Books are the fault of one Stephen F. X. Betts, who writes all the songs (and actually seems *proud* of it!), and appears to have spent the last few years alone in a room with only the first Devo album and a clutch of Yes albums for company.

All the musicians involved go to great pains to show you just how clever they are at rhythm changes and playing lots of notes very quickly, and Stephen, who likes to sing in moderately silly voices, seems determined to point out how eccentric is his musical vision.

It isn't. It's tepid, boring, and totally affected.

Modern Man — the fault of one Danny Mitchell, assisted by producer Midge Ure — are slightly better, but stick to tried, tested and tired musical devices throughout. The guitars wail, the drums steam, the synths whine, the listener falls asleep.

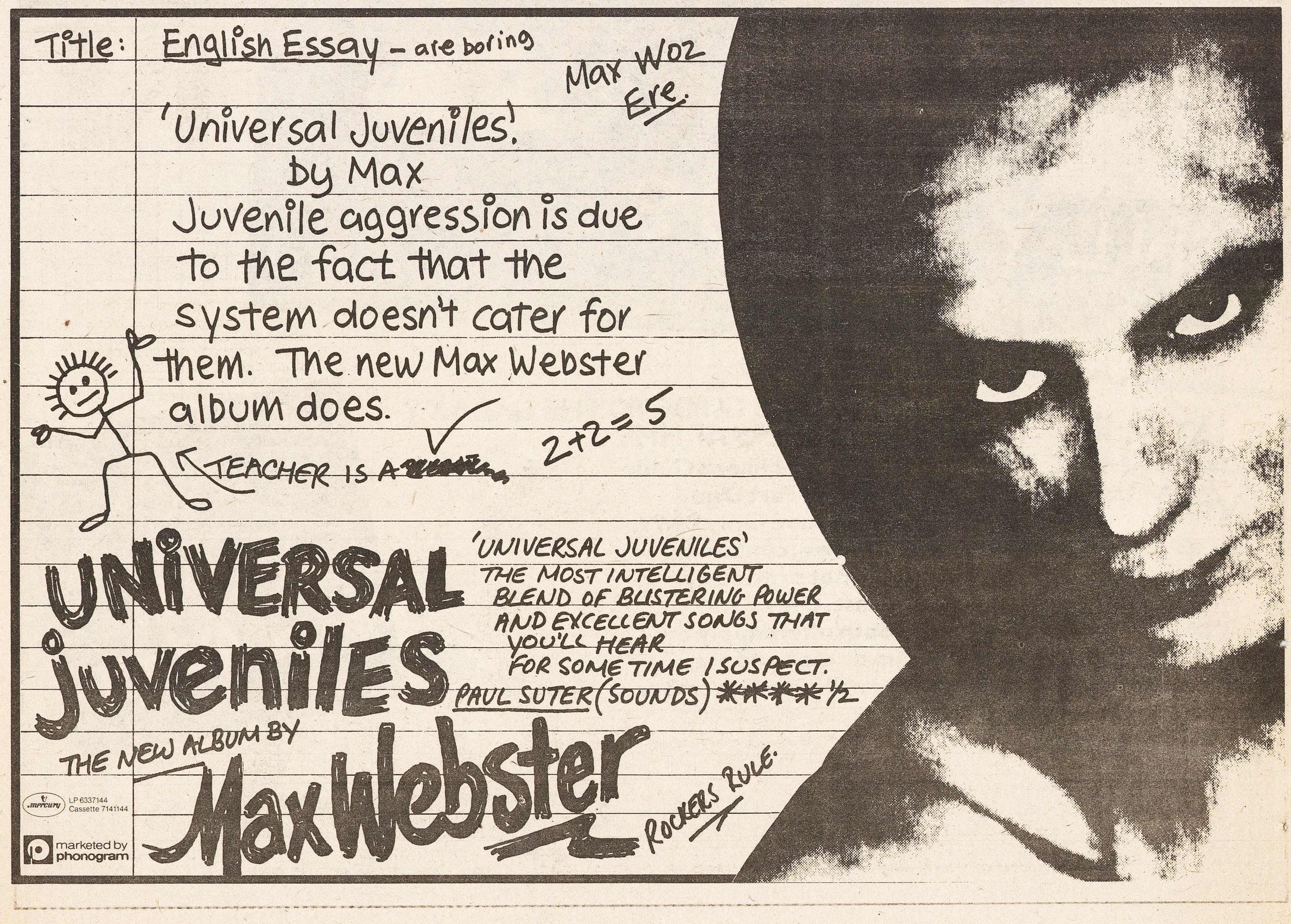
Their songs are given titles like 'Cosmetics', 'Wastelands', 'War' and 'Advance' (about roller-towels in toilets, presumably), and the band have an indecipherable blurred photo of themselves standing in a line on the back cover. You know the kind of thing.

Andy Gill

widest possible audience. And for once, a black artist is seen to borrow effectively from recent white innovations, so Prince displays more empathy with F-Beat than P-Funk. For instance, 'Sister,' is 93 seconds of pure soul punk, exposing everyone from The Knack to The Dead Kennedys for the derivative and revivalist opportunists that they are.

Prince refuses to play safe. If he did, he wouldn't have made this album. At this stage, he may employ shock tactics to get himself noticed but Prince would shortchange himself if, like Alice Cooper, he allowed the media to embrace him and defuse his subversiveness by adopting him as the token, friendly neighbourhood pervert.

Roy Carr



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DATA CONTROL

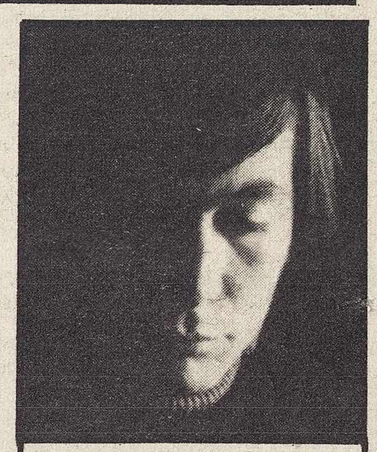
Mo-dettes: Gig Guide

NINE-PAGE HARD INFORMATION GUIDE

Prepare to face the facts: you are now entering Data Control. This section is registered as a high concentration information area. If you don't want to know who's going on tour when, where they're playing which days this week, what records they're releasing, who's making independent garage tapes and please can you tell me what's happened to Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, just go directly to LIVE! on page 51. For the rest of you, here's the small print that makes the rock go round.

● Tour News 41/42 ● Imports 42/43 ● Record News 43

● Nationwide Gig Guide 45/46 ● Garageland 49 ● Information City 49



Rolling Stones: Information City

Hazel sets second leg

HAZEL O'CONNOR, who climaxes the first leg of her current UK tour with a major London concert at the Dominion Theatre on December 6, is now being lined up for the second leg early in the New Year — and the first dates confirmed are at Exeter University (January 13), Poole Arts Centre (14), Glasgow Tiffany's (20) and Worthing Town Hall (29).

Many more dates have still to be finalised, occupying the whole of the second half of January, and including further appearances in London. These will act as a warm-up for an American tour, which Hazel and her band Megahype are undertaking in February. Meanwhile, she has a new single issued by A&M tomorrow (Friday) titled 'Time' — produced by Nigel Gray, and taken from her previously reported album 'Sons And Lovers', which comes out the same day.

The Kinks—and Christmas gigs

STEVE HARLEY & Cockney Rebel are playing a handful of dates in the build-up to Christmas. They'll be previewing material from their new album that's due out in late February, when they'll be going out on a full nationwide tour. Meanwhile, they're in action at Grimsby Central Hall (December 17), Nottingham Rock City (18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19), Aylesbury Friars (20) and London Strand Lyceum (21). Straight Eight support on all dates, with Fischer-Z also appearing at Aylesbury and London. The current Cockney Rebel line-up comprises keyboardist Duncan Mackay (who's now re-joined the band from 10cc), guitarists Rick Driscoll and Alan Darby, drummer Lindsay Elliott and bassist Kevin Powell.

THE KINKS have now confirmed a total of seven concerts for their short pre-Christmas tour, plans for which were exclusively revealed by *NME* two weeks ago. In addition to their two dates already announced — at Brighton Dome (December 13) and Nottingham Rock City (19) — they play Southampton Gaumont (12), London Victoria Apollo (14), St. Albans City Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (17) and Birmingham Odeon (18). This is the sum total of their activities for the rest of this year, but there are plans for them to tour around Britain more extensively in the coming year.

Harley

John C–C in Xmas handful

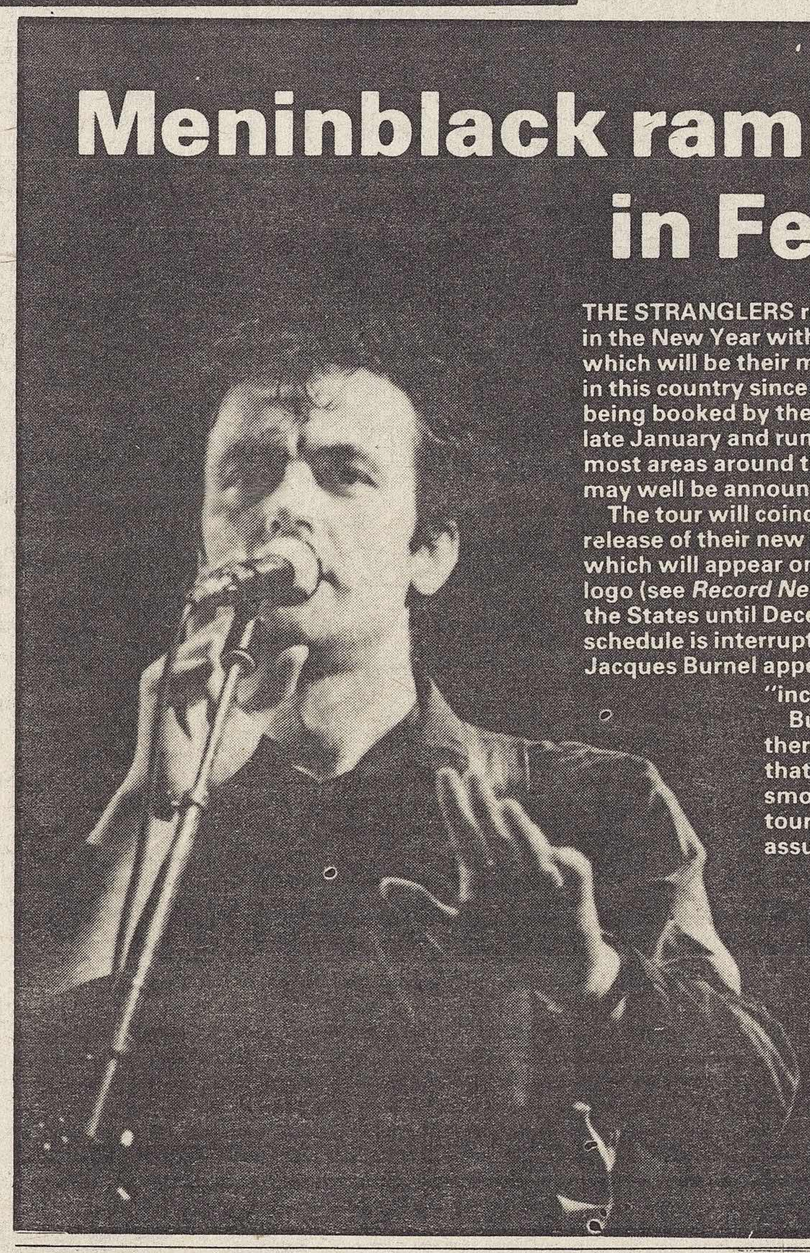
JOHN COOPER CLARKE, who was recently on the road with Pauline Murray in the 'Girls Night Out' tour, has now lined up his own pre-Christmas mini-tour. It consists of just five dates, and he'll be appearing at all of them without a backing band — they are Sheffield Limit Club (December 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), London Victoria The Venue (11), Liverpool Brady's (13) and London The Mall ICA Theatre (15). He's now being lined up for a full British tour early in the New Year.

Leppard prowling, long Budgie flight

DEF LEPPARD headline a short eight-date tour next month, featuring material from their debut album 'On Through The Night' and previewing tracks from their second LP, due for release by Phonogram early in the New Year. Their December shows are at Dunstable Queensway Hall (7), Chesterfield Aquarius (8 and 9), Grimsby Central Hall (10), Nottingham Boat Club (11), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (12), Retford Porterhouse (13) and Doncaster Rotters (14).

BUDGIE, currently promoting their Active/RCA album 'Power Supply' on the road, have been meeting with such favourable reaction that they've extended their tour through until the end of January. And their latest batch of bookings includes two special Christmas shows at London Marquee on December 22 and 23. Other newly confirmed dates are Northampton County Ground (this Saturday), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Sunday), Cardiff Top Rank (December 3), Birmingham Odeon with White Spirit and Trouble Shooter (7), Lowestoft College (12), Sunderland Mayfair (January 9), Liverpool Brady's (22) and Nottingham Boat Club (24).

Meninblack rampaging in February



THE STRANGLERS return to the UK circuit early in the New Year with their 'Meninblack' tour, which will be their most comprehensive outing in this country since 1979. Dates are currently being booked by the MAM Agency, to start in late January and run through February, visiting most areas around the country — and details may well be announced before Christmas.

The tour will coincide with the long-delayed release of their new album 'The Meninblack', which will appear on the new Liberty Records logo (see *Record News*). The band are working in the States until December 22, though their schedule is interrupted next week when Jean Jacques Burnel appears in court in Nice to face "incitement to riot" charges.

But according to lawyers, there's every reason to suppose that the Nice affair will be smoothed over — and the UK tour is being lined up on that assumption.

HUGE CORNWELL

Elton touring UK in spring

ELTON JOHN will be setting out on an extensive British tour in the early spring, it was confirmed this week. And in contrast to his last tour, he'll be going on the road with a full backing band — the same outfit with whom he recently toured the States, and is currently working in New Zealand and Australia. He's not due back from Down Under until December 23 and, after a short break, begins preparations for a European tour which will precede his UK concerts. A spokesman said that a period from late March to early May has been set aside for his jaunt around this country, taking in most of the regular top venues on the circuit, with Wembley Arena likely for his London gigs.

Big Yin's 12-day season in London

BILLY CONNOLLY, who's been on the road consistently throughout the autumn (his current tour ends on December 10), is to play a 12-night London season in the New Year — at the Victoria Apollo from Tuesday, January 20, to Sunday, February 1 (excluding January 26). And this will be preceded by a four-night stint at Manchester Apollo fron January 15 to 18 inclusive. The concerts will be billed as his 'On Yer Bike Extravaganza', and tickets are on sale now at the two box-offices and usual agents.

● Connolly also guests in Ralph McTell's Christmas concert at the London Palladium on Saturday, December 6. Donovan also appears in the show, which is in aid of children's charities, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50, £4, £3 and £2.50.

PIRANHAS NIX SIX HEADLINER GIGS

THE PIRANHAS have cancelled all but two of their eight headlining December dates, announced last week — those remaining being Southampton University (10) and London University Union (15). They explain that pressures have been so great on their time since their 'Tom Hark' hit, they've simply been unable to write any new material, and the first week of December is the only opportunity to rectify this situation before a frantic 1981 begins. They say they intend to re-schedule the six scrapped gigs.

Frankie Miller on the circuit

FRANKIE MILLER and his new band return to the UK circuit next week, after a long absence, and will be touring extensively into the New Year. His backing line-up features Chrissie Stewart (bass), Ed Dean (guitar) and Malcolm Mortimer (drums), and December dates so far confirmed are:

London Camden Dingwalls (3), Dudley Technical College (5), Reading Bulmershe College (6), London Fulham Greyhound (10), London City Polytechnic (12), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (13), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (15), Sheffield Limit Club (16), Edinburgh Nite Club (17), Glasgow University (19), Ayr Pavilion (21) and back to London Greyhound (31).

The new tour sees a return to Miller's ealier rock'n'roll format — "I've got tired of people thinking 'Darlin' was the only song I ever recorded", he says. He starts work on a new album in January, and is also considering several film offers following his much-praised acting debut in BBC-TV's *Play For Today* earlier this year.

CLARENDON MAKES LOW–KEY RETURN

LONDON's Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith — which recently closed to live gigs at short notice, following the implementation of GLC regulations — has now re-opened on a somewhat smaller scale. Operating in the Basement Bar, it's now managed by Brian Peters (formerly of the Nashville Rooms), who hopes it will become a springboard for new London-area bands. Among confirmed bookings so far are Backlash (tonight, Thursday), Cuddly Toys (Friday), The Satellites (December 2), The Singles (4), Sore Throat (5), Lavender Hill Mob (12), 3a.m. and Small Talk (16) and Gun Control (19).

DATA CONTROL — TOUR NEWS 2

H'Wind Xmas bonus

HAWKWIND, who've just completed a 32-date autumn UK tour, have now added another series of nine pre-Christmas dates in areas not covered by their recent outing. They visit Edinburgh Odeon (December 12), Middlesbrough Town Hall (13), Coventry Tiffany's (15), Lancaster University (16), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), London Lewisham Odeon (18), Southampton Gaumont (19), Taunton Odeon (20) and Leeds Queens Hall (21). Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises in association with the Bron Agency.

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Coventry, Lancaster, Wolverhampton and Leeds (all at £3). The band's 1981 plans include a European tour in February and March, and studio sessions for a new album in the spring. The new single 'Who's Gonna Win The War', edited from their hit album 'Levitation', has just been issued by Bronze — and it features a previously unreleased track called 'Nuclear Toys'.

Several guest acts join Hawkwind in the Leeds show, including former Stones member Mick Taylor and heavy metal band Praying Mantis, plus a couple of attractions still to be named.

Latest on those Police gigs

IN VIEW of the numerous phone calls to *NME* during the past week, concerning the proposed London Christmas concerts by The Police, we feel we should clarify the position. The fact is that, despite anything you might have read elsewhere, there is still nothing confirmed — and at press-time this week, a licence hadn't even been granted.

Four weeks ago, the promoters revealed the exact nature of their plans to *NME* and some other music papers — at the same time requesting that publication should be withheld until a licence was issued, in case the project should be jeopardised. Last week, however, one irresponsible organ decided to disregard ethics and to "publish and be damned".

This created enormous difficulties, not only because the authorities were led to believe that the promoters were pressing ahead with an unlicensed event, but also because hundreds of people started applying for non-existent tickets. The whole idea was nearly aborted — but, on reflection, the promoters decided to re-new their application. They were having talks with the GLC this week which, if successful, will result in details of the concerts being announced next week. Until then, we can only repeat that nothing is confirmed, there's a 50-50 chance of the shows going ahead — and obviously, no tickets are available at this stage.

WEAPON OF PEACE, the seven-man reggae band from Birmingham who've just completed an extensive UK tour, have now slotted in eight more pre-Christmas dates. They'll be promoting their new Fontana single 'Children Of Today' and previewing material from their upcoming album. They visit Stockport Rotters (December 2), Durham Bede College (5), Newcastle University (6), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (12), London Islington Hope & Anchor (16), Weymouth Pavilion (17), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (19) and Dudley J.B.s (20).

Lizards live debut

THE FLYING LIZARDS, the informal outfit who shook the charts out of their lethargy with 'Money' and 'Summertime Blues', are to play their first-ever concert — it's at London Hammersmith Riverside Studios on Thursday, December 11. Besides being their stage debut, the gig also introduces their new vocalist Patti Palladin, who appears along with Lizards originator David Cunningham, Julian Marshall, Michael Nyman and "several others". Virgin have scheduled a Lizards album, as yet untitled, for New Year release — and there's talk of more concerts by the group.

☐ **THE STEP,** who new single 'Tears That I Cry' is released this week by Epic, have December gigs at Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (5), Kingston Polytechnic (6), London Southbank Polytechnic (7), London Canning Town Bridge House (8), London Herne Hill Half Moon (10), Hull University (12) and Aylesbury Grammar School (15).

☐ **IRON MAIDEN,** whose current tour ends next Monday, have now slotted in a special London Christmas show — at the Rainbow on Sunday, December 21 — and it will be filmed for release as a video cassette next spring. Because of the intrusion of cameras on stage, tickets are on sale at the reduced price of £2.50 and £2.

☐ **A II Z,** the Manchester heavy rock unit whose debut album 'The Witch Of Berkeley' has just been issued by Polydor, follow their current support slot with Iron Maiden by filling a similar spot on the upcoming Black Sabbath tour — which, as previously reported, opens with three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (December 27-29).

☐ **ARROGANT** - the Slough-based rock band recently signed by Rocket, who've just issued their debut single 'Ego' — have London area gigs at Southbank Polytechnic (December 5), North London Polytechnic (8), Hayes Brook House (10) and Slough College (13). They'll be touring more extensively when their first album is released early in the New Year.

☐ **LIGHT OF THE WORLD,** who recently figured in the charts with their single 'London Town', have a few dates next month — at Wigan Pier Disco (December 2), Leeds University (5), Derby Assembly Room (11), Gravesend Woodville Hall (15) and their own Christmas Party gig at London Southgate Royalty (24). Their new single, issued by Ensign this weekend, is their version of 'I Shot The Sherrif' coupled with 'A New Soft Song' — and there's a bonus track called 'Painted Lady' on the 12-inch version.

☐ **MAGGIE BELL** and her four-piece backing band Midnight Flyer created a major surprise, when they unexpectedly turned up as special guests in Bob Seger's concerts at Wembley Arena last Thursday and Friday. They've now gone off to Europe with Seger, and a spokesman said that this is a prelude to more intensive live action by Maggie in 1981.

☐ **AFTER THE FIRE,** whose autumn tour culminated at London Rainbow two weeks ago, will now be playing three additional dates — at Uxbridge Brunel University (this Friday), Guildford Civic Hall (December 2) and Cardiff University (9).

☐ **STRAIGHT EIGHT,** who are currently supporting Queen in Europe, will continue to fill the support spot in Queen's British concerts at Birmingham (December 5-6) and Wembley (8-10). The band have just had an album 'Shuffle'n'Cut' and single 'Tombstone' issued by Logo Records.

☐ **FINGERPRINTZ,** just back from a tour of America's East Coast and Canada, have been confirmed as special guests on the short tour by Split Enz which — as previously reported — starts next week. They also appear on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* screened on December 13 and 16.

☐ **THE SELECTER** are now confirmed as special guests in the three London shows by Ian Dury & The Blockheads — at the Michael Sobell Centre on December 21, 22 and 23 — which climax their current UK tour. And these will be their first live appearances since newcomers Adam Williams and James Mackie joined the band, though they'll be going back on the road in the New Year when their second album is released.

☐ **THE SKIDS** have added Huddersfield Polytechnic on December 12 to their pre-Christmas tour, reported last week. Simon Townshend's band On The Air are the support act on all dates.

Cocker postpones

JOE COCKER has postponed his projected UK dates in late November and early December. They were to have been part of a wider European tour, but have now been called off because of what's described as "a fall out" of Continental dates. However, a revised Cocker tour is now being set up for January and February, and this will include replacement dates at London Rainbow and Edinburgh Playhouse.

Naughty but nice

THOUGH FROM America's West Coast, **Naughty Sweeties** — whose **'Chinatown'** (Dauntless) has grabbed most spins on my ageing Pioneer deck during the part week — sound like some of those Aussie units such as the pre-Parker-influenced Sports or Falcons. Again, there's that realisation of sounds contemporary underpinned by a belief in roots R&B, though with the Sweeties, even the flip-backs are provided with a certain modernity by the Fender-Rhodes work of Fort Worth keyboardist David Jackson. 'Rendezvous', one of the several songs penned by vocalist Ian Jacks, is a typical chunk of Sweetie-fare, commencing with a *"Do run, do run, do rendezvous"* vocal chant before heading off at breakneck speed over a Motown riff. 'So What?', more an '80s sneer-of-the-year, on which Jacks proclaims *"People wanna tell you what you're supposed to be/New wave, old wave, stay away from me"*, works less successfully, but 'Alice', a Jim Morrison influenced tale of lost love, impresses in its use of dynamics, while 'Ultimate Shades' a laidback portion of rockaboogie, wins through in its attempt to generate heat without seeming to try. Elsewhere, flawed gems such as 'Bad Girl', a memorable tale of sailor bait *("they knew so much more than the local boys")*, make one wish that the band — who include the legendary Frosty (ex-Lee Michaels, Sweat Hog, Rare Earth etc.) on drums — had spent just a little more time slotting things together. Then again, maybe the freshness and vitality that makes the Sweeties' 'Black Cadillac' one of the best bits of motorised fun since the Edsel would have been lost. Who knows? In the meantime, the band from Madame Wong's, Chinatown, L.A., merit a hearing.

● **Jack Bruce and Friends**: 'I've Always Wanted To Do This' (Epic). The friends are Clem Clempson (guitar), David Sancious (keyboards) and Billy Cobham (drums). And the results are not as jazz-flavoured as you might expect.

● **Maria Muldaur**: 'Gospel Nights' (Takoma). Re-born Christian Muldaur hits the gospel road. A live offering cut at McCabe's Guitar Shop, Santa Monica, on which the one-time jugband singer does right by her material though she's no Aretha and certainly no Mahalia. Support is offered by The Chambers Brothers who fill much of the album's second side with acapella efforts.

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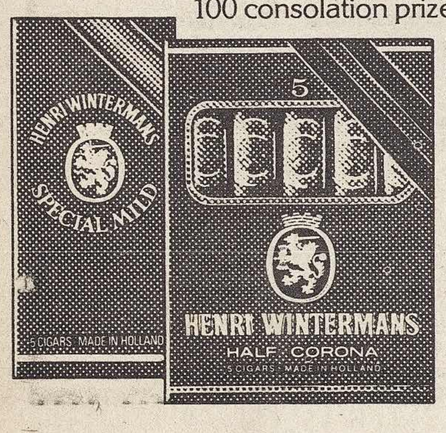

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DATA CONTROL

RECORD NEWS

Skids' free comic book

● **The Skids** have come up with a novel gimmick for their new Virgin single released tomorrow (Friday) — which, as reported last week, is an edited cut of 'A Woman In Winter' coupled with a live version of 'Working For The Virgin Dollar'. Each copy comes complete with a cartoon booklet, drawn by Jill Mumford, depicting the band in an action-packed tale of espionage and adventure.

● Basildon band **Eric Blake,** whose main claim to fame is their 17-year-old lead singer Julie Harding, will have a new single out on the Carrere label in early January. They're also busy recording an album, and will tour extensively to coincide with its release.

● EMI Records launch a new design for their label from this week, the first to benefit being the **Queen** single 'Flash' and album 'Flash Gordon'. It features a cream background with type set in red or black, and the top half of the label is devoted to the artist's name in any logo or typeface the act requires — so giving each record an individual identity. December 15 sees the introduction of the new Liberty label for U.S. product (replacing United Artists), the first release being a new **Billie Jo Spears** album — and a new Liberty label for British product will be launched in January with albums from **The Stranglers** and **Maxine Nightingale.**

● It's a rare event for an unknown band to have a boxed set released, but that distinction has fallen to American group **½ Japanese.** Their set — comprising three albums, a booklet, lyric sheet and poster — is issued by Armageddon Records. The outfit is built around the two-piece nucleus of Jad and David Fair, who are featured mainly as a duo in this set — though they augment to sextet for their upcoming LP 'Loud', due in the New Year.

● Former Mungo Jerry front man **Ray Dorset** has a new single out this week on his own Satellite label titled 'Forgotten Land', which he wrote and produced himself. Dorset, who also penned Kelly Marie's No.1 hit 'Feels Like I'm In Love', is currently working on a solo album for January release.

● An all-star album called 'Children Of The World' — for release by Epic early next year — features such artists as **Ellen Foley, Charlie Daniels** and **Doc Severinsen** performing material written by Benny Anderson and Bjorn Ulvaeus (of Abba) and Ian Hunter.

The Beat join Xmas rush

THE BEAT, just back from their successful two-month U.S. tour, have a new single coming out on December 5 — their first since 'Best Friend'. Titled 'Too Nice To Talk To', it's coupled with 'Psychedelic Rockers', and both tracks are new band compositions. They won't be playing any British gigs this side of 1981, but will devote December to writing material for their next album, to be recorded in the New Year. But they'll be touring the UK in the spring, to coincide with the LP's release.

— and what Quo propose

STATUS QUO follow their recent No. 2 hit 'What You're Proposing' with a double A-side single, rushed out by Vertigo this wekend and featuring 'Lies' and 'Don't Drive My Car' — both titles taken from their current album 'Just Supposin', with the first 100,000 copies packed in special full-colour bags. Quo have now started preliminary preparations for their 1981 world tour, in which the British leg is scheduled for the early spring.

● **The Korgis** return to the singles rat-race with a Christmas double A-sider on Rialto Records, coupling 'Rovers Return' and 'Wish You A Merry Christmas', both original band compositions. Another seasonal single from the same label is the instrumental 'Snowscape' by new signing **Rococo,** a name which cloaks the identity of former Strackridge member Keith Gemmel. Both these singles are out this weekend.

● The **Bauhaus** single 'Telegram Sam' is being made available in a limited edition 12" version this weekend by 4.A.D. Records. From the same label comes the album '3R4' by **G. Lewis & B.C. Gilbert,** who released a 12" EP in the summer under the name of Cupol.

● Polydor have issued a statement stressing that **James Brown** is still on their roster, despite his current import 'Rap Payback' appearing on TK Records — "it's just a one-off", they explain. Polydor have just released a budget-price double live album by Brown called 'Hot On The One', from which a single will be culled in January. There's also talk of a James Brown tour in the New Year.

● Trojan Records are reissuing the triple album 'The Trojan Story', originally released in 1972, in a limited edition of 2,000. It's been re-packaged as a boxed set, and sells at £8.75. The 48 tracks span ten years from 1961 onwards, and feature such great names in ska as **Laurel Aitken, Jimmy Cliff, The Skatalites** and **The Ethiopians.**

● Dewsbury group **The Pop-Tones** have a single out this week on Square Records, distributed by Rockburgh, titled 'Wooden Heart' — not the Presley hit, but a new song about Andy Pandy's love life! From the same label comes 'Move In Rhythm' by Halifax band **Airkraft.**

● 'Granma Got Run Over By A Reindeer' is the Christmas single by U.S. country duo **Elmo & Patsy Herald.** It's out this week on *(wouldn't you just know it?)* Stiff Records.

● **Sad Among Strangers** have a new single out this weekend, 'Here Come The Caesars'/'I Know Nothing Of The Jungle'. Its on the Brave Tales label, distributed by Virgin and Rough Trade.

● Yet another Christmas single — 'Spare A Thought For Santa' by **Lorenza Johnson,** who was previously in *Jesus Christ Superstar.* It's on Eagle Records, distributed by Pinnacle.

● **They Must Be Russians** have their second single out tomorrow (Friday) on Fresh Records, titled 'Don't Try To Cure Yourself' — which, we're told, relates to V.D. Out on the same day and label are 'Savoir Faire' by **Family Fodder** and a version of 'Puppet On A String' by **Big Hair.**

Meet LISA KING, an established model and actress who's now turned singer. She's been signed to the new Trident Records label, and her debut single is a revival of the Presley hit 'Can't Help Falling In Love'. She starts work on an album next week. And if you think the face looks familiar — well, she's appearing in the TV series *Love In A Cold Climate.*

Pistols six-packed

THE SEX PISTOLS are featured in a special six-pack set, which Virgin are rushing out for the Christmas market. It's a collection of all their previously released A-sides for the label, plus a bonus sixth single comprising two new tracks, which have so far only been available on the Japanese verison of the 'Pistols Greatest Hits' album. The track listing in full is **God Save The Queen, Pretty Vacant, Anarchy In The UK, Stepping Stone, Holidays In The Sun, My Way, Silly Thing, Something Else, C'Mon Everybody, The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle, Black Leather** and **Here We Go Again.** The set is in a limited edition of 40,000 — and it's designed, admit Virgin, "to wring the last legitimate mileage from the vintage Pistols vaults."

GARY NUMAN also climbs aboard the Christmas bandwagon, with a new single issued by Beggars Banquet on December 12 — titled 'This Wreckage', it's taken from his chart-topping album 'Telekon'. The B-side is a previously unissued track called 'Photograph'.

● **Duncan Mackay** — former 10cc keyboards player who's now back with Cockney Rebel — has his first solo album 'Visa' issued by Edge Records (through WEA) this week.

● Release of the previously reported new album by **Toyah** — her first since the chart LP 'The Blue Meaning' — is now officially set for this weekend by Safari Records. Titled 'Toyah! Toyah! Toyah!', it contains ten live tracks, recorded over the past year with her old and now disbanded group.

● A special limited edition 12-inch version of **Motorhead's** current hit single 'Ace Of Spades' is being made available by Bronze. It's in a full-colour bag, featuring a picture of the band attired in Father Christmas outfits.

● This weekend sees the release by WEA Records of a single titled **'Space Invaders',** which is the actual backing track to the TV game of the same name. The pitcure bag features a competition, with Space Invaders games as the first prizes.

● **Phoebe Snow** has signed a long-term worldwide deal with Mirage Records, with distribution by Atlantic (through WEA). She's currently rehearsing before starting work on her first album for her new outlet — which, in fact, will be her sixth LP.

IMPORTS

● **Blotto:** 'Across And Down' (Blotto). Another four track 12" EP from the Albany loonies. Blanche Blotto has gone but the nuttiness lives on. This time around, the killer is 'My Baby's The Star Of A Driver's Ed Movie', the death song to end all death songs (great line — *"When the photographers appeared upon the scene/I knew her mother would be proud cause her underwear was clean").* But if you don't like the disc, you can always fill in the crossword on the sleeve!

● **Various Artists:** 'Ladies Sing The Blues' (Savoy). Another in Savoy's 'Roots of Rock'n'Roll' series. This one features the work of five fine singers — **Miss Rhapsody, Albinia Jones, Linda Hopkins, Little Esther** and the marvellous but ill-fated **Big Maybelle,** the material ranging from supper club blues to raucous R&B. An essential buy for rock historians though others will remain disenchanted.

● **The Tigers:** 'The Tigers' (A&M). A British band with a US release. Their 'Kidding Stops' remains one of the most neglected slices of slop-reggae available in single form. But nothing else on the album really matches up.

● **Psychedelic Furs:** 'The Psychedelic Furs' (Columbia). Basically the Furs UK debut album but with a new sleeve and two different tracks in 'Susan's Strange' and 'Soap Commercial'. Is it too late to register my vote for 'Sister Europe' and 'India'? It is? Oh, well!

IMPORTS TOP 10

1	**Clash**	Black Market (Epic)
2	**999**	Biggest Tour In Sport (Polydor)
3	**Jermaine Jackson**	Jermaine (Motown)
4	**Patrice Rushen**	Posh (Elektra)
5	**David Coverdale**	Whitesnake (Vogue)
6	**Stranglers**	Stranglers IV (A&M)
7	**MFSB**	Mysteries Of The World (Phil. Int)
8	**Yello**	Solid Pleasure (Ralph)
9	**Under En Sort Sol**	Under En Sort Sol (Medley)
10	**ELF**	Trying To Burn The Sun (Jap. Safari)

Also selling: **The Hunt** 'Back On The Hunt' (Visa), **Leonore O'Malley** 'First Be A Woman' (Polydor), **T Rex** 'Greatest Hits' (Jap EMI), **Split Enz** 'Frenzy' (Mushroom), **Bootsy** 'Ultrawave' (Warner Bros), **Loverboy** 'Loverboy' (Columbia), **Jack Bruce** 'I've Always Wanted To Do This' (Epic), **Steve Reich** 'Octet, etc.' (ECM)

Chart courtesy: Bonaparte, Croydon, Flyover, Hammersmith, HMV Oxford Street.

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10 Toshiba RT 8000S Stereo Radio Cassette Recorders.

3rd Prizes
20 Toshiba 1950 Compact Cassette Recorders.

4th Prizes
1000 Agfa Superferro C90 + 6 Cassettes.

ENTRY FORM SOUND PERFECT Agfa COMPETITION

Agfa CASSETTES+6 SOUND PERFECT.

You could be one of the lucky winners in the Agfa Sound Perfect Cassette Competition. Just spot the difference between the two illustrations of the Agfa Superferro C60 + 6 blank cassettes. Then, using your skill and judgement ring each difference found on the right hand cassette (B) and state the number of mistakes in the box indicated. To complete your entry complete the tie-breaker in no more than 8 words. Attach to your entry an index card from any Agfa + 6 blank cassette.

Illustrations A & B
Number of differences spotted. ☐

Complete your entry and send together with your name and address and proof of purchase from ONE Agfa + 6 index card to:-

"Agfa Sound Perfect," Cassette Competition,
5 Mill Street, London W1E 9TF.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ Post Code _____

Complete the following tie-breaker in no more than 8 words. "Agfa Cassettes sound perfect

_____

_____

A

B

COMPETITION RULES

1. The competition is open to anyone resident in the U.K., except employees and their families of Agfa-Gevaert Ltd., Toshiba Ltd., their associated companies or anyone directly associated with the competition.
2. Each entry must be on the official entry form and be accompanied by proof of purchase (index card from any Agfa + 6 blank cassette).
3. Prizes will be awarded in order of merit, to those entrants who have correctly identified the differences in the illustrations of the cassettes and who, in the opinion of the judges, have completed the tie-breaker in the most apt way.
4. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in transit. Damaged, illegible or late entries will be disqualified.
6. Closing date for receipt of entries is 31st December 1980.
7. Winners will be notified by post. Winners names and the winning results will be available on 22nd February 1981 by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the competition address marked "WINNERS."
8. No person may win more than one prize.
9. There will be no cash alternative to the stated prizes.
10. Copyright on all entries will belong to Agfa-Gevaert Limited.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 27th Nov (Adm £2.00)
U2
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Fri 28th Nov (Adm £1.50)
THE EXPRESSOS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 29th Nov (Adm £2)
Return by Public Demand
COMSAT ANGELS
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Sun 30th Nov (Adm £1.00)
Free Admission with this advert before 8 pm
THE SMART
Plus support & Mandy H

Mon 1st Dec (Adm £1.75)
WASTED YOUTH
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 2nd Dec (Adm £1.50)
THE BROUGHTONS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wed 3rd Dec (Adm £1.50)
VARDIS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thur 4th Dec (Adm £1.50)
NO DICE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURSDAY 27
QUEEN IDA BONTON ZYDECO BAND
FRIDAY 28 — SATURDAY 29
VOLUNTEERS — **LIVEWIRE**
SUNDAY 30/COUNTRY ROCK NIGHT (7 - 11.30pm)
SEVEN YEAR ITCH
PLUS DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
MONDAY 1/FROM NEW YORK AND THE 'SON OF STIFF' TOUR
DIRTY LOOKS
TUESDAY 2/FROM NEW YORK – MORE ROCKABILLY MANIA
☆ BUZZ & THE FLYERS ☆
WED 3/FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY - SCOTLANDS FINEST
FRANKIE MILLER
THURSDAY 4/FIRST LONDON SHOW
ROY WOODS' HELICOPTER
supported by THE GAS
COMING SOON! SAT 6/BLACK SLATE — THURSDAY 11/GEORGE MELLY
OPEN MON-SAT 8PM 2AM. SUN 7 11.30PM. & LUNCHTIMES SAT 12 3PM & SUN 12 2PM
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

Battle of the Bands

1980 CONTEST TOUR

SUN NOV 30
RAINBOW THEATRE
SHOW STARTS 7.30
• BLUE CONDITION • DUB STARS
• FORR • CROSS SECTION • TRANSIT
• CRYING SHAMES • TIME FLIES
Hosted by Radio One's Mike Read
CELEBRITY GUEST JUDGES
PLUS FEATURED GUESTS
THE Ak BAND
ALL TICKETS £2.00
HALF PRICE TICKETS FOR STUDENT CARDS AND DOLE CARDS.

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS *Presents*

Tuesday 9th Dec
XTC
+ Special guests at Liverpool Rotters
Tel. 051 709 0771
Adv. tickets £2.50

SLADE
+ Special guests at Manchester Rotters
Tel. 061 236 4934
Adv. £2.50

Sunday 14th Dec
DEF LEPPARD+
Special guests at Doncaster Rotters
Tel. 0302 27448.
Adv. £2.50

For times & ticket outlets see local press. Must be over 18 years of age. No dress restrictions. No membership required.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KILLING JOKE
discharge
FAD GADGET

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 27th November £2.00
NICK GRAVANITES with JOHN CIPPOLINA
+ Brian Knight

Friday 28th November £1.25
MICKEY JUPP + Spangs

Saturday 29th November £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE + The Gas

Sunday 30th November 75p
NASH THE SLASH + Blancmange

Monday 1st December 75p
THE FLATBACKERS + Dag Vag

Tuesday 2nd December 75p
THE DUMB BLONDES/THE SHOUT

Wednesday 3rd December 75p
MIDNIGHT & THE LEMON BOYS
+ The Dancing Did

Shelter Would Like To Thank all who Supported Their "Home Base" Project. Proceeds total £1057

Adam & the Ants

Cornish Riviera
ST. AUSTELL
Thursday 27 November 7.30pm
Tickets £2 Available from usual agents or £3.00 on door

TAUNTON ODEON
Friday 5 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 from box office

BATH PAVILION
Tuesday 9 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50 Available from Records Unlimited and Crusin Records Bath.

CARLISLE MARKET HALL
Wednesday 10 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50. Available from Pink Panther Records, Rosemary Lane, Carlisle or £3.00 on night.

IPSWICH GAUMONT
Friday 12 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00. Available from box office and usual agents.

CHELMSFORD ODEON
Saturday 13 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00. Available from box office and usual agents.

CANTERBURY ODEON
Sunday 14 December 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00 £2.50. Available from box office and usual agents.

Kevin Draper for RAINBOW CONCERTS

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6

Thursday 27th November £1
THE CHEVRONS (Pop/Rock)
Friday 28th November £1.50
NO MEEN FEET + Support
Saturday 29th November £1
TIME FLIES (Reggae/Ska)
Monday 1st December £1
FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
Tuesday 2nd December £1
7 YEAR ITCH
Wednesday 3rd December..... £1
V.O.P. (Victims of Pleasure)
Thursday 4th December £1
SAFITA (Reggae/Rhythm)

For information ring Pete 01-624 7611. Peter of the Starlight Club likes to hear from groups who play the following music — Reggaie, Soul, Jazz & Blues. Please write enclosing s.a.e. for reply form to complete. Ring 01-624 7611.

101 CLUB
101 St. John's Hill
Tel: 01 223 8309

Wednesday 26th November
BROADCAST + The Divers
Thursday 27th November
THE FIX
+ NERVOUS GERMANS
Friday 28th November
THE SOUL BAND
Saturday 29th November
Lunchtime
THE FORM
Evening
MODERN MAN + The Wasters
Sunday 30th November
RED LETTERS + The Mode
Monday 1st December
THE LEMONS + The Becketts
Tuesday 2nd December
THE IMPORTS + The Becketts
Wednesday 3rd December
THE REGIMENT + Karram Dash

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Saturday 29th November HEAVY METAL ROCK £2.00
PREYING MANTIS

KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

ULTRAVOX
plus support

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
Box Office 051-709 1555/6699
THURSDAY 4 DECEMBER at 7.30 pm
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Box Office 061-273 1112
FRIDAY 5 DECEMBER at 7.30 pm
All tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 from theatres and usual agents.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

URIAH HEEP
With Guests **SAMSON**

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
WEDNESDAY 3rd DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 26th November £1
NERVOUS GERMANS
Thursday 27th November £1
THE GAS
Friday 28th November £1.25
LEVI DEXTER & THE RIP CHORDS
Saturday 29th November £1
THE LEMONS
Sunday 30th November £1
MANIPULATOR
Monday 1st December £1
20TH CENTURY COYOTE
+ OUTER LIMITS
Tuesday 2nd December £1
THE LOOKALIKES
Wednesday 3rd December £1
THE DISTRACTIONS

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
ULTRAVOX
PLUS SUPPORT
WEDNESDAY 10th DECEMBER 8·00pm
All Tickets £3·00 FROM BOX OFFICE; VIRGIN; POLYSOUND; FINE RECORDS (BRIGHTON & WORTHING) L & H CLOAKE (BRIGHTON & CRAWLEY)

DEREK BLOCK presents
GLITTER OVER CHRISTMAS

GARY GLITTER
THE REVILOS
PROTEX
Paris Rainbow
SATURDAY 20TH DECEMBER 7 P.M.
THEATRE 232 SEVEN SISTERS RD. LONDON N4

TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00,
From Box Office 01-263-3148/9;
London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Ticket Machine

GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
OUTLAW PRESENTS
After the Fire
Plus Special Guests
TUESDAY 2nd December 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50 in advance from
Civic Hall Box Office, A + N, Bonaparte & Kens Records Aldershot
or £3.00 on door.

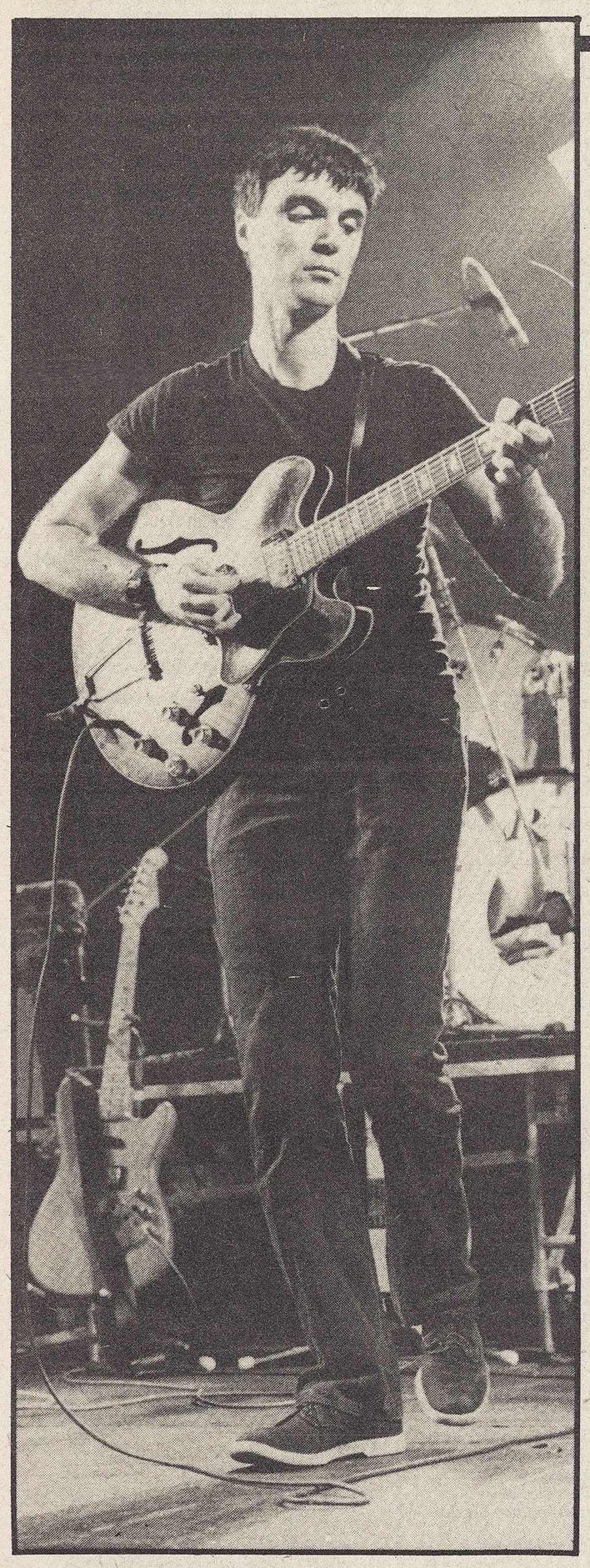
LSE ENTS

ENQ.- 405-8594/5/6

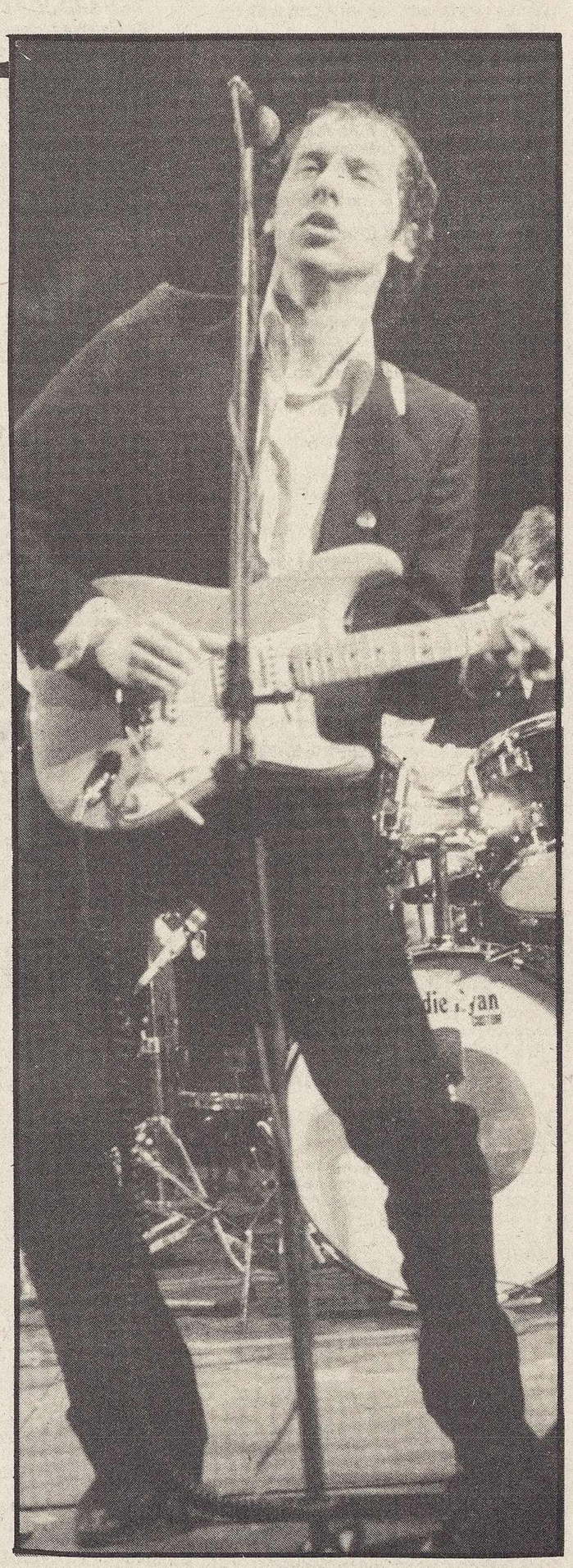
"Barry Andrews, Robert Fripp, Sara Lee, Johnny Toobad"

•league of gentlemen•
sat 29th nov.
TICKETS £1·30 · AVAILABLE FROM L.S.E. UNION SHOP HOUGHTON ST. ALDWYCH WC2. ⊖ HOLBORN/TEMPLE.

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1



Left: DAVID BYRNE of the newly-augmented TALKING HEADS, who begin their UK tour in London on Monday. Right: MARK KNOPFLER of DIRE STRAITS, who set out on an extensive concert series the same day.



THURSDAY

Barrow Civic Hall: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Birmingham The Greswold: **Distort Resort**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Roy Harper/Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Elements**
Bristol Granary: **Jaguar**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Sad Cafe**
Chatham Scamps: **The Kicks**
Colchester Essex University: **Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gary Burton Quartet**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Majority**
Daventry Youth Club: **The Moondogs**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Iron Maiden**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Praying Mantis**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Yes**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Rhesus Negative**
Grimsby Humberstone Country Club: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Caravan**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Skavengers**
Hull University: **Split Enz**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Phantom Zone**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **The Breathers**
Lanark Clydesdale Hotel: **Rhesus Negative**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **The Swamp Children/Eric Random**
Leeds Fan Club: **Wasted Youth**
Leeds (Kirkstall) Bar-Celona: **Spargo (for three days)**
Leeds Meanwood Arms: **The Automatic Toys**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
Leeds University: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Brady's: **A Sudden Sway**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Kraze**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mechanics/The Nervous Germans**
London College of Printing: **Thieves Like Us**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian Brain/White Light**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **The Syndicate**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Ealing Technical College: **The Klones**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Deep Machine**
London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic: **Red Rage**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nick Gravenites/Brian Knight**
London Hackney Deuragon Arms: **Park Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Chevrons**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Broughtons/Cooper 2**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Thumpa**
London Kentish Town The Forum: **Liquid Gold**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **U2**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Apocalypse**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Eclipse**
London Putney White Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Ravensbourne Art College: **The Papers/The Lucys**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **Juice On The Loose**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Duffo/New Model**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades Big Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Seven Year Itch**
London Strand Kings College: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Japan/The Smart/Local Heroes**
London Stratford Green Man: **A. E. Liquid**
London University: **Zounds**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **The Dooleys**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arean: **Barry Manilow**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Geneva/Dangerous Girls**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Chuck Farley**
Maidstone Art College: **The Directors**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson**
Manchester Carousel Club: **Ruts D.C.**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Nightdoctor**
Millbourne Port Tapps Club: **Chinatown**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Eyeless In Gaza/Religious Overdose**
Minehead Regal Cinema: **Dangerous Girls/The Everreadys**
Newcastle Balmbra's Music Hall: **Stiletto**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Carpettes**
Newport Bailey's: **The Comsat Angels**
Norwich Cromwells: **Slade**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **David Marx & The Mix**
Penzance Demelza's: **Adam & The Ants**
Plymouth Noah's Ark: **The Pop Detectives**
Poole Wessex Hall: **The Nolans**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Elkie Brooks**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Barracudas**
Reading Bridges Hall: **Aswad**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Rentakil d/ Naked Pygmy Voles**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Close Rivals**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Twelfth Night**
Stockport County Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for four days)**
Winchester Railway Inn: **Jon Edgar & The Hoovers/Zip Code**
Winsford Civic Hall: **The Spinners**

FRIDAY

Bath University: **Slade**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Natural Touch/Flight 19/Baraka/Magnum Force/Nerves/The Ak Band**
Birmingham Aston University: **U2**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Old School Sky**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **No Faith**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birtley William IV: **Out Of Control**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Comsat Angels**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Race Against Time**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
Brighton Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Bristol Bear Hotel: **The Pop Detectives**
Bristol Crown Tavern: **The Review/Know Outlet**
Burton 76 Club: **Vardis**
Cambridge Fisher Lane: **The Amyl Dukes**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Rank Amateurs**
Cardiff University: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**
Chelmsford Tracks: **Charge**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Stray Cats**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Blancmange/Philip Gayle**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Army**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Aswad**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Spinners**
Dunoon Harmony Hotel: **The Deft Jerks**
Durham University: **The Carpettes**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Roches**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Shattered Dolls**
Farnborough Technical College: **Prime Suspect**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Yes**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **The Pulsaters**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Scene**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Iron Maiden**
High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education: **Worlds Apart**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **The Damned**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Gary Glitter**
Lanceston White Horse: **Dangerous Girls**
Leeds University: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Rod Stewart**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Gary Boyle Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Killing Joke**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Dick Smith Band**
Liverpool University: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
London Brixton Lambeth Town Hall: **Alien Kulture/Six Minute War/Mystic Love/Youth Riot**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Volunteers/The Accelerators**
London Camden Royal Exchange: **Seven Year Itch**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chicken Shack**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London City Polytechnic: **The Barracudas**
London City University: **Here & Now**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Soul Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Soft Boys/Device**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Robert Fripp's League of Gentlemen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mickey Jupp/Spangs**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Munchies**
London Guy's Hospital: **Budgie**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Cuddly Toys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Mean Feet**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/The Elgin Marbles**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Levi Dexter & The Rip-Chords**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Knox**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Bastille**
London Marquee Club: **Straight Eight/The Kicks**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Patti Jones Band/Steve Lane Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Snatch 22**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Furniture/Licence/Freudian Slip**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Apocalypse**
London Twickenham West London Institute: **The Dance Band**
London University College: **The Planets**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Motels**
London Wembley Arena: **Barry Manilow**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Rookies**
Luton Blowins: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **Performance**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
Manchester Pembroke Hall: **Yakety Yak**
Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: **Gary Burton Quartet**
Manchester The Millstone: **Zanathus**
Midhurst Grange Centre: **Thieves Like Us**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Split Enz**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Queen Ida**
Norwich Keswick Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **The Index**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Twelfth Jazz**
Oxford Stage Club: **The Instamatics**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Breathers**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Witchfynde**
Reading I.C.L. Club: **David Marx & The Mix**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Stiletto**
Retford Porterhouse: **Nightdoctor**
Rugby East Warwickshire College: **Future Toys/3-Way Dance**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Wasted Youth**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Slough Centre Ballroom: **Black Slate**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Southend Top Alex: **The Accidents**
Stockport Technical College: **The Immediates**
Stockport Warren Bulkeley Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Roy Harper/Patrick Fitzgerald Group**
Walsall Town Hall: **Taurus**
Weybridge College of Food: **White Light**
Whitley Bay The Granby: **The Sabrejets**
Wickford Youth Centre: **Ace Bentley & The Traffic Lights**
Winchester Art College: **Games To Avoid/The Motifs**
Winchester Hospital: **Overkill**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Meanstreak**

SATURDAY

Basingstoke Town Hall: **Horizontal Bulgarians/Mutant Babies/Bucket Music/Dirty Shepherds**
Bedford Claypot: **The Nervous Times**
Bedford The Crown: **The Crew**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bogarts (lunchtime): **Metallic Wolf**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Wide Boys**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Raving Rockers/The Pinkies/Fast Relief**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bognor West Sussex Institute: **Games To Avoid/The Motifs**
Bolton Sports Centre: **The Revillos**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Zorkie Twins**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Saxon**
Bridlington Spa Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton Sussex University: **Here & Now**
Bristol Greenhouse Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Bude Headland Club: **Metro Glider**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **The Amyl Dukes**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Kicks**
Cardiff Mels Showroom: **Tanzschau**
Castleford Trades & Labour Club: **Rough Justice**
Chelmsford Odeon: **The Dooleys**
Chigwell White Hart: **Bad Publicity**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Codsall Crown Inn: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Accelerators**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Eric Bell Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Flatbackers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **The Damned**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Barracudas**
Dunoon Harmony Hotel: **The Deft Jerks**
Durham University: **Icarus**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Breathers**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Split Enz**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Yes**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Pulsaters**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sad Cafe**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Classix Nouveaux**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Sharpies/Ace Bentley & The Traffic Lights**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The UBz/The Rams/Zero Time**
Guildford Surrey University: **Black Slate**
Hatfield The Forum: **Gary Burton Quartet**
Hemel Hempstead Nashmills Village Hall: **Alien Kulture**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Aswad**
Keele University: **U2**
Knighton British Legion Club: **World Service**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds University: **Killing Joke**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Rod Stewart**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**
Leicester Scamps: **Manitou**
Leicester University: **The Skids**
Liverpool Brady's: **Ludus/Mud Hutters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Live Wire/Sad Among Strangers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Cartoon Logic**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Monsters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lo Heroes/Team 2**
London Dalston Cubies: **Misty In Roots**
London Farringdon Rd. Metropolitan: **Charge/Managing Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice/The Gas**
London Greenwich Kidbrooke House: **Headcorn Rustlers**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Time Flies**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Twelfth Night**
London Highgate Duke of Wellington: **Apocalypse**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **No Dice/Sussex**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL

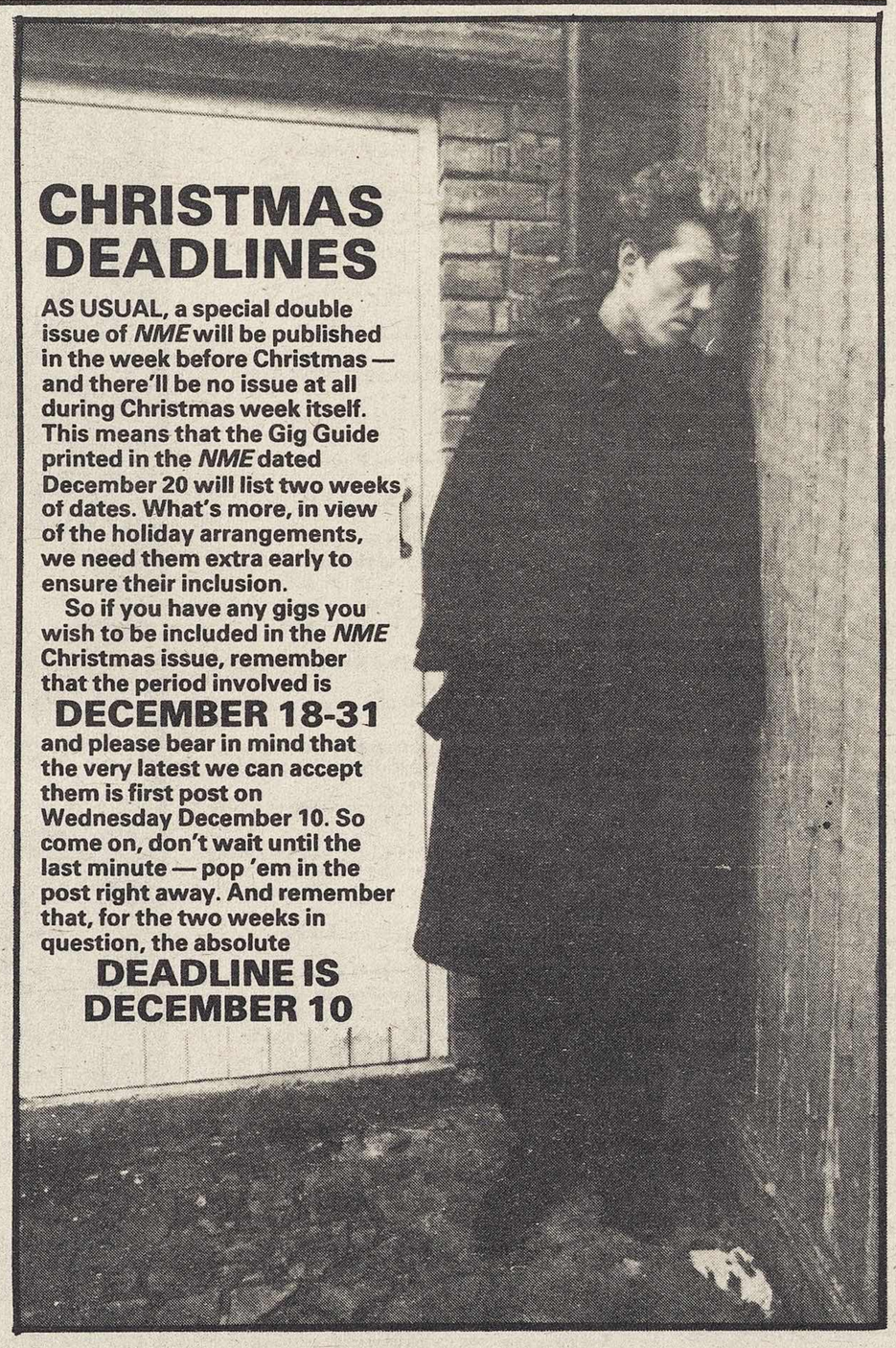
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

London Lewisham Odeon: **Adam & The Ants**
London Marquee Club: **The Comsat Angels**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Clientelle**
London N.19 Caxton House: **The Ideal Husbands/The Spasms**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arkwright's Ferret Band/New Orleans Ramblers**
London Putney Railway Tavern: **The Colah Brothers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London School of Economics: **Robert Fripp's League Of Gentlemen**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Toad The Wet Sprocket/The Dirty Strangers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Streatham Thurlow Arms: **Future Daze**
London Tottenham-Court Dominion Theatre: **Roy Harper/Patrick Fitzgerald Group**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Black Market**
London Wembley Arena: **Barry Manilow**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Sound/Agony Column**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Slade**
London W.1 Rock Store: **Pressgang**
London W.10 Acklam Hall (afternoon, free): **Chelsea/Manufactured Romance/The Dark/The Aces/The Volcanoes**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
Manchester The Millstone: **The X-Offenders**
Manchester Polytechnic (matinee): **The Moondogs**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Stalk**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Wasted Youth**
Milton Keynes (Wolverton) Crauford Arms: **Worlds Apart**
Northampton County Ground: **Budgie**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Vardis**
Nottingham University: **Punishment Of luxury**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Oxford New Theatre: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Modern Jazz**
Penzancze Gulval Meadhouse: **The Everreadys**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **The Spinners**
Preston Warehouse: **Panther 45/The Custom**
Ramsey The Fox: **A Sudden Sway**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
Retford Porterhouse: **Praying Mantis**
Sheffield University: **Iron Maiden**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Stains**
Slough College: **White Spirit**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Skavengers**
Southampton University: **Nightdoctor**
Stanley King's Head: **Out Of Control**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Barbara Dickson**
St. Ives St. Ivo Centre: **Atomic Rooster**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Taurus**
Torquay 400 Club: **The Planets**
Wavendon The Stables: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Whitworth Rawstron Arms: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Winchester King Alfred's College: **Thieves Like Us**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Shader**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett/Eddie Stanton**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Barnsley Antonio's: **Spargo**
Bath Tiffany's: **Roy Harper/Patrick Fitzgerald Group**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Billy Connolly**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Star Club: **Stubbings, Powell, Wren & Burwell**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Saxon**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Whipps**
Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **U2**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Bristol Locarno: **The Damned**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtine): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Adam & The Ants**
Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Manitou**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Twelfth Night**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Enid**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Breathers**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Yes**
Exeter University Union: **Streets Ahead**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **H20**
Glasgow Gigi's: **Another Pretty Face**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Chinatown**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Barracudas**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Hill City Hall: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Leeds Casablanca's: **DodgyTactics**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Drones**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Atomic Rooster**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Budgie**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Seven Year Itch/Diz & The Doormen**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter/Escape Club**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**

RICHARD JOBSON (below) doesn't look any too pleased about the advent of Christmas, despite the fact that THE SKIDS begin a seasonal tour this weekend. ● Other tours starting this week feature SPLITZ ENZ (from Thursday), SKY who open on Sunday, and STEELEYE SPAN whose reunion outing kicks off on Wednesday. And from America, THE MOTELS and THE ROCHES both begin short concert series on Friday.



CHRISTMAS DEADLINES

AS USUAL, a special double issue of *NME* will be published in the week before Christmas — and there'll be no issue at all during Christmas week itself. This means that the Gig Guide printed in the *NME* dated December 20 will list two weeks of dates. What's more, in view of the holiday arrangements, we need them extra early to ensure their inclusion.

So if you have any gigs you wish to be included in the *NME* Christmas issue, remember that the period involved is

DECEMBER 18-31

and please bear in mind that the very latest we can accept them is first post on Wednesday December 10. So come on, don't wait until the last minute — pop 'em in the post right away. And remember that, for the two weeks in question, the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 10

London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Letters/The Mode**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pozer/Carpet Shock/Suggestion**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **The Roches**
London Finchley Torrington: **Kevin Coyne**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Broughtons**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nash The Slash**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Mechanics/The Mafia**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Manipulator**
London Marquee Club: **The Smart**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Quartet**
London Putney White Lion: **The C-Sharps**
London Rainbow Theatre: **'Battle Of The Bands' Final**
London Richmond Brolleys: **Vardis**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Killing Joke/Discharge/Fad Gadget**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Nolans**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Chisholm Band**
London WI Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Rod Mason Band**
London W14 The Kensington: **Paz**
Luton Blowins: **The Pop Detectives**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Barry Squires Trio**
Maidstone Ship Wine Bar: **The Pulsaters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Passage/Accident On The East Lancs**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **World Service**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Motels**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **The Spinners**
Nuneaton The Stoot: **The Kicks**
Oldham The Lancashire (afternoon): **The Swinging Lampshades**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **White Light**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Oldham Tinkers**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Skids**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Split Enz**
Southend Shrimpers: **The Stray Cats**
Stoke (Burslem) Prince William Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Swansea Top Rank: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Squeeze**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Sky**
York Theatre Royal: **Gary Burton Quartet**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton/Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Strontium Dog**
Blackpool Tiffany's: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
Boston Folk Club: **Joe Stead**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Slade**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Pyramid**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Budgie**
Bridport Jazz Club: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Brighton Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Brighton Top Rank: **Adam & The Ants**
Bristol Locarno: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: **Black Slate**
Chatham Town Hall: **Vardis**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Editors**
Coventry Warwick University: **Gary Burton Quartet**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Sky**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter University: **The Everreadys**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Dire Straits**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Shakin' Stevens**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Damned**
London Balham Hotel: **Good Question**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bad Publicity**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **DePeche Mode**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Flatbackers/Dag Vag**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Talking Heads**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **20th Century Coyote/Outer Limits**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Wasted Youth**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Richard Digance & Friends**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Molecules/Auntie Pus**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Mathews Brothers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sons Of Cain**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Saxon**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Drones**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Rock City: **Iron Maiden**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Pop Detectives**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Witchfynde**
Portsmouth South Parade Pier: **The Planets**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Active Gliders**
Slough Studio One: **The Attendants**
Southend Zero 6: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Barry Manilow**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Worlds Apart**
Stirling University: **The Skids**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Stadium**
Welwyn Garden City Fountain: **Trevor Watts/Veryan Weston**

TUESDAY

Ayr Pavilion: **The Skids**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Motorhead**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Damned**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader**
Blackpool JR's Bar: **Discharge / Dog Food**
Brighton Basement Club: **The Techniques**
Brighton The Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Whitefire**
Bury St Edmunds The Griffin: **The Amyl Dukes**
Canterbury Kent University: **Slade**
Cardiff University: **Queen Ida**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Adam & The Ants**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Questions / Apocalypse**
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: **Black Slate**
Grimsby Community Hall: **The Stray Cats**
Hemel Hempstead Scamps: **The Pop Detectives**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Leicester Luca Centre: **Trance**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Saxon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Buzz & The Flyers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Look / The Press**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Imports / The Becketts**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Monsters**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Vardis**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band / Jim Davidson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dumb Blondes / The Shout**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Talking Heads**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lookalikes**
London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **Yakety Yak**
London Marquee Club: **The Broughtons**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Midnight & The Lemonboys / The Dancing Dids**
London Putney Half Moon: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
London Putney White Lion: **Queen Ida**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Table / Then It Rained / Folding Deckchairs**
London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Highway 61**
Newcastle City Hall: **Yes**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Anti Pasti**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Brendan Kidulis & The Stroll**
Nottingham Palais: **Split Enz**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Barbara Dickson**
Reading University: **Gary Glitter**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Sky**
Sheffield Limit Club: **John Cooper Clarke / The Whipps**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Barry Manilow**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Swansea White Swan: **The Carbolic Smokeball Company**
York University: **The Human League**

WEDNESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **Split Enz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **The Stray Cats**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Saxon**
Brighton Dome: **Steeleye Span**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Dangerous Girls**
Bristol University: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Pop Detectives**
Cambridge Trinity College: **The Amyl Dukes**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Budgie**
Chatham Central Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colchester Essex University: **Killing Joke**
Corby Steelworkers Benefit: **A Sudden Sway**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mo-dettes**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Maverick/Ash**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Girlschool/Angelwitch**
Derby Blue Note Club: **Medium Medium**
Dublin Fiesta Ballroom: **Motorhead**
Dundee University: **The Skids**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter University: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Felixstowe Spa Pavilion: **Chris Barber Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sky**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Prime Suspect**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Lancaster Queelly's Club: **Mistress**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **George Little's Cool In The Shade**
Leeds University: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Frankie Miller**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Tigers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Skadows/Fay Ray**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Lookalikes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Midnight & The Lemonboys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Damned**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Distractions**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie & Guests**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Vardis**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Tranzista/Wrong Chemical**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Lond Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Soul Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back To Back**
London Strand Lvceum Ballroom: **Uriah Heep/Samson**
London Wembley Arena: **Rod Stewart**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Zounds**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Lemons**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Munchies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Klones/The Dirty Strangers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Manchester Beach Club: **The Passage/Glass Animals**
Newcastle City Hall: **Yes**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Breathers**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Human League**
Oakwood Technical College: **Shadowfax**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **The Instamatics**
Oxford New Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Oxford Scamps: **Dangerous Girls/The Everreadys**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Steel Pulse/Jimmy Lindsay**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Billy Connolly**
Preston Ritzey's: **Sensatron 90**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgkinson**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jon Anderson & The New Life Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Queen Ida**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **The Barracudas**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Slade**

First picture of the new MOTELS line-up, featuring (from left to right) new boy Michael Goodroe, Martin Jourard, Tim McGovern, Martha Davis and Brian Glascock.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

The Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
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Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am

WEDNESDAY 26th NOVEMBER £2.50
MODERN MAN & Cheap Thrills

THURSDAY 27th NOVEMBER
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

FRIDAY 28th NOVEMBER £4.00
THE MOTELS
9.00pm start

SATURDAY 29th NOVEMBER £3.00
THE CIMARONS + Dag Vag

MONDAY 1st DECEMBER £3.00
BERT JANSCH AND JOHN REMBOURNE
9.00pm start

TUESDAY 2nd DECEMBER £3.50
PETER HAMMILL
9.00pm start

WEDNESDAY 3rd, 4th & 5th DECEMBER
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

SATURDAY 6th DECEMBER £3.00
OSIBISA
9.00pm start

MONDAY 8th DECEMBER
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

TUESDAY 9th DECEMBER £2.50
JIMMY LINDSEY
9.00pm start

WEDNESDAY 10th DECEMBER £3.00
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
9.00pm start

THURSDAY 11th DECEMBER
RING BOX OFFICE FOR DETAILS

FRIDAY 12th DECEMBER £3.50
A POLYDOR BENEFIT
"JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT"
9.00pm start

SATURDAY 13th DECEMBER £3.00
MARMALADE
9.00pm start

SUNDAY 14th DECEMBER £4.50
ERIC BURDEN'S FIRE DEPT
9.00pm start

LATE NIGHT PARTIES . . .

THURSDAY 27th NOVEMBER £2.00
PIMP AND WHORE PARTY
(10.30 onwards)

TUESDAY 2nd DECEMBER £2.00
SCHOOLGIRLS AND SCHOOLBOYS PARTY
(10.30pm start)

MONDAY 8th DECEMBER £2.00
ROADIES AND GROUPIES PARTY
(10.30pm start)

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

BRIAN BRAIN
THU 27. New-wave music hall!!!!

THE Soft Boys
FRI.28. The oft quoted Syd Barrett influence and the Bands new psychedelic stance tends to obscure their real talent: to match conventional rock song structures to eccentric imagery. Recommended.

LOCAL HEROES + TEAM 23 S.W.9
SAT. DOUBLE BILL. Local Heroes is a trio whose music, said N.M.E., "is tense and serious, often constructed around choppy reggae rhythms." Team 23 come from... Well, they supported The Specials recently and their music is dance dance.

SUN. POZER + CARPET STOCKS + THE SUCCESSFUL
THE NOT-SO-FAMOUS-TOUR with THE CHEVRONS
MON.1ST.DEC. + B FILM + RED BOX

MONSTERS
TUE.2. New band co-piloted by BoBo PHEONIX (Dead fingers Talk) and MIKE ROSSI (Slaughter & the Dogs)

THE LOOKALIKES
WED. Hard pop that will pin your ears to the wall

THE SOUND
THU 4th.
The Doors open 8-45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7-30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week ~ 8-30AM till 6-00AM. most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240 3961

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Wednesday 26th November £1.25
HAVANA LETS GO + Cooper S

Thursday 27th November £1.25
GENEVA + The Rest

Friday 28th November £1.50
FAD GADGET + The Pinkies + Travel Agent

Saturday 29th November £1.50
THE SOUND + Agony Column

Sunday 30th November £1.50
ROOT JACKSON & THE G B BLUES CO + The Famous Four

Monday 1st December £1.25
MODERN JAZZ / THE SOUL BOYS

Tuesday 2nd December £1.25
Not So Famous Tour
THE CHEVRONS + B-Film + Red Box

Wednesday 3rd December £1.25
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS + Zounds

FRANKIE MILLER'S ROCK BAND

WINTER WARMER TOUR

DECEMBER
3 **DINGWALLS** LONDON
5 **DUDLEY** COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
6 **READING** BULMERSHE COLLEGE
10 **FULHAM (GREYHOUND)** FULHAM PALACE ROAD
12 **CITY OF LONDON** POLYTECHNIC
13 **THAMES POLYTECHNIC** LONDON
15 **LEEDS** FFORD GREEN HOTEL
16 **SHEFFIELD** LIMIT CLUB
17 **EDINBURGH** NITE CLUB
19 **GLASGOW** UNIVERSITY
21 **AYR** PAVILLION
31 **FULHAM (GREYHOUND)** FULHAM PALACE ROAD
(FURTHER DATES TO BE ANNOUNCED.)

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GIRLSCHOOL

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ANGEL WITCH
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

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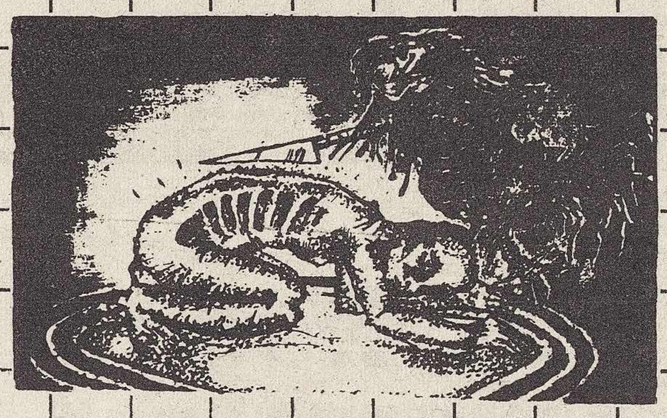
HUM 4



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3 The Damned
3 Barbara Dickson
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4, 5 Split Enz
6 Hazel O'Connor
6 Ralph McTell
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8, 9, 10 Al Stewart
8 Motels
11 Burning Spear
12 Hugh Mundell/Aswad
12 The Enid
12 The Jam
13 Ultravox
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15, 16 Undertones
15, 16, 17, 18 Yes
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18 Steeleye Span
19 Saxon
20 Gary Glitter
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21 Steve Harley
21, 22, 23 Ian Dury
22, 23, 24 Dire Straits
22 XTC
22, 23 Madness
27, 28, 29 Black Sabbath

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EXPRESS MUSICAL NEWS

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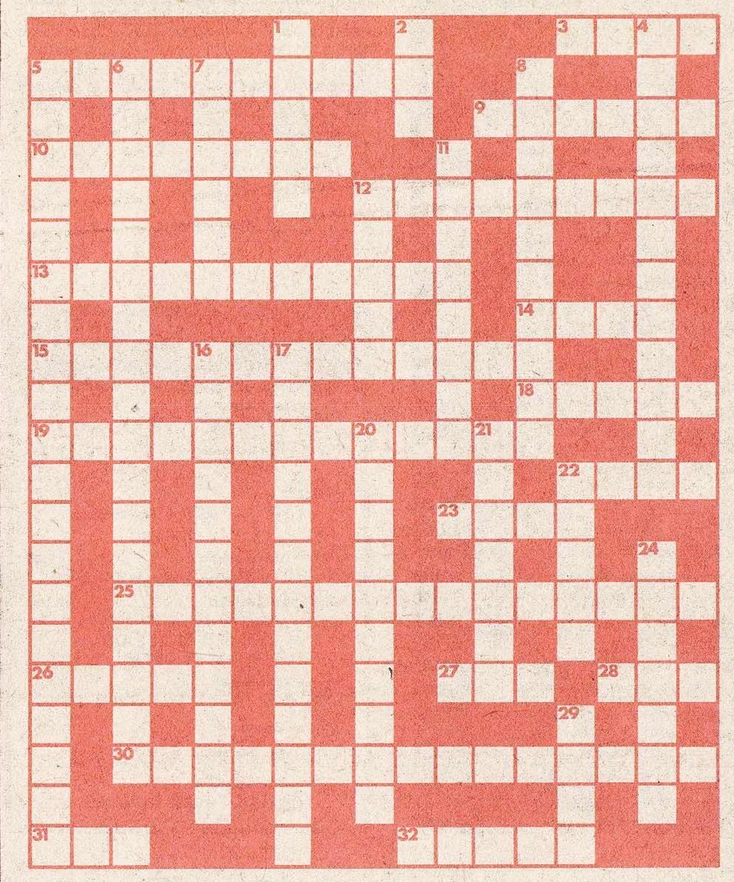


ACROSS

3 Improve audibility using part of the lamp socket!
5 They're useful around the home (3,2,5)
9 See 12 down
10 Benefits from Hyndesight
12 Arty casts after a good quiffing! (5,4)
13 Old man of The Police (4,7)
14 Johnny or Graham
15 Predecessor of 'Absolutely' (3,4,6)
18 Mrs Stewart
19 . . . and her old man's second album (8,5)
22 Who shot Peter?
23 Moved backwards and lost a letter!
25 Geordie punks (7,8)
26 Guitar in a playground!
27 'Remain In Light' collaborator
28 Kate Bush single
30 *The* hit of Jubilee Year (3,4,3,5)
31 & 6 Their current way of thinking (3,5,4,9)
32 & 21 Techno-rock bore

DOWN

1 Hal/-----/Byrne
2 Initially a '60s rock show
4 Contemporaries of Rolling Stones, once claimed to be rawer, rougher and dirtier than Jagger, Jones, etc (6,6)
5 Anthem of the sharp young set (the Blow Wave?) (2,3,1,4,5,5)
6 See 31
7 That's it: Charlie Harper is Britain's independent deterrent! (2,4)
8 Small Faces classic (4,6)
11 Brian Auger's other half in '60s R&B partnership
12 & 9 They rave, Les (anag. 2 words)
16 Asking the lad (anag. 2 words)
17 Who number from 'Tommy' (7,6)
20 '60s teenybop band fronted by Andy Fairweather Lowe (4,6)
21 See 32
22 Express surprise after receiving something playful (not just cryptic, this is cute!)
24 Formerly colleagues of The Ig
29 Hurry towards an HM band

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 7 Roy Scheider; 9 Siouxsie, 12 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes'; 14 Electric Ladyland'; 16 Pips; 20 Orchestral Manoeuvres; 22 Dennis Wilson; 25 'I'm The Man'; 27 Lee Dorsey; 28 The Rutles; 29 Johnny Cash; 32 Aswad; 34 'Passion'; 35 (Rough) Trade; 29 'Some Girls'; 40 In The Dark; 41 Loud; 42 John Denver; 43 Rhythm.

DOWN: 1 Brinsley Forde; 2 Ry Cooder; 3 Yes; 4 'Replicas'; 5 (Eddie) Cochran; 6 Deaf; 8 'Cruel To Be Kind'; 9 School; 10 X-Ray; 11 (Rhythm) Stick; 13 Simple Minds; 15 Arlo Guthrie; 17 Stewart Copeland; 18 Hall; 19 Julie; 21 Canned Heat; 23 Sky; 24 'Night Moves'; 26 Miles (Davis); 29 Jermaine (Jackson); 30 Nazareth; 31 & 36 'He's So Fine'; 37 Isley (Brothers); 38 Rough (Trade); 39 Skin.

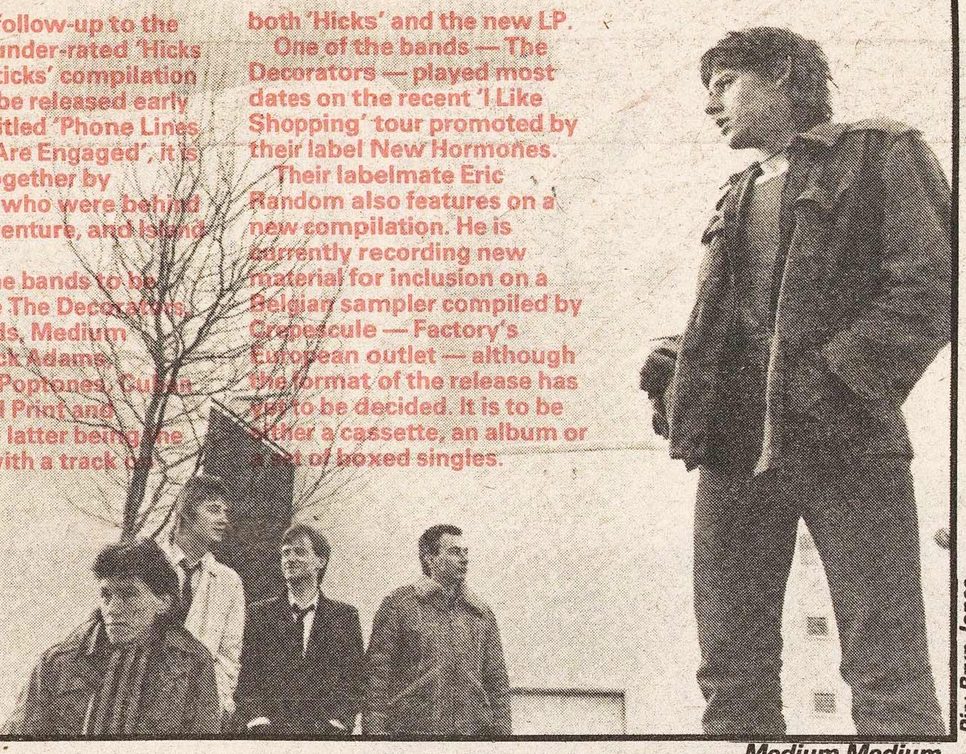
GARAGELAND

The official follow-up to the patchy but under-rated 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation album is to be released early next year. Titled 'Phone Lines To London Are Engaged', it is being put together by Rockburgh, who were behind the 'Hicks' venture, and Island Records.

Among the bands to be featured are The Decorators, The Leopards, Medium Medium, Rick Adams, Endgames, Poptones, Cut An Heels, Small Print and Airkraft, the latter being the only band with a track on both 'Hicks' and the new LP.

One of the bands — The Decorators — played most dates on the recent 'I Like Shopping' tour promoted by their label New Hormones.

Their labelmate Eric Random also features on a new compilation. He is currently recording new material for inclusion on a Belgian sampler compiled by Crepescule — Factory's European outlet — although the format of the release has yet to be decided. It is to be either a cassette, an album or a set of boxed singles.



Pic: Bryn Jones

Medium Medium

Compiled by ADRIAN THRILLS

ALBUMS

■ Anglesey band **The Modernaires** release their debut album 'Way Of Living' on Illuminated Records this month. It is being pressed in red vinyl, a move the band claim reflects their solidarity with the Polish workers.

■ **Alvaro,** "the Chilean with the singing nose", releases his third LP on the Squeaky Shoes label this week. Titled simply 'The Working Class', it follows his two previous albums, 'Mum's Milk Not Powder' and 'Drinking My Own Sperm'.

■ Also releasing their third long-player are synthesiser pioneers **White Noise,** who released their first album 'Electric Storm In Hell' on Virgin a full 11 years ago. Their current project is 're-Entry' and it is available on Pulse Records.

SINGLES

■ **The Sinking Ships:** 'The Cinema Clock'/'Strangers', the Lincolnshire group's first single, available on Dead Good Records.

■ **The Immortal Invisibles:** 'No Zip'/'Classical Music', a Welsh band's first waxing on their own Sauna Brothers label, available in a pink day-glo sleeve for £1 from Sauna Brothers, 14 Coed Garn, Croesyleiliog, Cwmbran, Gwent.

■ **The Hollow Men:** 'The Future', a debut single from a Stirling based band, the second release on the town's Big League Records, available for £1.25 from 114 Henderson Street, Stirling, FK9 4LA.

■ **The Ghettoberries/The Spunky Onions:** 'The Spunky Onions Meet The Ghettoberries', a two-band, three-track EP. Featuring two Ghettoberries tracks ('The Secret Life Of Napoleon Solo' and 'Spunk Train') and one from the Onions ('How I Lost My Virginity'), the EP is available on the London-based Templebeat label.

GARAGE BAND

■ **AD 1984:** 'Race To Nowhere'/'Leisure Crime', the first single on a new independent Grand Prix Records, produced by Gary Numan's producer Nick Smith.

■ **Andy Stratton:** 'I Don't Know'/'Evil Minds' (All The Madmen Records).

■ **The Mob:** 'Witch Hunt' (All The Madmen Records). Both this and the above are available for a quid (including P&P) from All The Madmen in Geoff's Garage, 20 Larkhill Road, Yeovil.

■ **The Hoax:** 'So What', a 12-inch, eight track, blue-vinyl single from a Cheshire band on their own Hologramme Music label.

CASSETTES

■ **Loss Of Head:** 'Dead At The Controls', a 15-track cassette available for £1 from D'Arcy Weisbach Products, 43 Hunger Hills Avenue, Horsforth, Leeds LS18 5JS.

■ **What Is Oil?:** 'Full Of Thrills', the band's first cassette album, out on Rasquap Products and available for £1.30 or a blank tape/SAE from Mike Stout, 20 Chestnut Ave, Hornchurch, Essex. Good title too.

■ **A Sudden Sway:** 'Jane's Third Party'/'Don't Go', the cassette version of the band's recently-released single, available for a quid or a blank tape/SAE from 190 Mayors Walk, Peterborough, Cambs.

■ **Yesterdays Parties:** a cassette album of live and studio tracks from a Cambridge band, available for £1.25 from Paul Smith, 93 Taverners Road, Peterborough, Cambs.

■ 'Forty Jelly Snakes . . . Please', a C60 compilation tape featuring **The Cubic Balloons, Still Life, Facial Hair** and **Fake Passports,** available for £1 from Graham Lironi, 9 Old Coach Road, East Kilbridge, Glasgow, Scotland.

■ **Popular Piano Made Unpopular:** 'Cartons Of Joy', the first cassette album from a new Scottish piano band, available for a blank cassette/SAE plus 50p from Elastic Side Records, Hallhill, Glassford, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

■ **The Stuff:** S1, a three track cassette, available for just 60p from Martin Rawlinson, 105 Central Hill, Upper Norwood, London SE19.

■ **The Stripey Zebras:** 'Live In Burnetts Bedroom', available for 90p or a blank C30/SAE from Graham Burnett (presumably the man with the bedroom), 360 Victoria Ave, Southend-On-Sea, Essex.

■ **The Cadillacs:** Jumping On The Bandwagon', the group's first cassette album, available for £2.49 from Red Eye Records, 14A Stuart Terrace, Talbot Green, Mid Glamorgan, Wales.

■ **The Bastoids:** 'Yoghurt Factory', a C60 priced £2, and a C90 compilation featuring Septic Maggots, Writhing Bodies and The Bastoids for £2.50, both available from Sean O'Halloran, 56 Keepers Lane, Weaverham, Northwich, Cheshire.

■ **ICO7:** 'Finland By December 1916', available for a blank C60/SAE from Interanna Recordings, c/p Peter Lyle, Rose Cottage, Windmill Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

■ **Games To Avoid:** A Fifteen-minute live tape culled from a recent gig in Southampton, available for £1 from Background Music, Hollywood, 78 Bursledon Road, Bitterne, Southampton.

INFORMATION CITY

Motown masters

"I'VE bought an album titled 'Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell' (US Motown MS-102V1) which states on the sleeve that it is volume Two in the 'Superstar' series. Can you list the other recordings in the series?

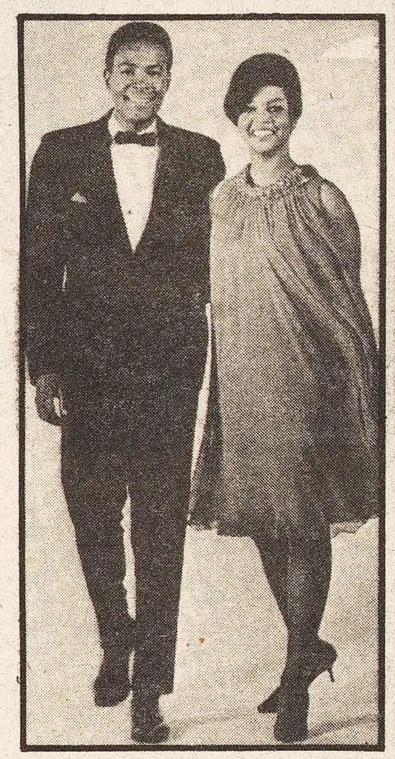
D. HILLS, Richmond.

● There are 15 albums in the series, which was formulated as part of Motown's 20th Anniversary celebrations. All, as far as I know, are ten track jobs formed from previously available material, those available being: Vol. 1 'Diana Ross And The Supremes', Vol. 2 'Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell', Vol. 3 'Edwin Starr', Vol. 4 'Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons', Vol. 5 'Jr. Walker and The Allstars', Vol. 6 'Isley Brothers', Vol. 7 'Michael Jackson', Vol. 8 'Jimmy and David Ruffin', Vol. 9 'The Spinners', Vol. 10 'The Originals', Vol. 11 'Martha Reeves and The Vandellas', Vol. 12 'The Jacksons', Vol. 13 'Gladys Knight and The Pips', Vol. 14 'The Four Tops', and Vol. 15 'Marvin Gaye'. The series is readily available through import shops.

I'VE got a Stones compilation, 'No Stone Unturned', which contains the track 'Sad Day', first published in 1966. However, I can find no trace of this track among the band's 1966 singles or on the album 'Aftermath'. Was it just a track that never made it onto any single or album, like those on 'Metamophosis'? Also, does Roy Carr's *Rolling Stones — An Illustrated Record* contain a full discography? If so, where can I obtain it through mail order? Incidentally, you may be interested to know that if you publish a replay, I'll read in it *NME* about six weeks after issue. That's how long it takes to arrive here. Pretty swift, huh?

PETER THERON, Salisbury, Zimbabwe.

● 'Sad Day' originally was the American B side of '19th Nervous Breakdown' (London 9823, released February 1966) but later emerged as a single in Britain, backed with 'You Can't Always Get What You Want' (Decca F13404, April 29, 1973). The Carr tome — which he says will appear in updated form sometime next year — is available by mail from Musique Boutique, 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1A 4PJ, price £2.95 plus 75p postage and packing.



Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell

By Fred Dellar

ALBUMS

EXTRA

POISON GIRLS
Chappaquiddick Bridge
(Crass Records)

A YEAR after their intense and harrowing 'Hex' EP, Poison Girls' album debut comes as a big disappointment.

One obvious reason is that the Poisons are not skilled musicians, so their touches of indulgence, like the dreadful guitar solo that begins 'Good Time', are simply a pain in the ass — likewise their experimental electronics on 'Daughters And Sons' which impel Vi Subversa to an equally fatuous shrieking. The group presumably see such devices as widening their attack but I hear them as pointless interference, though the diluted punk of the rest of the album is hardly preferable.

The tense, channelled fury that drove 'Hex' is also absent from the lyrics — the baleful eye they turned on the social and (especially) sexist assumptions of current lifestyles is now wandering into all kinds of dubious places. 'Alienation' and 'Other' seem standard '70s singer-songwriter fare about, respectively, isolation and good old-fashioned love (albeit dressed up in a little skimpy existentialism), while 'Hole In The Wall' doesn't seem to be about anything tangible at all.

Even when the group do touch on relevant issues, it's without their previous bite. *"State control and rock'n'roll are run by clever men"* intones Subversa over and over as the record opens — hardly a novel observation — before 'Another Hero' delivers a message akin to "don't follow leaders".

It's not all bad, of course. 'Pretty Dolly's account of female conditioning — *"anxious to please/genetic disease"* — and 'Good Time"s analysis of the various ways sexuality can get distorted do come close to the insights of 'Hex'. But then 'Daughters And Sons', the sole attempt here at recapturing that record's personal anguish, topples into garish melodrama.

It seems that in attempting to broaden their range, Poison Girls have mislaid a lot of their passion and purpose. No doubt 'Chappaquiddick Bridge' embodies goals which are obvious to the band but I remain baffled. To me, it sounds like a very confused, and confusing, album.

Graham Lock

BLACK SLATE
Amigo *(Ensign)*

AT PRESENT it seems that reggae music is caught in a paradox in getting its message across: to reach a wider audience you need to chart, to chart you usually have to compromise, by compromising you lose the audience you were originally aiming at. Catch 22.

For many, of course, it doesn't matter anyway: in many places, there is a thriving underground industry of discs recorded over set backing tracks and intended solely for distribution among friends; but for those who want to make music for a living, or like Marley, are committed to taking Jah rhythms to as many people as possible, commercial success is essential.

So Black Slate make a bland but catchy single, 'Amigo', and will thereby sell far more copies of the album of the same name, getting their sound over to more people than would otherwise have been possible. Whether that was deliberately calculated or not I don't know, and it doesn't really matter: it would be good to see such an enthusiastic and committed black band in the charts for a change.

The subject matter here is pretty conventional: love, Jah, partying to reggae music, and a plea to *"Legalise Collie Herb"*, though 'Thin Line Between Love And Hate' stands out amongst the rest, a song about how you should treat your woman right or she will not only leave you, but do you over so good and proper that you'll end up in hospital covered in bandages and *"just that much from being dead"*. Right on, sister!

This same track gives the band chance to show off their tight harmonies to such effect that, out of context, I'd expect them to come on with matching suits and synchronised dance routines, a sort of Rastafarai meets The Chi-Lites, and with superb results at that: singer Keith Drummond has a beautiful voice.

Side One opens with the tediously over-long title track and never quite recovers from that, although what follows is tuneful enough, the stand-out being the exuberant 'Reggae Music'. Turn over, though, and things get infinitely better, including my favourite tracks, the joyful bounce of 'Boom Boom', and 'Romans', a poignant call to *"Do as the dreadlocked do/Him observe, he don't lose his nerve."*

What is missing overall on this record, especially on those tracks not augmented by horns or sax, is any great depth or texture to their sound, so that after a few hearings, there is nothing new to find in it. That said, it is a lively album that's easy to dance to. It should follow the likes of Steel Pulse in taking black reggae to non-specialist shops. And that can't be bad.

Sheryl Garratt

Vi Subversa pic: Bob Stafford.

■ *Stepping from page 33*

SPANDAU

just an attitude, which so many kids have."

"It's wanting to make the most of yourself," says Gary, snatching the thread back from his brother. "Bryan Ferry on Round Table the other day said our single was very uplifting, and he also said something we've been saying for ages about the greyness and all the music - to - commit - suicide - to that's around at the moment. It's so depressing. Why make yourself depressed? If you've got nothing to say, like all these bands are telling us we've got, then why make yourself feel even worse.

"All these people saying, You can't wear those clothes, they're ridiculous, *they* are just denying the imagination. It's saying because you come from a poor background you're not allowed to look good, or you've supposed to look like a certain thing. Why be depressed? Being young is about having a good time, looking good, going out at night, getting drunk, dancing, sex, everything!"

Martin has the last word: "They always write about it and say posers, right? The people that dress well are the posers, but they're having a *brilliant* time, they're having a party time, they don't mind getting down to it. They don't stand up at the bar, passing comment, they're too busy passing out! Those people who say poseurs are just voyeurs!"

OBVIOUSLY no one here feels obliged to be the spark that starts the Revolution, but then music has already reassured us that it won't change the world and the least it could do at this point is not make it any greyer.

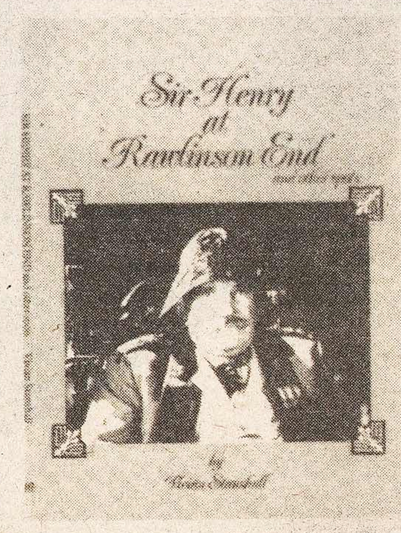
Spandau Ballet's music is white disco. Gary Kemp's favourite records are things like 'One Love' by Celi B And 'Pressure Sensitive' by Ronnie Laws. Their first album was produced by Richard Burgess, the drummer with the English jazz-funk group Landscape. If much of their music sounds at this point like the sort of thing Giorgio Moroder leaves on the shelf, it's actually better than you'd expect of a group with so much outright front.

At the moment, I can only echo Lenny Bruce: I like the clothes and the attitude. Spandau Ballet are a great soundtrack for the clothes. They won't be the first group to sell as many clothes as records. And when I asked a girl who'd been to all their parties how the one in Birmingham compared, her reply put the scene in focus.

"It's very different tonight," she said. "People are actually watching them. Usually they're too busy watching each other!"

Like Roxy Music before them, Spandau Ballet have come out of nowhere, fast. Right now, they're going somewhere even faster. What's more, they could seize the imagination of a lot of young kids who aren't all that interested in what the *NME* puts on its cover each week, because they're brash, loud, young and fun.

Clothes alone are very important. Without them we'd have nothing to take off.



From beneath his syrup-sploshed sou' wester, Sir Henry, brandy-baffled rhinoceros führer of Rawlinson End, glowered at his faceless curry. "This is inedible muck, and there's not enough of it."

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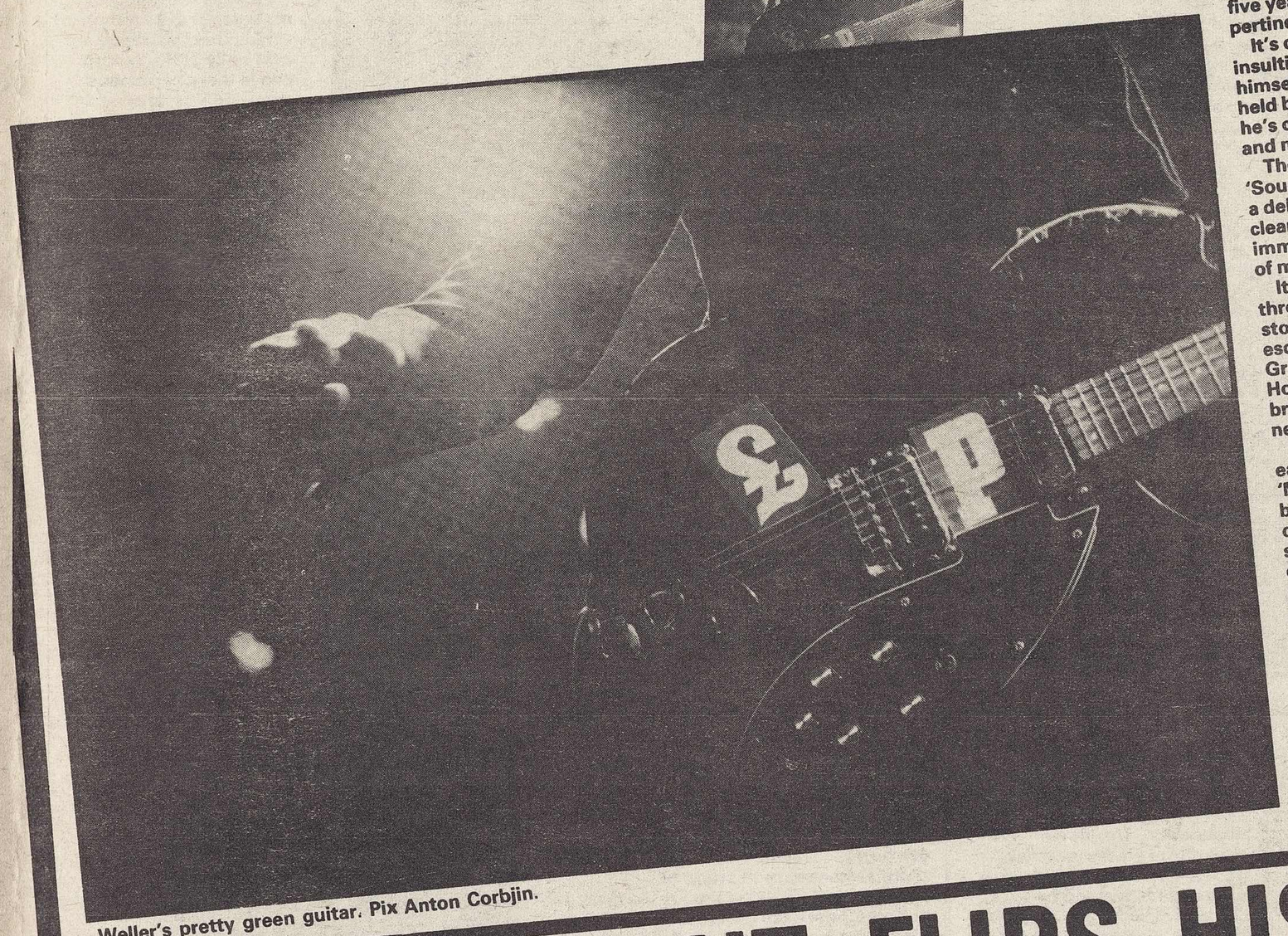


Weller's pretty green guitar. Pix Anton Corbjin.

The Jam

Hammersmith Odeon

THE STALLS have overflowed into a stagefront invasion and the balcony has never been closer to collapsing. It's the last night of The Jam tour and the climax of their three night stint at the Hammersmith Odeon; the set proves — as much by what they can afford to leave *out* as what they play — that in the last five years of Britrock The Jam have been its most consistently pertinent force.

It's come to the stage where the Who clones tag isn't just insulting, it's irrelevant because Paul Weller has moulded himself into a figure which towers over the positions formerly held by the likes of Pete Townshend and Ray Davies. If anything he's combined their mantles and extended the range of feeling and meaning of which they were once capable.

The set draws most of its material (and strength) from 'Sound Affects'. They open with 'Dream Time', which unwraps a delicious rush of cogent Jamsound with an impeccable, clearly stated drumbeat from Rick Buckler. Its theme strikes an immediate keynote — the paradoxical excitement/depression of modern life and times.

It's this particular element which is often a highlight throughout The Jam's performance. For instance, midset a storm rages after the desperate and frivolous notions of escapism expressed in 'Going Underground' and 'Pretty Green': 'Man In The Corner Shop' is savagely cynical; 'Set The House Ablaze' is undiluted frustration and anger; 'Private Hell' brings proceedings to a peak — a shattering drama of frazzled nerve-ends with the stage swimming in bloodred light.

The embarrassing and whimsical ballads which blighted earlier Jam albums have been replaced by the superlative 'Monday' and 'I'm Different Now'. The Jam are a great singles band, a patchy album band, but their live performance lays a set of aces on the table: the passion and forcefulness of their finest songs, 'Eton Rifles' and 'Down In The Tube Station'; the exuberance of Weller's playing, (he's one of the few people who can still make the guitar sound interesting); and the attractive song arrangements.

They succeed in their task and achieve well-deserved popularity because Weller's writing remains honest and individual. He has never tried to wear a cloak that didn't fit, and because of this he is more relevant to young people today than any other musician you care to name; a heavy burden but it takes someone as unpretentious and sensible as he is to carry it.

If The Undertones represent Modern Romance, Madness are New Age Vaudeville then The Jam are Modern Realists: a pyramid of professionalism, power and humility.

Gavin Martin

ADAM ANT FLIPS HIS WIGWAM

Adam And The Ants

Lyceum

IT BEING its usual Sunday night self, that is to say a morass of blubber and fluff, the Lyceum was the obvious place to stage this triumphant come-uppance. To the faithful who've stuck with this relentlessly slated group for three hard years this must have seemed like one great postponed event from 1977.

And triumphal it was. Playing for just over an hour, the Ants staged a spectacle that was little short of magnificent.

Aided by the savage stabs of Marco Perroni's guitar and Adam's ear-splitting cherokee squalls, the tribal drums of Merrick and Terry Lee Miall turned into a vast machine of war, a monstrous and irreversible assault on the audience. The madly gyrating mess of bodies at its feet was transformed into a panicking crowd. Even the breathtaking light show became a kind of warning system. Flee while you still can.

Antmusic for sexpeople? I fail to see what this has to do with sex. The Ants are neither very prepossessing physically nor do their lyrics have any manifest sexual content. This sound is the pure artillery of visual power. It is closer to heavy metal than to sex.

Rejecting out of hand the use of keyboards that is currently draining the blood of rock music in this country, the Ants restore the guitar to its rightful, all-powerful position. Perroni has completely changed this group, not only galvanising the sound into a weapon of titanic power, but also, through his almost avuncular presence on stage, giving Adam an added conviction in his performance.

But strangely, the latest material sounded the worst live. The real successes came with 'The Idea', 'Kick!', and 'Press Darlings'. Like the encore 'You're So Physical', these were stunning.

Having said this, Adam Ant still comes over a somewhat confused mongrel, and Antmusic a decidedly hybrid conflation of styles and ideals. One is touched by Adam's continual expressions of gratitude and affection to his "real" fans. It is charming to see this quasi-heroic rapport over the footlights. United we stand, and so forth.

And yet, Adam Ant is not a Jimmy Pursey. He is a boy who, while not possessing any of the obvious stigmata of stardom, has become the incarnation of an *idea* of stardom. As such, his act is pure theatre, not street gospel. In fact, in terms of purely personal charisma, he rates considerably lower than rhetoricians such as Pursey or Ian Page.

For a start, he has no real face — that is, it is too vaguely pretty, it admits of too many expressions — which is why he paints it. Second, he has no real body — it is too smooth and square and proportional — which is why he moves it in such an elaborately functional and mimetic way.

In other words, straight theatre — flamboyant vignettes from the mythology of entertainment itself — pirates, bandits, Indians.

But this does not satisfy Adam; he wants secretly to be a leader. As the song goes, *"You want a thrill so you come and see me/A cheap line in fantasy/But I'm still searching for the ants invasion."* This is the rhetoric of an Ian Page, of a boy displacing himself from the centre of the stage, taking egomania into another whole dimension by cathartic self-objectification.

"I see innocence/Shining through/It makes me proud of you" go the words of 'Dog Eat Dog'. It's just the whole "kids and I" trip in heavy drag. Theatre, by some strange conundrum, equals war dance equals kids.

But what are these ants, these sexpersons? Or, more to the point, where are they?

At the Lyceum, they all looked to me like anybody else. Perhaps they were all disguised as ordinary punks, just as Adam is an ordinary punk disguised as a messianic figurehead.

Barney Hoskyns

Adam Ant — Indian, bandit, or punk pirate? Pic Kevin Cummins.

Born / Mattos / Wachsmann / Wren

ICA

STUCK UP in the palm court atmosphere of the ICA Seminar Room and seated before a string quartet it was something of a chuckle to have the ears assailed by sounds that would've had chamber music lovers wincing at the sacrilegious employ of the catgut. It was the first time Marcio Mattos, Tony Wren (basses), Georgie Born (cello) and Phil Wachsmann (violin) had played as a group, but the almost instant empathy indicated that this was more than a fortune cookie match-up.

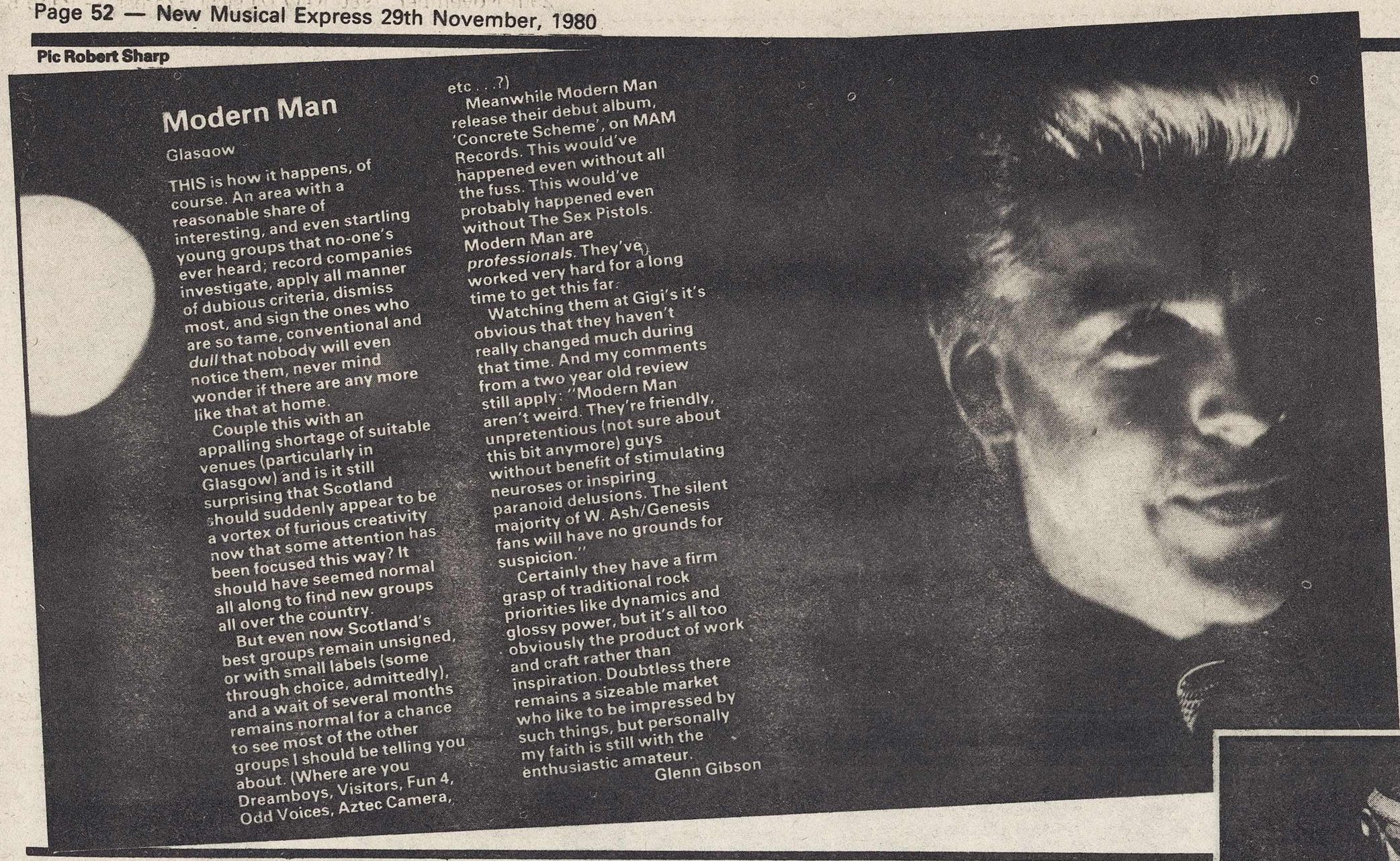
What emerged were improvisations characterised by textures: no solos or routine pyrotechnics. Cavernous swells of sound were developed and suddenly dismissed in favour of a flustered staccato passage or a misshapen tangle of melodic loose ends.

Sometimes selective listening would reveal a bedraggled tune, distant as a radio station through a fog of static, before it was swept away again. Was it really there? No one player dominated, though Wachsmann's waspish flamboyance and Born's beguiling, conversational approach struck many sparks.

It was bit like hearing the Conservatoire cracking apart at the seams. Never quite a hoedown, but enjoyably and provocatively irreverent.

Richard Cook

Pic Robert Sharp



Modern Man

Glasgow

THIS is how it happens, of course. An area with a reasonable share of interesting, and even startling young groups that no-one's ever heard; record companies investigate, apply all manner of dubious criteria, dismiss most, and sign the ones who are so tame, conventional and *dull* that nobody will even notice them, never mind wonder if there are any more like that at home.

Couple this with an appalling shortage of suitable venues (particularly in Glasgow) and is it still surprising that Scotland should suddenly appear to be a vortex of furious creativity now that some attention has been focused this way? It should have seemed normal all along to find new groups all over the country.

But even now Scotland's best groups remain unsigned, or with small labels (some through choice, admittedly), and a wait of several months remains normal for a chance to see most of the other groups I should be telling you about. (Where are you Dreamboys, Visitors, Fun 4, Odd Voices, Aztec Camera, etc . . .?)

Meanwhile Modern Man release their debut album, 'Concrete Scheme', on MAM Records. This would've happened even without all the fuss. This would've probably happened even without The Sex Pistols. Modern Man are *professionals*. They've worked very hard for a long time to get this far.

Watching them at Gigi's it's obvious that they haven't really changed much during that time. And my comments from a two year old review still apply: "Modern Man aren't weird. They're friendly, unpretentious (not sure about this bit anymore) guys without benefit of stimulating neuroses or inspiring paranoid delusions. The silent majority of W. Ash/Genesis fans will have no grounds for suspicion."

Certainly they have a firm grasp of traditional rock priorities like dynamics and glossy power, but it's all too obviously the product of work and craft rather than inspiration. Doubtless there remains a sizeable market who like to be impressed by such things, but personally my faith is still with the enthusiastic amateur.

Glenn Gibson

Weather Report

Hammersmith Odeon

WOULD it be churlish, do you think, to find fault with a concert that over 90% of the audience probably thought was the best they'd ever seen?

The ovation accorded Weather Report at the close of their mammoth two and three quarter hours performance was quite the most full-blooded roar of acclamation I've been party to, and in many ways they deserved it. They are, as Angus MacKinnon pointed out recently, the only "fusion" (or whatever euphemism you want to use) outfit of real sustained creative worth, and as such they've probably done more to bring something of "jazz" to a wider audience than anyone since Miles. And Friday's gig was indeed a blistering display of sheer technical ability, allied at times to a quite astonishing emotional subtlety. And yet . . .

. . . there were times when I was *bored*, just overwhelmed by bout after bout of breathless virtuosity, like being on a speeding train and never being too sure of your destination. The slower, more thoughtful pieces were few and far between, and the racy ensemble blows too heavy on the adrenalin for too much of the time. To use an athletic metaphor, there was too much Alan Wells and too little Seb Coe.

In large part this must be put down to Jaco Pastorius' bass style. I don't doubt that Pastorius is a bassist of almost limitless ability — that much is self-evident — it's just that he always sprints, never glides or floats. He never plays *within* himself, never uses one note when ten can be squeezed in. And there's a tendency to stoop to purely crowd-pleasing tactics at times, best exemplified in his otherwise fascinating solo spot, when he milks the audience with quotes from 'Purple Haze' and the like.

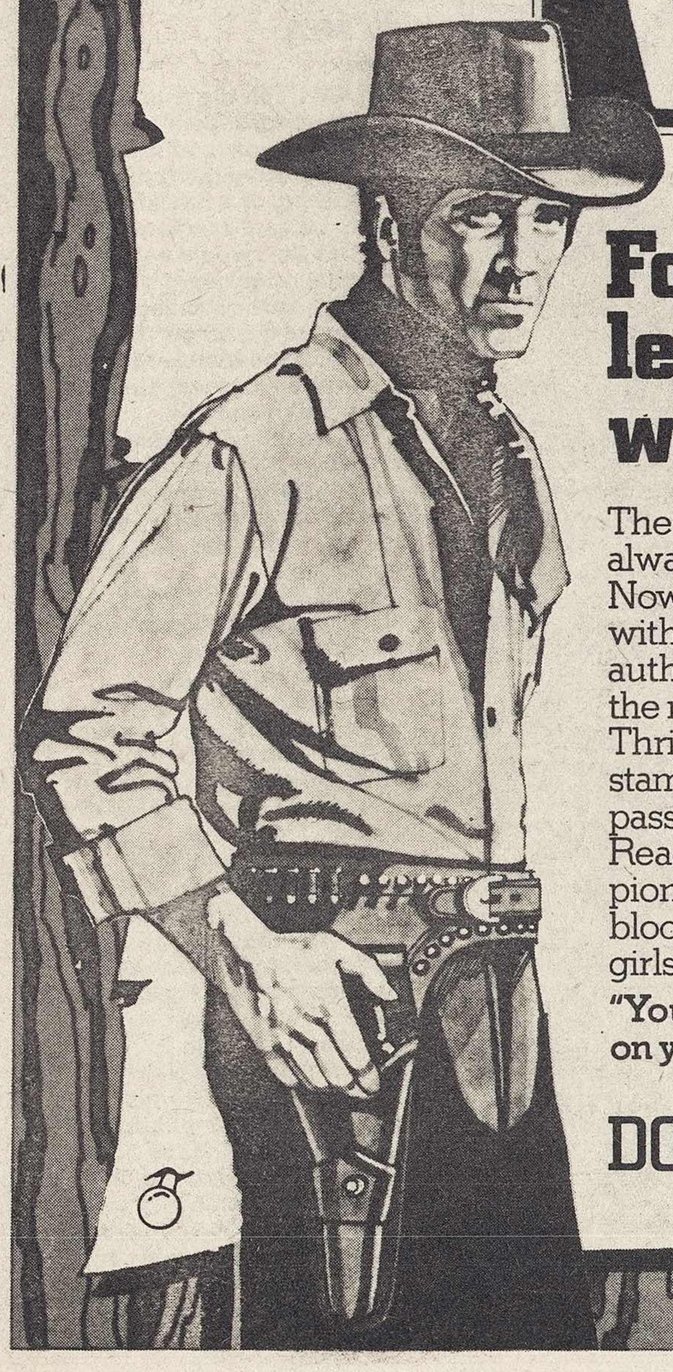
The Jimi Hendrix of the bass? Well, I'll admit that, for a bassist, he makes a great lead guitarist. But in terms of providing a bass framework, he's constantly guilty of tailoring his playing to fit his expertise, rather than the music in hand.

Perhaps the main reason for my patches of boredom was simply that Weather Report, especially at this length and in these cavernous surroundings, are not an inherently interesting visual spectacle. I've had doubts about the meaning of live gigs for some time now, and this one, an extreme example of the sit-down-and-pay-attention type, brought those doubts to the fore. Some say that it's "watching someone *create* music", which on the face of it seems about as interesting as listening to Francis Bacon paint. Music is simply *not* visual, and the *real* justification for performance ultimately comes down to paying homage to instrumental gods. And what kind of justification is *that*?

Weather Report seem to recognise this problem and try to alleviate the visual

Jaco Pastorius. Pic Anton Corbijn

WESTERN MAGAZINE



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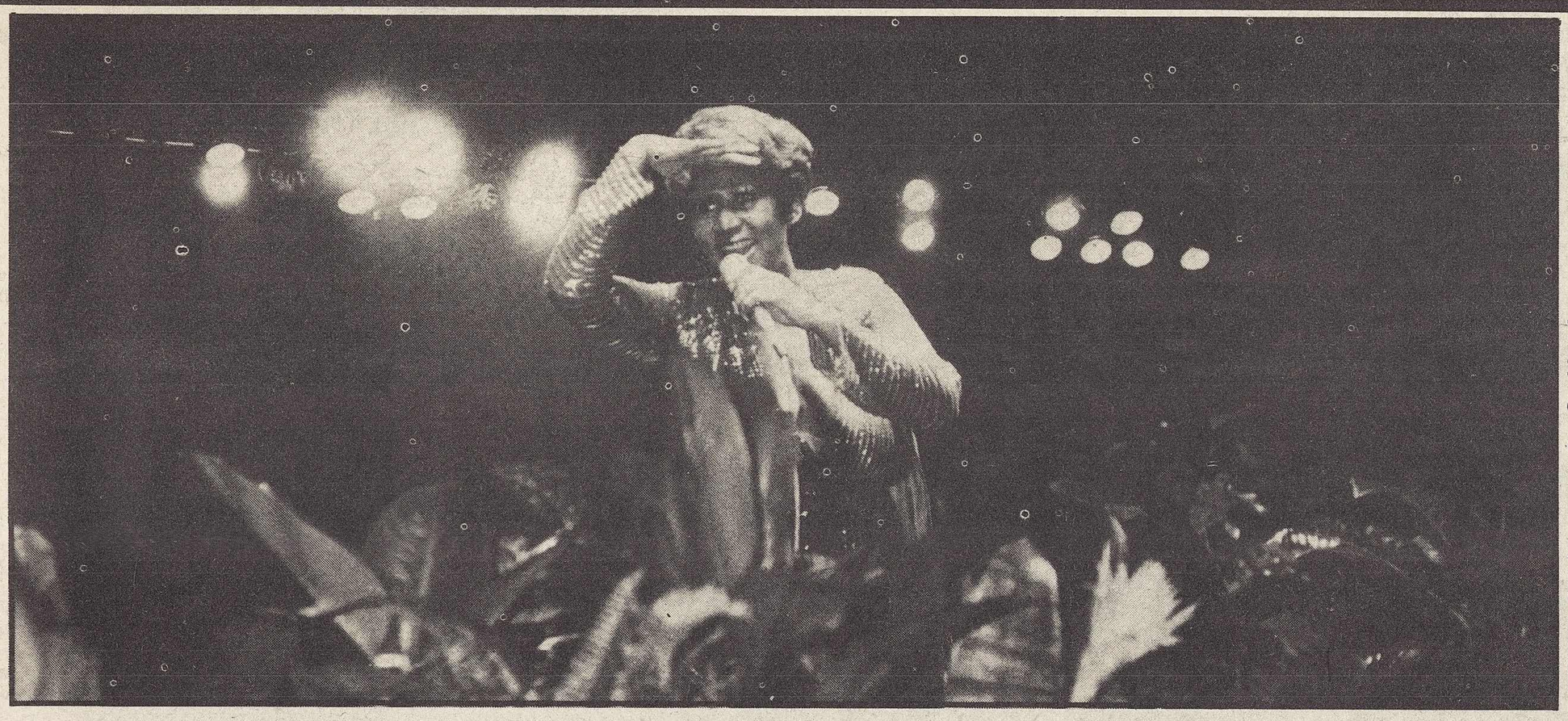

"Is that somebody clapping out there." Pic Peter Anderson.

A WREATH FOR ARETHA

tedium with the occasional use of lasers (perfunctory and ineffective) and a slide-sequence of old jazzers and their haunts (highly evocative and effective, leading as it does into 'Birdland'). It's a start, anyway.

But hell — maybe I *am* being churlish in the face of one of the year's best gigs. Certainly, as *music,* pure and simple (well, perhaps not *that* simple!) Friday's performance contained parts which were the equal of anything I've heard. Not *better,* you understand — this isn't a competition — but *equal,* music to take to the grave with you. That's saying quite a lot, I suppose.

Andy Gill

Aretha Franklin Light Of The World

Apollo Victoria

SENSATIONAL scenes at Victoria's Apollo last Wednesday night when a hard, gruelling contest for the title ended in a tie between heavyweight champ Soul and overweight challenger Showbiz, whose hammy tactics have infuriated aficionados for years.

Biz began with a flurry, dancing into the ring in a glittery purple trouser-suit that looked like a Gary Glitter cast-off and launching into a vicious frontal assault with a ritzy version of 'Anything Goes' that had the fans reeling in horror. But Soul hit back with a stomping 'Respect' that recalled former glories ... and from then on it was all toe-to-toe stuff as Aretha fought the band, the trappings, her own duff jokes.

Then just when you thought that magnificent voice had pulled her through and Soul had edged ahead on points, the Biz burst back with a spectacular last-round recovery on the theme from *The Greatest* that had Soul reeling in such bad shape the fans were calling for the fight to be stopped ...

But, really, for Aretha Franklin's first visit to Britain in 12 years — and only her second ever — I'd hoped for better than a cabaret band of British session musicians and silly showbiz games like her stalking offstage after 20 minutes and returning to chide a stunned audience for not applauding her exit and generally give the impression she was doing us a *favour* by coming back to continue the set. At £10 a ticket,we were doing her the favour and at these prices, it's nowonder so many seats were empty.

On top of this, the sound was badly mixed, a loud hum from the bass spoiled all the quieter moments and the band was so bad that — well, the conga player had to read his sheet music to find when to tap his tambourine. They sounded like they looked — a bunch of ageing penguins.

With anyone else, it would have been no-contest but Aretha Franklin *is* the greatest soul singer in the world and her singing was the one area of the show where she didn't stint or mess around. Her range, her power, her timing were stupendous — those sudden electrifying screams that can *atomise* your spine, the deep, growling blues, the effortless strength of the ballads. Her voice is still impeccable.

Few complaints too about the repertoire: 'Respect', 'Angel', an oldies medley that took in 'Seesaw', 'You Send Me', 'Chain Of Fools' and 'Ain't No Way', a great gospelly session at the piano testifyin' through 'Think', 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' and a superb bluesy 'Dr. Feelgood' before a thundering climax with Otis' 'Can't Turn You Loose' — surprisingly the only track she did from her excellent new album — which had people on their feet and dancing in the aisles.

Then, disaster!

First we had a drooling MC shuffling around the stage like a pensioned-off Redcoat, intoning 'Mizzzzz Areeeeetha Fran'lin, ladizzze an' gennelmun''; and then that dreadful encore as the evening closed on a dose of tack so over-the-top it almost knocked all the good times out for the count. Sadly, reports from the Tuesday and Thursday night shows suggest their good times were non-existent. Not only did Aretha restrict her set to a mere 40 minutes, she also left out highlights like 'Dr Feelgood' and the oldies medley for more showbiz tack like a batch of impersonations.

All in all, barring a drastic improvement at the end of the week, it seems like Aretha Franklin's second visit to England was little short of a total debacle.

Opening the show were Light Of The World, a band supposedly in the forefront of the new Brit funk thing. Huh! Slick and arrogant, yeah, but *new?* They rehashed every hoary old chapter in the funk bible, were patently unsoulful and colossally dull.

A few weeks back, before he became so enthusiastic about this stuff, Danny Baker wrote, "All those jokers who talk about 'funk' music in the same breath as The Gap Band should be made to listen to 'Damaged Goods' (by Gang Of Four) until their rotten roller-skates can no longer be MoT'd". This fits Light Of The World exactly — if they have to cop all their licks from records, they could at least listen to some new ones.

Danny may well be right in asserting that most rock music today is "tuneless, worthless, gutless" (strange he included Gang Of Four here, though) but on the night Light Of The World offered nothing new and nothing better.

So where do we go from here?

Graham Lock

Whistle and Pop.

WHISTLE:
Can't stand losing you – THE POLICE
Down in the park – TUBEWAY ARMY
Across the river – WILLIE NILE
Cosmic surfin' – YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
Chelsea girl – SIMPLE MINDS
Ice bells – 2ND VISION
Eat to the beat – BLONDIE
Shape I'm in – JO JO ZEF AND THE FALCONS
Sonja Henie – LANDSCAPE
Missing words – THE SELECTER
Some get away – ALDA RESERVE
Please don't ask – GENESIS
Beasley Street – JOHN COOPER CLARKE

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ALBUM: BELP016 CASSETTE: ZCF016

POP:
My girl – MADNESS
Someone's looking at you – THE BOOMTOWN RATS
Kool in the kaftan – B A ROBERTSON
Turn it on again – GENESIS
You'll always find me in the kitchen at parties – JONA LEWIE
Brass in pocket – THE PRETENDERS
Midnite Dynamos – MATCHBOX
Too much too young – THE SPECIALS
Over you – ROXY MUSIC
My oh my – SAD CAFE
Mirror in the bathroom – THE BEAT
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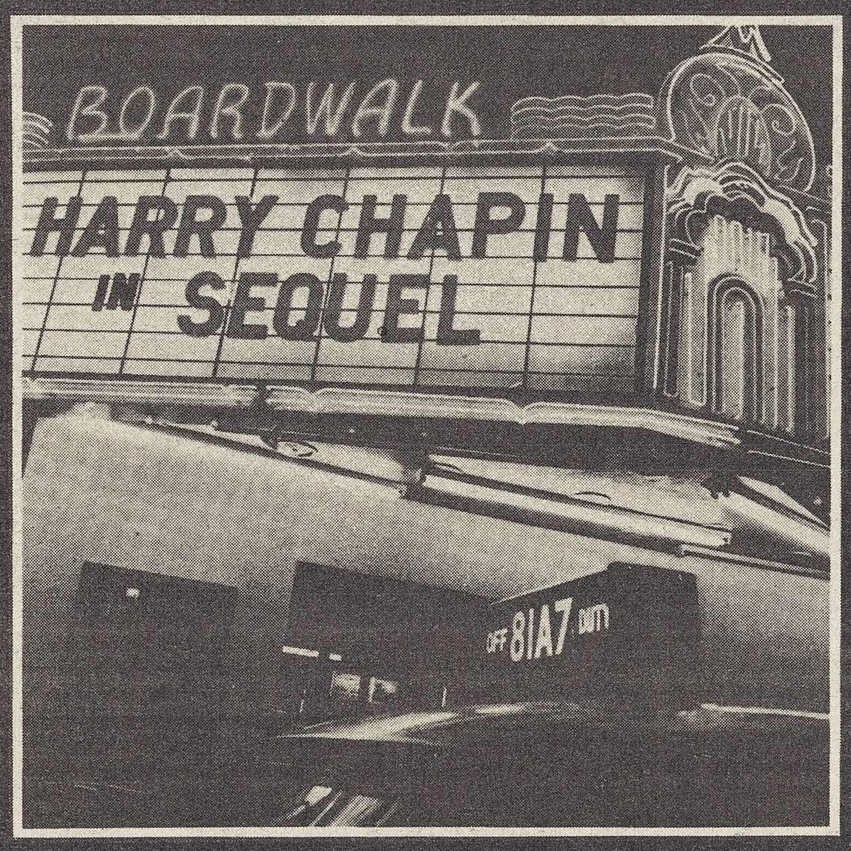

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MORE LIVE!

Richard & Linda Thompson

The Venue

IT WAS a quietly appreciative crowd that filled The Venue for the return of Richard and Linda Thompson, rather than any boisterous crew of folk club hearties. Another prejudice bites the dust.

While the Thompsons proceed steadily through a repertoire of carefully prepared material, performed with measured perfection, quiet satisfaction was in the air. Give or take a few haw-hawing regulars, the audience watched and stroked its beard thoughtfully, or toyed with the toggles of its duffle-coat.

Backed by a band which featured some old cronies from the British folk circuit — Dave Mattacks on drums, Simon Nicol on guitar, Pete Zorn on bass, John Kirkpatrick on accordion and Sue Harris playing keyboards and oboe — the Thompsons were nevertheless determined to avoid wallowing in the heritage which their long and (I'm told) distinguished career must afford them. As if to test the patience of all nostalgics in the place, old favourites were kept to the barest minimum, so leaving plenty of room for material from the LP they're now completing with producer Gerry Rafferty.

Indeed the first three numbers, none of them introduced by name, were all unknown, and revealed at the outset that the duo's present direction is an avowedly rock'n'roll one, almost consistently heavy and hard and electric. The third song in particular demonstrated Richard's original affinity for the electric guitar by building itself around the thinly-disguised edifice of Link Wray's 'Rumble'.

And at no stage in the evening did anyone sing with hands over their ears, pegs over their noses, or woolly pullovers over everything else.

'Sisters', from the last album, saw Linda taking over the front spot, as she was to do often throughout the night. Although neither she nor her husband ever came across as exceptionally emotive vocalists, the slow and stirring qualities of songs like Sandy Denny's 'I'm A Dreamer' ensured that her performances were always more than merely pretty.

As for Richard, his manner was friendly but reserved; the mumbled, half-hearted quips suggested a man not at all at ease between numbers. It might be worth mentioning that he seems a long way from being the fundamentalist zealot he's appeared to be in the interviews given since his conversion to Islam.

In fact, matters of religious belief were never explicitly touched upon, and definitely no hostages were seized.

Essentially, the evening was one of those private affairs, an occasion for Thompson devotees-only that had the atmosphere of a reunion. As a total outsider, therefore, I found little of interest. The folk elements in the Thompsons' music mean next to nothing to me, whilst the excursions into mainstream rock sounded stiff and dull. I could have done with a good book to read.

Things did brighten up with the two throwaway encores, old teen hits 'Price Of Love' and 'Lipstick On Your Collar' — choice which came as obvious disappointments to those who thought at last they were going to 'See The Bright Lights Tonight' or whatever.

Paul Du Noyer

Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson

Royal Festival Hall

THE STARK stage contains just one small drum kit, a stand-up bass and a gleaming black grand piano. The shining central instrument seems to reflect the majesty of the event as it stands impressive and tuned, waiting for the arrival of one of the great modern singers.

The lady walks on stage clutching a handkerchief; tonight she's going to sweat just a little for her art. The piano tinkles out a touching welcome and the audience responds rapturously: Ella Fitzgerald is back in town and this young scribe already feels humble just to be there.

The evening had begun with the same very beautiful simplicity, as the Oscar Peterson Trio walked on to fill the three spaces. From the first note played the quality and purity of the sound was obvious, its low tech simplicity very different in nature from rock music's wall of sound. Crisp piano notes and every piece of fine brushwork came across precisely and sharply, and even the tapping of a solitary Canadian toe had the clarity of a fourth instrument. The overall effect was of power without noise — which creates a huge impression upon ears more conditioned to rape than seduction.

From the off, Peterson's playing was unbelievably dextrous, yet after a while he seemed to be indulging in technique for its own sake. His right hand wandered over the keyboard at an awesome but pointless speed, managing even to obscure the beauty of Coltrane's marvellous 'Lush Life'.

When his short set closed the encore was warranted, yet a little perfunctory as everybody knows that the end of Mr Peterson's set meant the 'Queen Of Scat' was soon to appear.

Ella Fitzgerald is quite simply the last of the great jazz singers, and the whole audience knows this could be the last chance to see a performer who now carries the weight of an era upon her ageing shoulders.

The atmosphere before she appears is a mixture of expectation and doubt. The thought of Ella Fitzgerald doing a Muhammed Ali is too painful to contemplate. A love for the likes of Duke Ellington, Billie Holliday and Miss Fitzgerald is like a romantic attachment to style and beauty, and the thought of an old lover embarrassing herself on stage causes a momentary shudder: a manifestation of the hope that she will sing 'These Foolish Things', and simultaneously the worry she could sing it very badly.

When she is onstage and performing, all doubts disappear beneath her sheer charisma. From an early 'Ain't Misbehavin' onwards it is obvious that although she has difficulty reaching the occasional high notes the always stunning and unique phrasing remains joyously intact; as the voice grows old so the technique grows even better and the style continues to ooze.

Her potential repertoire is so vast that during the many improvised passages she is able to throw away lines from songs far greater than most contemporary musicians will ever perform. The one great sadness is that by the time the all too short set ends and, despite willing every new number to be 'These Foolish Things', none of them is. The highlight turns out to be Ellington's 'I'm Beginning To See The Light' during which she combines her famous scatting with the most delicate crooning.

The band swings, the Lady sings, and the love affair goes on.

Robert Elms

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS : LAUGHTER

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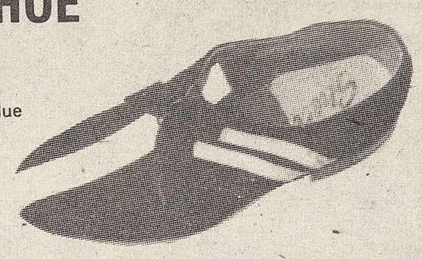

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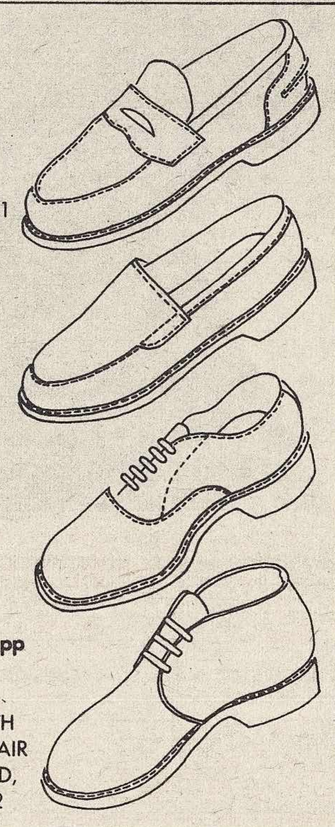

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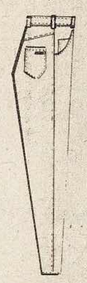

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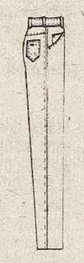

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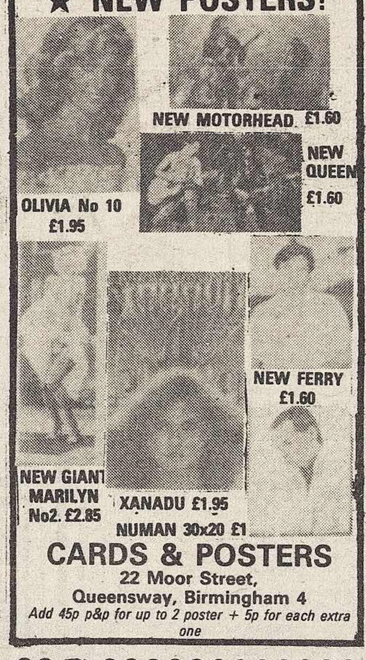

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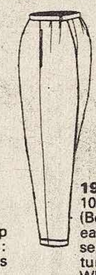

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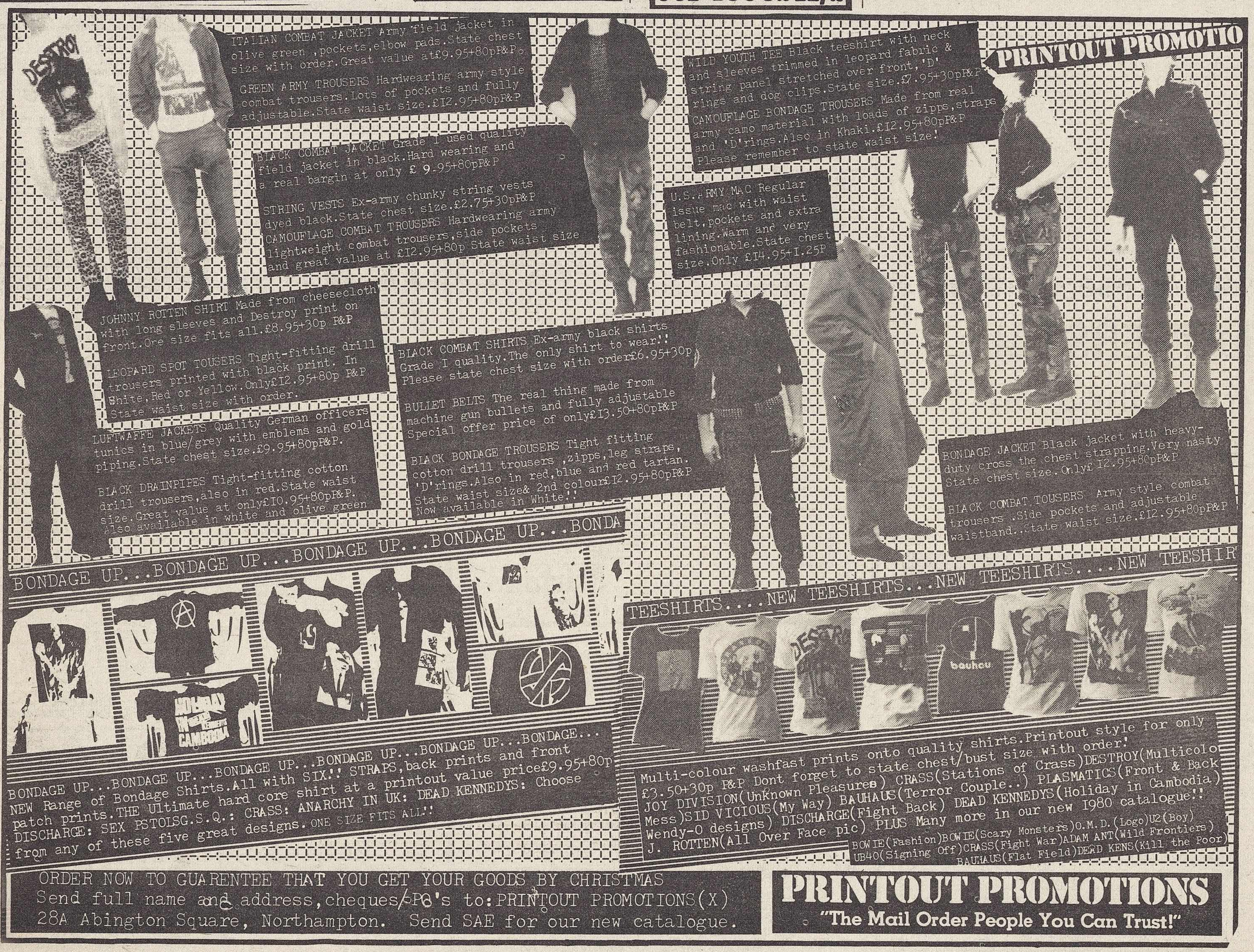

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Cabaret Voltaire

From page 17

being non-musicians making coherent statements through sound?

"I hope so. We seem to inspire people to go out and do things for themselves. We get a lot of tapes from people, some are appalling, some are good.

"Geoff Travis at Rough Trade says that each week they get tapes of 10 or 12 Falls, and 10 or 12 Cabaret Voltaires. That'll never work though, because whatever it is we do, good or bad, it is Cabaret Voltaire, and that can never be equalled."

After a first single on Rough Trade, they played one of the four opening shows at Manchester's The Factory. The Peter Saville designed black and white poster for their October 20th 1978 performance with Joy Division and The Tiller Boys (Eric Random and, on that day, Peter Shelley) is Fac I. From this they appeared on Fac 2 — The Factory Sampler — with two flawed, fluid pieces, 'Baader-Meinhof' and 'Sex In Secret'.

"It would have been nice in some ways to have stayed with Factory. We didn't know what we were going to do at that time. We wanted to do an album though and Rough Trade asked us. It's quite popular to knock Rough Trade at the moment, but basically I don't think we'd be better off with anybody else. The people within the organisation are certainly okay, and we're able to do things with other people — we're doing a single for Benelux in Belgium, and a tape for Industrial."

CABARET Voltaire make their music unlike anyone else. They don't fuss over it. They layer and construct, striving to re-capture a primitive language that cuts through to the heart of matters. They tell stories that have no middle, no end and odd beginnings. The moving and discomforting 'The Voice Of America' proved that Cabaret Voltaire are much more than elitist doodlers. They are saying something to us. Something that is different and deranged.

It doesn't fit in for most people. It's the way they're brought up. It's who brings them up. Cabaret Voltaire are out to clarify, not confuse. The Voltaire process is like keeping a diary. Their records are thoughts, essays, jottings, expressions of feeling, transmissions of understanding. It's product and it's not product.

'The Voice Of America' is a challenging, struggling, fascinating development upon the musics of The Velvet Underground and Faust, a radical hybrid of pop economy and avant-garde freedom. Cabaret Voltaire have matured their sound so that it is one of the most unsettling and effective distortions of pop music: that is parody and paean, violent and vivid.

Kirk: "I should hope we reflect what's going on around us. In a way we're like journalists, we're taking things in and reporting in different ways . . . this is going on, what are you going to do about it?"

Mallinder: "I don't think we shun away from anything. We don't shun away from politics, from sex, from anything, but we don't try and put our views forward in an overbearing way. We comment, let people make their own minds up, and I think that is more realistic than most things."

What themes are there running through 'The Voice Of America?'

Kirk: "Oppression, control, the general state of what's happening in a lot of western countries. It's always been happening, it's happening in Britain right now, especially under this government."

Watson: "I think the main theme running through 'America' is control used as a weapon, and, if you like, it's a question of bringing thoughts like that into people's minds. The idea that you are under so much control, that is ignored to a large extent."

You think it's important that you make these comments, drop these hints?

Watson: "I think it's part of our job actually, going back to that rock'n'roll thing. We've got the facilities through this recording studio, and we've got the access to distribution . .."

Mallinder: "People seem to think that music that contains the themes we're dealing with is self-indulgent, but I think it's far more indulgent to sing about your girl friends . . ."

You readily associate yourselves with 'rock' — some would imagine that you would want to associate with the 'avant-garde.'

Kirk: "When we started we had a load of tape recorders and we could have gone two ways. We would have gone the Philip Glass way, like you say, the intellectual theorising way, but we chose to buy electric guitars as well."

Mallinder: "If we had tried to go the Glass/Stockhausen way, that would have been really pretentious. The thing is, we've grown up on Tamla, ska, James Brown, pop music, you name it, and really all that is the basis of what we do even though we try and break it up a lot. It's just that we don't want to listen to that music and regurgitate it straightforwardly."

Watson: "That's not to say that people like John Cage and Maurice Kagel haven't had interesting ideas, but it's the ideas that are interesting, not the music."

But you wouldn't admit to any intellectualisation?

Kirk: "Well, yes and no. There are certain levels . . . I wouldn't like people to think that all we do is sit around and theorise, because that's not true".

Mallinder: "You learn all the time and you educate yourself. Any avant-garde music we've picked up on is a secondary thing, and we realised the parallels between them and us, but it hasn't been a conscious decision where our music is supposed to parallel that. We've only realised it in retrospect, and in retrospect we've come to appreciate people like Cage."

And that appreciation has enabled you to break up the pop noise in interesting ways?

Mallinder: "You realise that music isn't simply making noises on guitars and drums and whatever. It's a reflection of a hell of a lot of your environment, social conditions, economic structures, and although I don't think we put too much of an emphasis on that in our music, you realise how much music is a reflection of the times you live in. You can't take the music away as a little entity, a little satellite, it relates very much to politics, to social strata, and everything. You can say music's wonderful, but it's not *just* wonderful. It relates to everything that's happening. I think our music appeals on different levels and in different circumstances. I don't think music should solely satisfy one feeling, one emotion, I don't think you can listen to it and react in a certain, set way. There should be a whole cross section of people who can listen to it."

CATCH a train back to the wonderland. Cabaret Voltaire's industry seems a million miles away. They get on with their job. "When you consider how much money is ploughed into the industry, and how much is spent conditioning people if you like, then there's no way that we're going to alter that ourselves. I think you've got to accept that. Maybe we've lost. There's no way we're going to break all that, but at least we feel we've knocked a dent into it. I think we've helped. It's not just our responsibility though. It's up to everybody who's interested."

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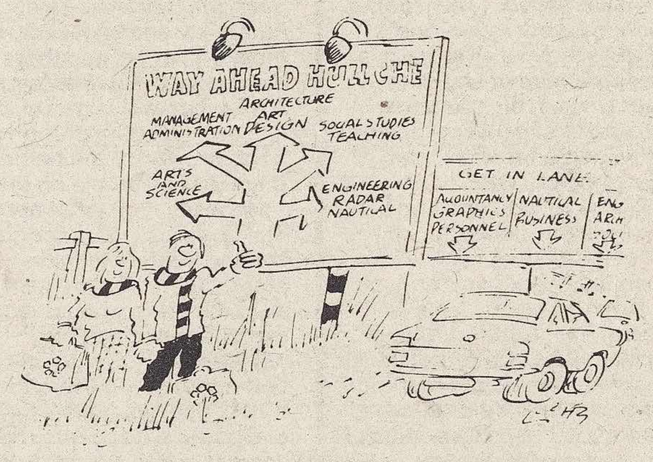

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WHAT about the Lassie revival then?
Rin Tin Tin, New Barnet.
I give in, what about it? — PDN.

Which part of Ireland do The Dubliners come from?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
I dunno. Try Information City. — PDN.

If CSM quit journalism and began making counterfeit money in his garage, would it be known as the 'Murray Mint'?
Max Miller, New Barnet.

David Essex once bought himself a farm in Essex. Wouldn't it be good if Queen's singer went and lived on Mercury?
John Barnet, New Connolly.
I've got a sinking feeling it's going to be one of those weeks. — PDN.

Guess which soccer manager reads your rag the most? Lawrie McNME. Ha Ha.
Jimmy Hill, New Barnet.
Oh God. It *is* one of those weeks. — PDN.

Why are there so many Pauls on your staff, and why did I send in this pointless letter?
Agatha Christie's Butler, New Barnet.
I resign. — PDN.

"We've kept our heads in the last four years while everybody around us has been losing theirs . . . the only *real* rock paper . . . you know it makes sense." The trouble with my, your, everyone's *NME* is that we all know it is streets ahead of any other rock weekly, be it *Sounds, Melody Maker, Record Mirror* or what. So far ahead that it can get away with anything it chooses to, and you and I, the readers will always buy it. Sooner the drivel you know than the drivel you don't, eh?

Now, however, *NME is* becoming so self-indulgent that at times you forget which rock weekly you are reading. Okay, so Julie Burchill does make you "re-assess cultural choices you've already made," Paul Morley is perhaps the world's most (and only) honest rock critic, Ian Penman even succeeds in annoying everyone (he tries so hard). I could go on. Everyone on the *NME* has a function, a useful function. I like to read about films, television, politics and sport. *NME* pushes itself towards being the ideal paper for the young, conscious person-about-town, and the only music paper worth buying.

Just recently, however, it has become obvious that it is not merely we, the humble readers, who need to re-assess our preconceived ideas. The *NME* needs someone to shock it; to tell it that it's starting to get petty and not a little narrow. *NME* is beginning to get very complacent.

NME writers have lost their respect; for themselves, for others. And I'm losing my respect for them. We used to expect you to express your own, distinctive characters, your own opinions. We enjoyed the variety. But we thought you were above spitting at other people's opinions merely and only because they did not coincide with yours.

I write this letter in sadness, not anger. I've bought *NME* for five years and will probably continue to do so for another five. I expect you'll have an answer, I hope you'll have an answer. Please, for a minute stop examining others and look at yourselves, bitchy as you stand. Then make *NME the* rock weekly again, not just the best of a bad lot.
Disillusioned, Sussex.

Reader J. Devrell accuses *NME* of "bigoted egotism" as if it was some sort of crime! Personally I find rock *journalism* much more entertaining than rock *music* nowadays. Honest. Look, for the price of 30 seconds of music (or one guitar solo) you can enjoy bigoted egotism by the likes of Penman, Gill, Burchill, Baker and this new geezer Albrecht.

If you want responsible, boring egotism I suggest you buy the *Gurardian.* Sweet dreams!
James Gunn, N London

I haven't got a lot to say, only this: Julie Burchill and the rest of you are stuck up middle class twats who strongly feel the need to be social dropouts . . . and as I'm a social dropout who strongly feels the need to be a stuck up middle class twat, perhaps we should talk and give each other a few tips.
An unemployed, undernourished, undermentioned Dropout, Tyne and Wear.

Re Julie Burchill: Up here in Lancashire, we call "adopting an extreme posture from which to question other people's attitudes" being bloody awkward just for the sake of it!
The Ayatollah Ska-face, Southport.

I'm getting really browned off. I've been buying *NME* for around a year now and in all that time, probably due to the mod revival, the increase of soul groups, ultra nerve-deadening white reggae groups and the ever-present threat of punk, there hasn't been a single article on any of the brilliant old '70s rock bands, eg, Black Sabbath, Rainbow, Deep Purple etc and especially the most brilliant group there will ever be, namely Led Zeppelin. A member of this group, the late great drummer John Bonham, had to die before there was an article on them.

Honestly, you write about The Specials (stupid name) and the idiotic Madness all the bloody time. They're just skinheaded morons preying on the dead minds of teenagers who've got nothing better to do than listen to trash. Also, you waste time and paper writing about the years to come, eg, 1984. What is this, a political paper or a rock paper? Who wants to know about 1984? We might not be here anyhow. Live for today, that's what I reckon. Also, concerning Julie Burchill slagging off all the bands she does, well I'd just like to say good luck to her. All those bands are absolute rubbish — I mean The Jam, The Clash etc. The only place their records are fit for is in the dustbin. Open your eyes and ears to the the greatest music in the world — heavy rock!
Guy & Co, London SE17.
Ah, they don't write 'em like that anymore. — PDN

Dear Reg Smeeton, Shaka united the Zulu, not the Xhosa. And Xhosa is pronounced with one of the famed 'clicks' on the 'X', like 'tch'. And one day I'm going to make a film about Shaka.
Ian, 12 Windlesham Rd, Shoreham, Sussex.

I've been planning to write a whitty *(sic)* letter to *NME* for ages. Instead I'm gonna have a good ol' fashioned moan. Why do the DJs at gigs play their records so bloody loud? To talk you have to shove your mouth into your conversee's ear to be heard. This is great if you want to whisper sweat *(sic)* nothings to your loved one, but it's not so hot when it's a six foot BM skin who's just dropped his fag in your larger *(sic)* and lime.
Dichloro J Benzine, Ugley, Essex.
Matching deaf aid and dictionary winner. — PDN

I, for one, will be glad when this year comes to an end. Musically 1980 has been dull and uninspiring, rather like watching a repeated TV commercial or listening to Status Quo's greatest hits. Johnny Rotten has lost all credibility in my eyes. His music lacks commitment and excitement, and it's

This week's wonder worker: PAUL DU NOYER

depressing seeing him make pathetic efforts at promoting such a dreadful band as 4" Be 2". We seem to be left with an abundance of poseurs and a deficit of musicians. Is there no future for the music of the '80s? Hope must lie in the hands/guitars of Orange Juice, The Au Pairs, and The Teardrop Explodes. They have made this year bearable, and it'll be these bands who'll dominate the early part of the decade. Of course you'll disagree. My answer is that by this time next year there won't be any doubters. There'll just be faithful believers.
Paul Wright, Beckenham, Kent.
Well I *do* agree with your nominations, but as the Rotten fellow himself used to point out, if times are bad then there's more for the rest of us to do than wait passively for the moment we can turn into "faithful believers" all over again. — PDN.

Your Danny Baker really has to be congratulated on his *Funkin' For Brittanica* piece. I've never been near the Royalty in Southgate, or Canvey Island, but it's heartening just to feel the joy in his writing. This is the stuff we need more of. It doesn't offend me that he reckons my records are for intellectual wanking — I know the joy they give me. Once again, then — GOOD ONE DANNY! Yours with motion.
Unthinking Type, Rugby, E Midlands.

Week in week out — Joy Division, Cockney Rejects, mod, NWOBHM and all that shit, but still without a complaint I carried on buying your intellectual crap. Suddenly last Thursday on my way to work I picked up *NME* to see the headline 'Brit-Funk'.

It can't be, I thought. Surely it's a soul pisstake again. Slowly I turned to the middle pages and, would you believe it, after all these years of *Sounds* and *NME* talking their middle/upper class arty farty crap, it's a decent article on the music thousands of young kids all over Britain are into. Danny Baker is to be congratulated on a very fair piece of journalism that was written so people could understand it. Let's have more information on the soul/funk scene. Honestly, we ain't all posers and morons.
Pat D, John L, Dave D, Chelsea FC Funkateers, W London.

Hi there everyone! I'm in South Africa at the moment and much to my delight they've banned punk from all the radio stations and record shops. HM enjoys total supremacy. So book your flight now for this unbeatable offer — but this offer is not open to those of you with dark skins as the government are a bit funny about it.
Trevor Rabin, Johannesburg.
Careful Trev, you'll be giving our own overseers ideas. — PDN

Did you know we get our *NMEs* four months late here in Australia? Remember the one with Brian Eno's 'Visions Of Africa'? Well I do — I bought it on October 24! And now I'm going to have to wait four months to find out you don't publish letters from Australia.
Rod Rocker I (Napalm's lead vocalist).
April Fool. — PDN

I am, or have been, a 40-year-old Irish gay punk rocker who has been forced out of his tight tartan bondage strides by pure aggression. This has come from a lot of corners of society. Even my dog has been murdered. The police laughed when they beat me. Utter monsters. I know this is an odd day and age we live in and it's getting odder every day. All I've got left is the tuinol in my veins, the nitrate in the air, and 14 pence in my pocket. But who cares? I don't anymore. No-one else ever did.
Garry 'Ollie' Donnelly, Stoke Newington.
Deeply moving. What can we say? — PDN.

'A *Big Time* hater and a Kate Bush admirer', huh? That doesn't say a lot for your sanity to begin with, does it? Listen, whoever you are, lay off my favourite lady SHEENA EASTON. Nasty little letters like yours make me mad as hell. Just because a lady is beautiful and talented, that doesn't mean that jerks like you can insult them. And let me tell you something else, dippo: just because SHEENA sang 'Modern Girl' and 'One Man Woman', it doesn't mean she has to live out the parts of the characters in the lyrics. They're just excellent songs, so enjoy them, don't pick fault.

Take my advice, leave SHEENA alone. That goes for the rest of you out there as well.

SHEENA EASTON's true number one fan, Michael Slater, Newport, Gwent.
Gulp. Sounds like we've been warned. I wish you wouldn't shout every time you say Sheena though. — PDN.

Since 1971 when my first composition was printed in your illustrious rag, I have had other brilliant pieces printed but always under an assumed title due to my extreme shyness. I think that because of my undoubted loyalty to your cause I should be granted my last dying wish to have a letter printed under my own appellation.
Sorry. Its's illegible. Byeee! — PDN.

T-ZERS GOES VIDEO CRAZY

HO-KAY BAMBINOS! This is an *NME* health warning: the following column should be considered as pure confectionery. It contains absolutely nothing except low-level showbiz gossip and a few cheap shots at various people in the entertainment racket. It is not remotely nutritious. Please take it out of your mouth between puffs and leave a very long stub. Do not use while driving or operating heavy machinery. Oh, the giddy whirl: fashion and fun, an antidote to these bleak times in which we live! . . .

Hit it! Epicene but urbane TV personality **Russell Harty** was at the centre of not one but two separate rock/TV non-events last week when he encountered **Grace Jones** and **Rod Stewart** on two successive shows within three days of one another. The divinely assertive Grace succumbed to a fit of pique when Mr Harty had the temerity to turn his back on her in order to speak to one of his other guests, so she hauled off and smacked him several. She subsequently denied being under the influence of uncoolohol though the more esotoric stimulants were not publicly discussed. To be fair, she was asked some terminally silly questions. Stewart, on the other hand, presented the most dismal spectacle imaginable, and Harty redeemed himself by going out of his way to make this obvious . . .

Casting against type: in a forthcoming **May Zetterling** film, **Joni Mitchell** plays a black man at a costume ball. Grace Jones was not auditioned: blatant racism . . .

It's wonderful to have lots and lots of money: shy, retiring farmer **John Lennon** and his more creative half **Yoko Ono** once stayed for four months at a simple little hostelry which charged them a mere £750 a night. This information courtesy of legendary supergrass **Elton John,** who also revealed that the Lennons' pad includes a special refrigerated room wherein Yoko stashes her furs *(Friends Of The Earth* special, that one). Lennon also stated in a recent interview that "the world is stupid enough as it is. If the young were running it, it would be really dumb." Thank **Christ** for grownups like **Thatcher** and **Reagan** — right, JL? . . .

BELOW: Ahoy me hearties, pirates on wheels at Bow Wow Wow's second roller disco gig. What they're doing letting in the guy on the right dressed like that we don't know.

And while we're counting our blessings thank the assorted mods and skins who had the bottle fight down Hammersmith tube after the **Jam** gig on Wednesday. After the British Movement/Anti-Nazi League tag match at the weekend, it's nice to know that British youth are still capable of keeping politics out of violence. **Suggs, Bette Bright** and **Clive Langer** attended the gig but skipped the rumble, as did *NME's* person on the spot, who upheld the finest traditions of the paper by scarpering with remarkable alacrity . . .

This week's most esoteric item: There's a quid in it to the first reader to provide a satisfactory explanation to *The Citizen's* Toblerone reference . . .

BACK IN the USA, **The Dead Kennedys** are embarking on a series of Rock Against Reagan gigs, while **Danny Kustow** and **Glen Matlock's Spectres** are currently being advertised around New York City as 'from San Francisco'. Are we twigging something here? Meanwhile, **The 4 Skins** may be interested to know that a New York band of the same name has been gigging for quite a while and even have some vinyl on the racks . . .

SOS: **Cure** guitarist **Robert Smith** would be grateful for the return of the items that were in a jacket of his which did a runner — aided by person or persons unknown — from Bradford City Hall last week. Sufferers from terminal conscience pangs can assuage same by contacting Robert at Fiction Records, 165-167 Pie Road, Willesden NW10 . . .

Iconophiles take heart: *Sting* has decided on his next movie project. After turning down everything from the villain's role in the next **James Bond** to the **Stan Laurel** role in a **John Landis** remake of *The Dancing Masters (Watch it — Ed),* our fabulous brassy blond is cooking up something exceptionally vile with noted philanthropist **Robert Stigwood** . . .

Uh, hanging loose in Wardour Street's The Ship, this little *T-Zer* ran into none other than a certain member of **The Rolling Stones** — his name temporarily eludes us due to tax reasons — accompanied by legendary "sixth Stone" **Ian Stewart.** Stewart, it seems, was quick to testify to the general health of the much-loved old-timers, commenting that "it's the first time in living memory that Rolling Stones have been a completely 'clean' band". We also learn from Stewart that the band have been hyperactive of late, and following a spurt of songwriting prolificness (or whatever the word is) they're hard at work on what could turn out to be a double album. Visibly bemused and impressed by all this clean-living and super-efficiency, Stewart indicated that a March or April release is deffo on the proverbial cards . . .

ABOVE: The Beat spin their new chart shot — title unknown — and try to convince a passing cameraman that they're really playing it.

Beat pic: Andy Rosen
Malcy pic: Justin Thomas

Brighton's Women's Centre now waging a campaign against **Thin Lizzy's** lamentable taste-lapse 'Killer On The Loose'. They claim the song "clearly encourages and revels in sexual violence against women." Well, probably not, but a dumb number's a dumb number all the same . . .

Pre-seasonal frivolity and free plug: Harrow band **Sanity Clause** are mighty miffed over **The Damned's** Xmas single, 'There Ain't No Sanity Clause' . . .

Congratulations: the **Joy Division** free flexi-disc type thing has now been given away to over 100,000 people. C'mon, surely *somebody* wants to keep it . . .

Commiserations: **Dire Straits'** drummer **Pick Withers** (we'll just repeat that name for you, Pick Withers) has sold his restaurant, Pickwicks, due to touring commitments. Pick is soooo busy that he hasn't any time to supervise the sauciers or wash the wine glasses . . .

And Our Price Records, who'd advertised that anyone dressing in western gear could get two quideroos offa the 'Legend Of Jesse James' LP — or get it free if they rode up on a horse — were well surprised at one of their London stores last week when a posse of cowpersons (with six-guns, Winchesters and machetes) came riding in rough shod and trashed the place. Yee-haw! . . .

YOU KNOW, we here at *NME* have a motto that guides us throughout our working lives. It is 'If you can't say something nice about somebody, then say nothing at all'. You will also notice that this page contains absolutely no items about **Tony Wilson, Factory Records** or **A Certain Ratio** . . .

Sire Records is to lose its **Undertones,** for the Derry exhibitionists are off to set up their own independent label . . .

Sauce! **Joseph Jackson,** intercepted and cross-examined at the **Beefheart** Venue gig, confesses that these days he's absolutely mad for Salsa. Fetchingly clad in black suit and red **Ramones** T-shirt, the human pipe-cleaner also announced his forthcoming marriage to his extremely nice girlfriend **Ruth** . . .

Ms **Pearl Harbour** — now divorced from **The Explosions** — has completed a new elpee with **Blockhead Mickey Gallagher.** It's called 'Don't Follow Me, I'm Lost Too' . . .

After the book, the film of *No One Gets Out Of Here Alive.* Door-man **Ray Manzarek** tells *Rolling Stone* that "the film will be psychedelic in a way that no-one's ever seen before. People are gonna see it and go 'Holy fuck! So *that's* what it was all about." As for an actor to play the part of **Morrison,** Manzarek blithely remarks that "it won't be hard. All we have to do is find someone who moves like Jim." How about **Julian Cope** of whacky Liverpudlian acid rock band **Teardrop Explodes?** Legend has it that young Julian believes himself to be a reincarnation job of the man himself . . .

And why, we ask ourselves, if all those rumours of bad-feeling within the Teardrop camp were exaggerations, why are all members presently wearing bandages around their heads? We really should be told . . .

In the New York groove, as we hipsters say, there's news that the highly regarded **Fleshtones** have released their five track EP 'Up Front' on IRS — but they don't rate it too highly because it's too clean. **Richard Hell,** meanwhile, has signed with **Marty Thau's** Red Star label. His new band, apparently, don't sound totally dissimilar to the old one . . .

And finally, the week's goings-and-comings: fond waves of the tear-soaked hankie for our very own **Paul Rambali,** a free man once again after 40 years loyal service, man and boy, on the *NME* staff. And a big hand for the new scouse in the house, **Paul Du Noyer,** who joins this week. Let's hope his career lives up to its auspicious beginning this week — for his first staff assignment, Paul trotted off to Downing Street to see punk poet **Martin Besserman** present a poem to the Leaderene. However. **Maggie** was in Rome and the poet turned up late — five minutes after our man on the spot had given up and gone home . . .

And finally finally — our apologies to any readers who find this week's issue a little too easy to read. Last week's fabulous disappearing *NME* — exclusively available throughout Southern England — was the result of an unrepeatable cock-up in the presses . . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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This Last Week

1 (1) C.N.D. 20p
2 (2) Killing Joke — Requiem 20p
3 (6) Ant Music 20p
4 (10) Crass — Anti War 20p
5 (8) Dead Kennedys — Cambodia 20p
6 (4) Jam — Start 20p
7 (3) Joy Division — Closer 20p
8 (9) Jam — Tubestation 20p
9 (—) Ants — Invasion 80 ..... 20p
10 (—) Crass — Man Made Power 20p

NEW RELEASES — Toxic Graffiti (with Crass Flexi) 50p (+ 15p P&P). 20p Selecter — Pressure, UB40, Echo & Bunnymen, Bowie — Ashes To Ashes, Blurt, Adicts, New Slits, Siouxsie — Kaliedoscope, Ski Patrol, Carpettes, Au-Pairs, Meteors, Black Slate, Royal Rasses, Beat - Stand Down Margaret, Mo-Dettes - Story So Far, This Heat - Health & Efficiency, Studio One Girls At Our Best, Brian Brain, The Demons, The Meteors, The Petticoats, This Heat, New Cabaret Voltaire, New Essential Logic, Scientist, Plasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget, Gregory Isaacs - Poor & Clean, C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set, Martian Dance, Fad Gadget, Pere Ubu, Plasmatics; The Spectres; Digital Dance; Rev-Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business, Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; MagazineCorrect Use Of Soap; Androids of Mu, Sector 27 Weapon Of Peace Martian Dance, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurana, Martha & The Muffins, New Killing Joke, Liliput, Spiz - Central Park Piranhas, James Blood-Ulmer - Blood

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